

# NATIONAL

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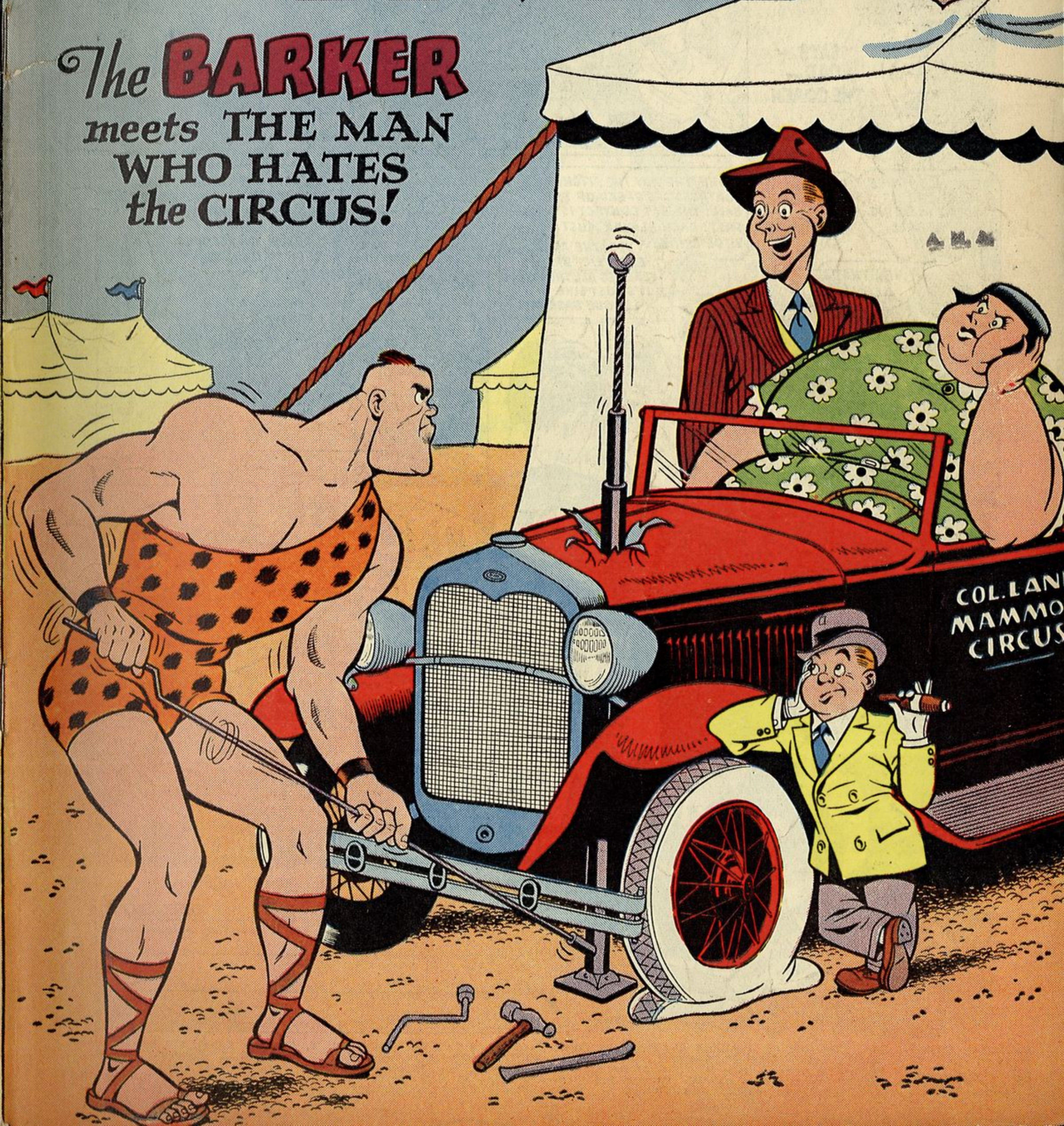


JUNE No.66

# COMICS

10¢

*The* **BARKER**  
meets THE MAN  
WHO HATES  
the CIRCUS!







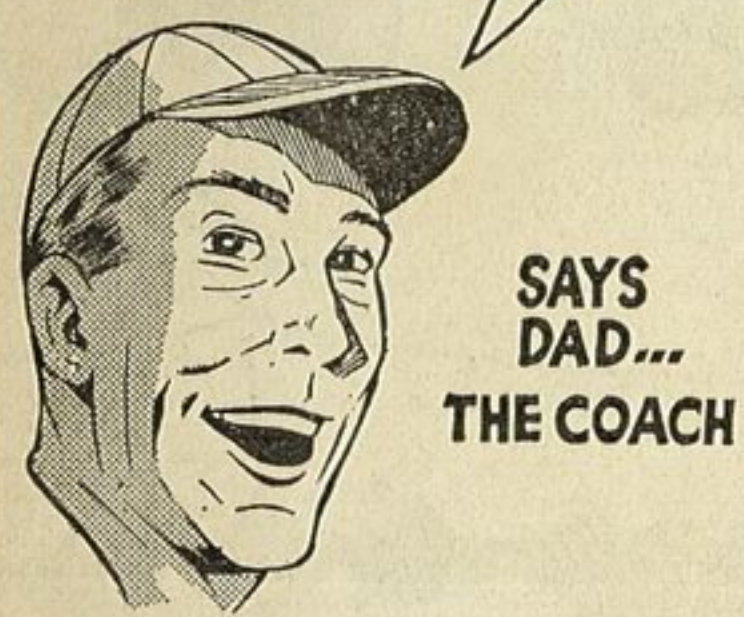
WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# NEW! *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 **ELECTRIC BASEBALL**

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME—DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!



SAYS DAD... THE COACH

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!



GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!



WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!



HEY, THAT'S KEEN!

I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!

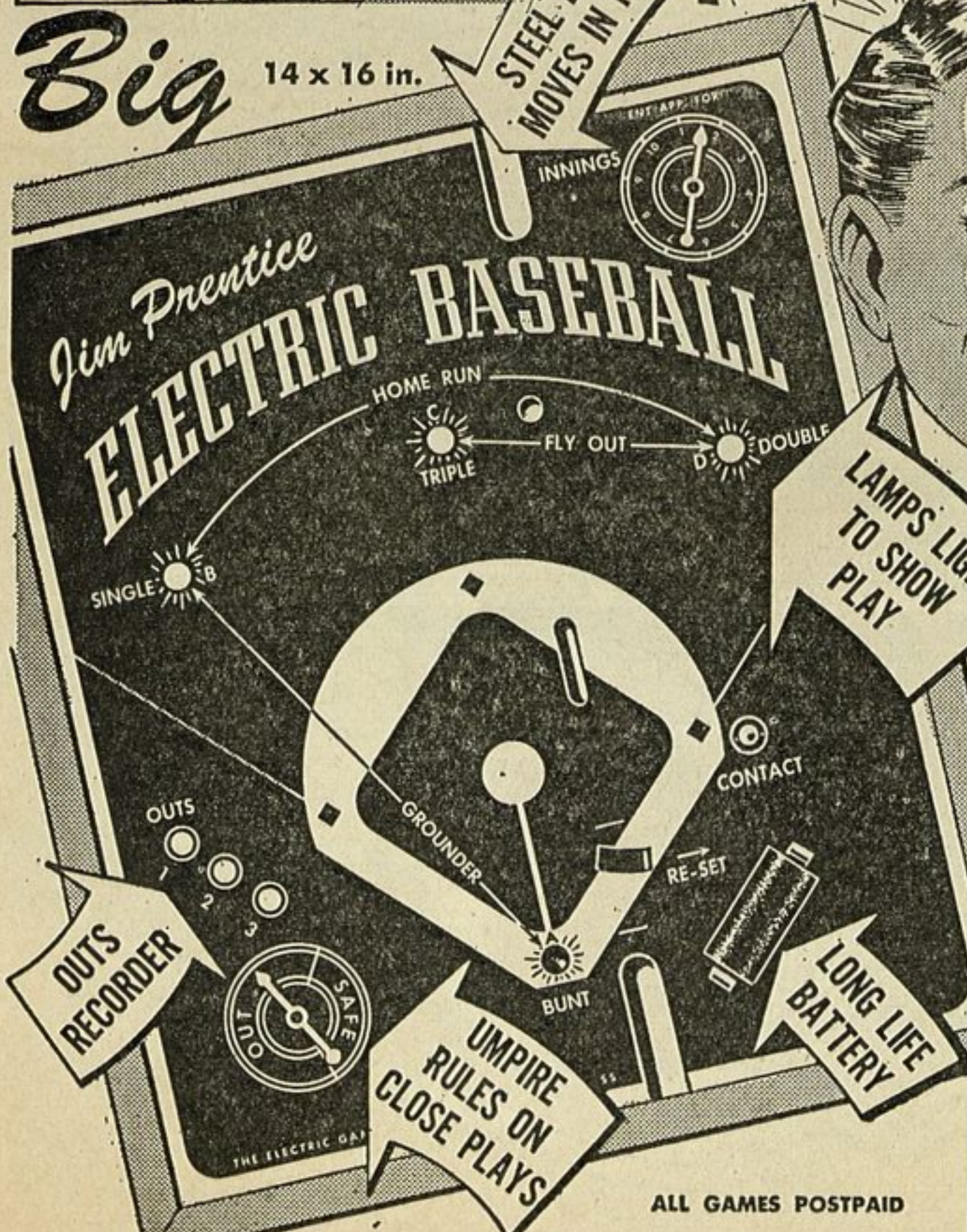
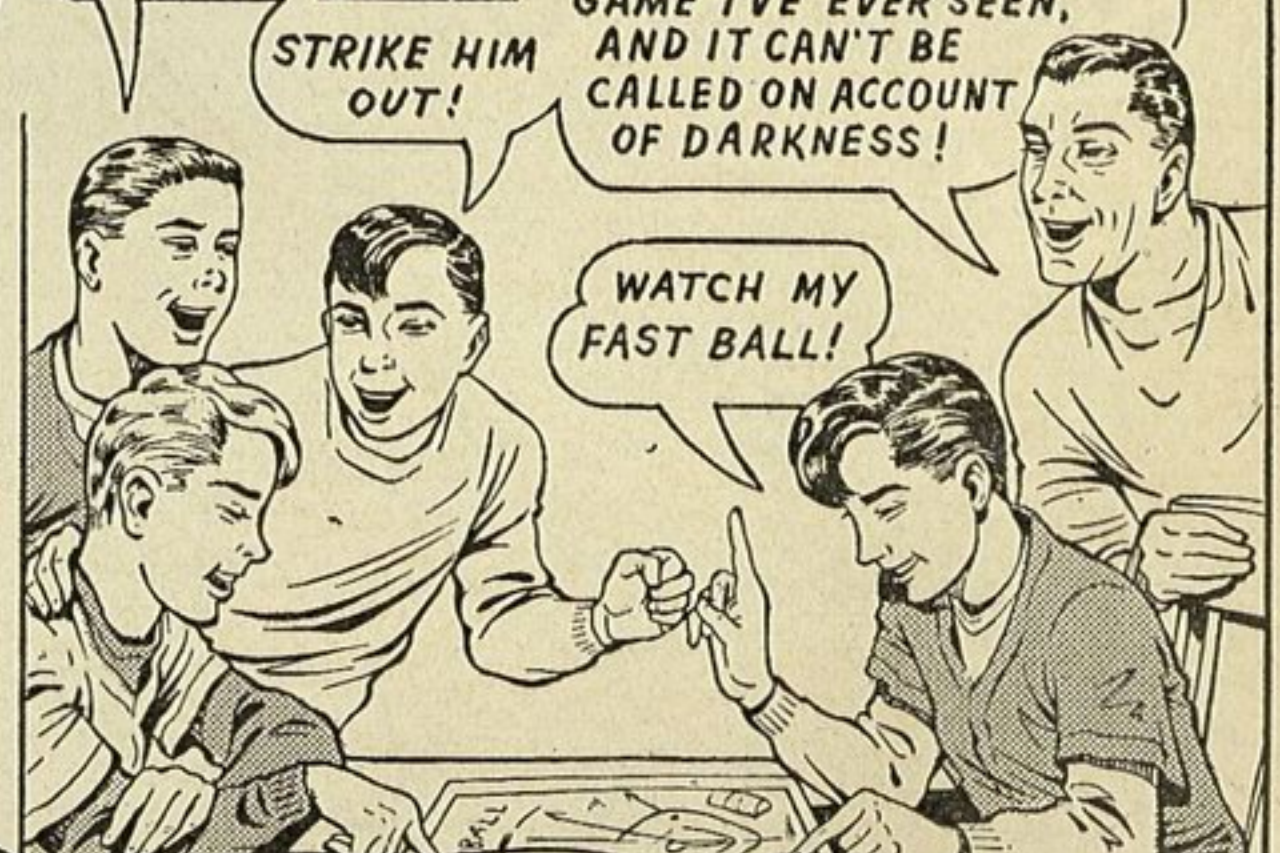


WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!



Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

\$3.00 POSTPAID

**Special Price!** If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin \$1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance \$2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL**

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.  
481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$3.00	\$2.50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

COD. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# THE BARKER

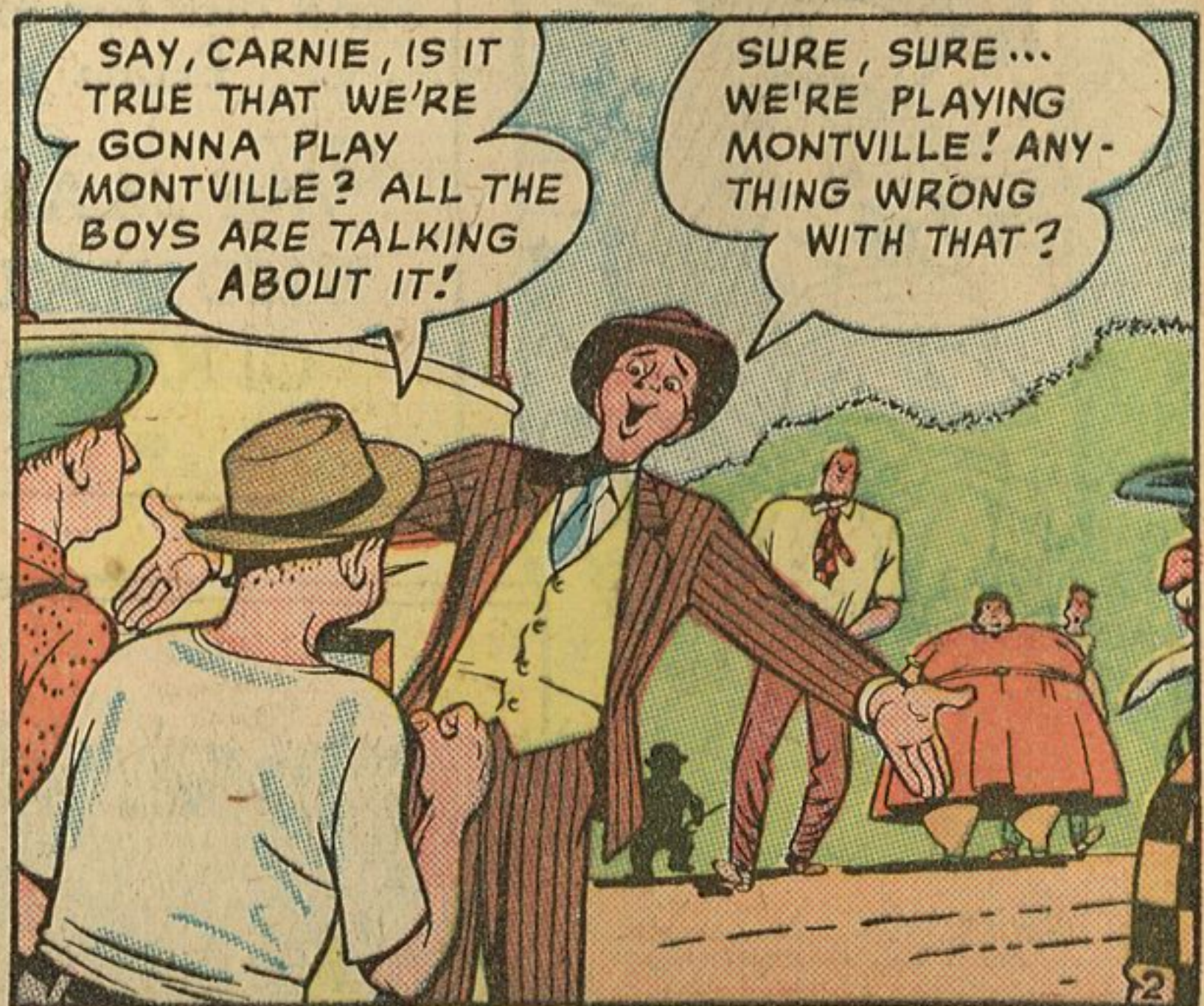
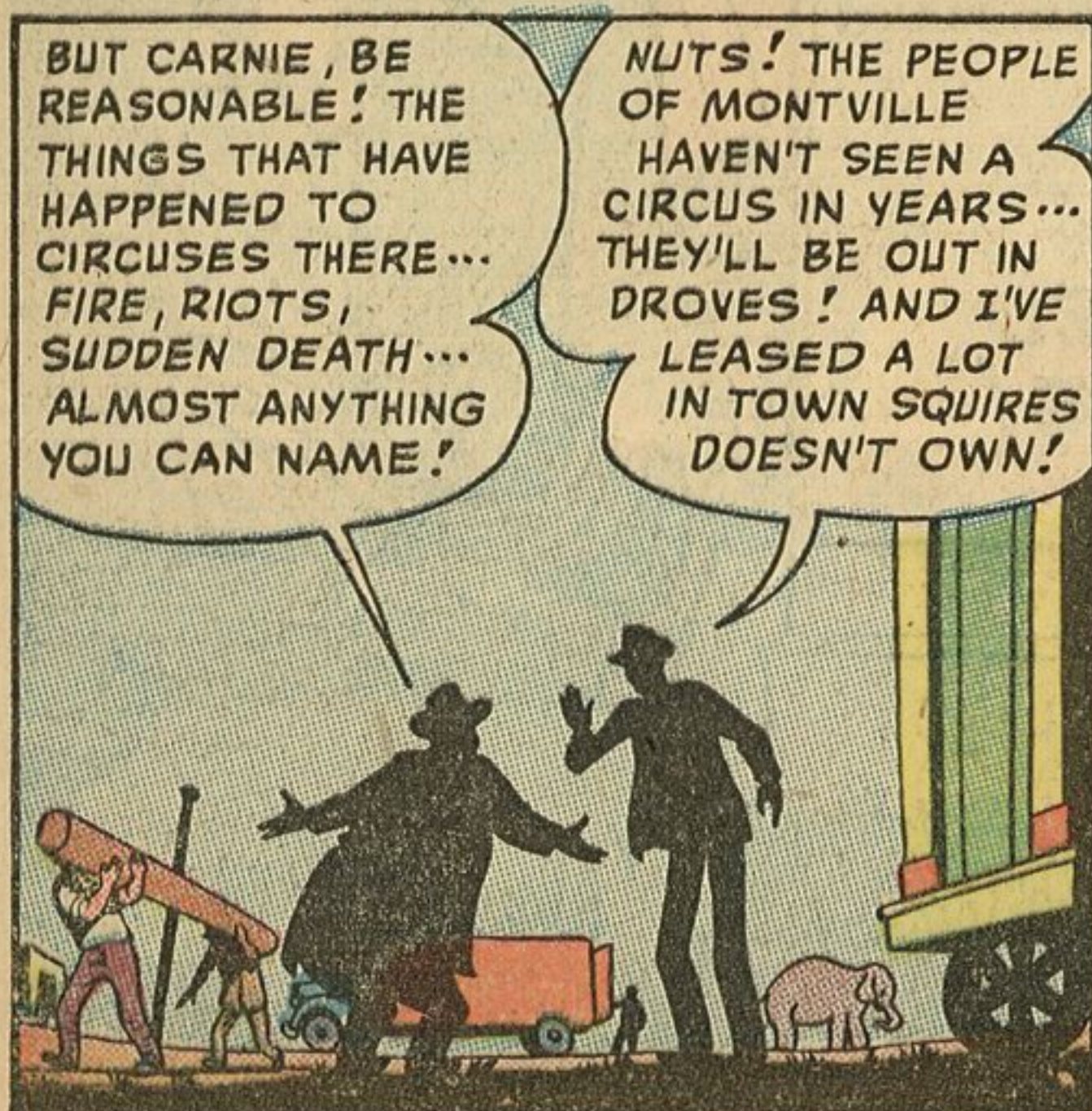
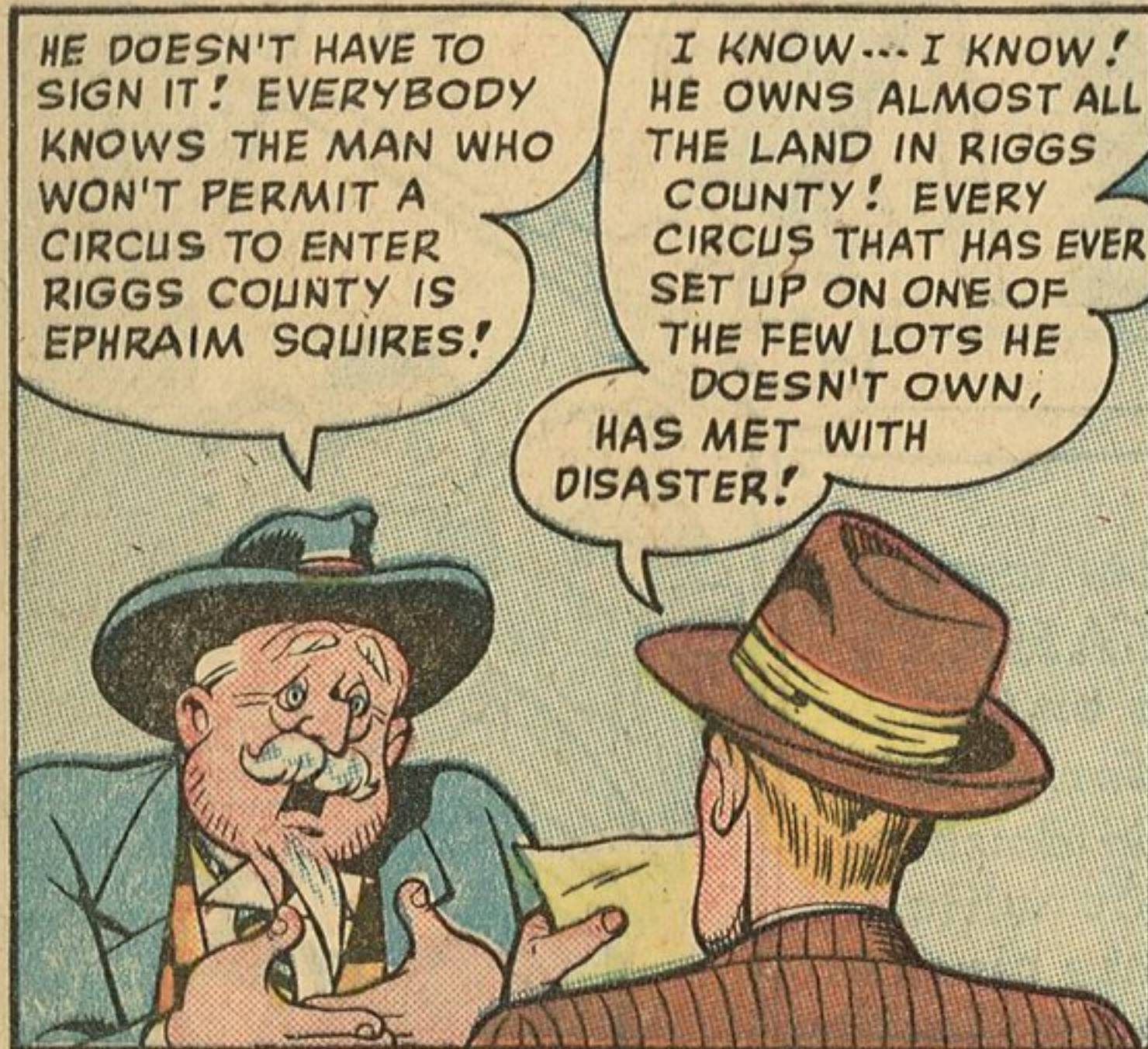
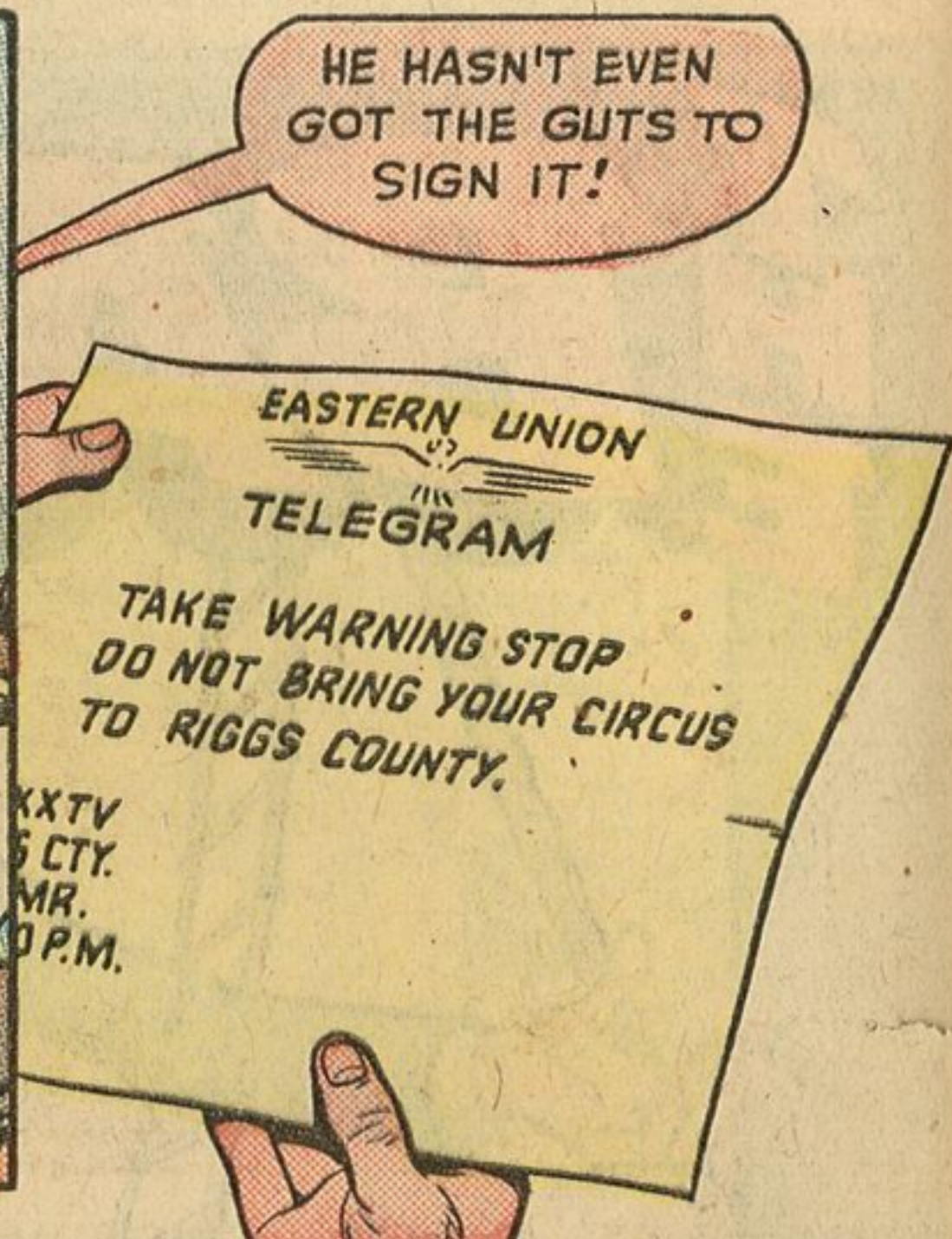
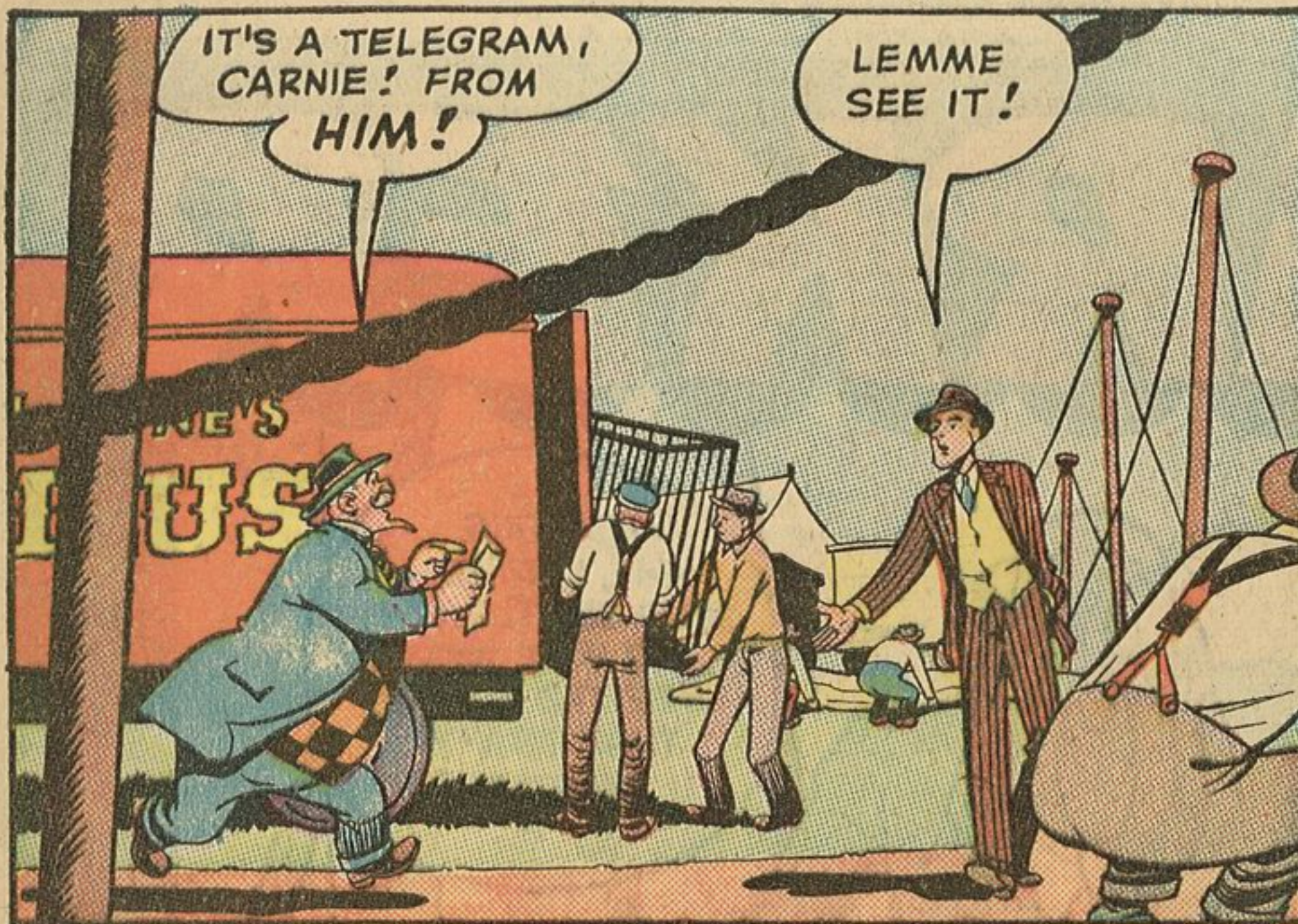
STEP THIS  
WAY, LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN,  
AND YOU **WON'T**  
SEE THE CIRCUS  
THAT **ISN'T**  
**THERE!**

**T**he character usurping  
**CARNIE CALAHAN'S**  
rightful place on the  
barker's platform is  
**NOT** spouting double-  
talk ... a fact which  
Carnie and his circus  
pals, risking extinction,  
find out for themselves  
from

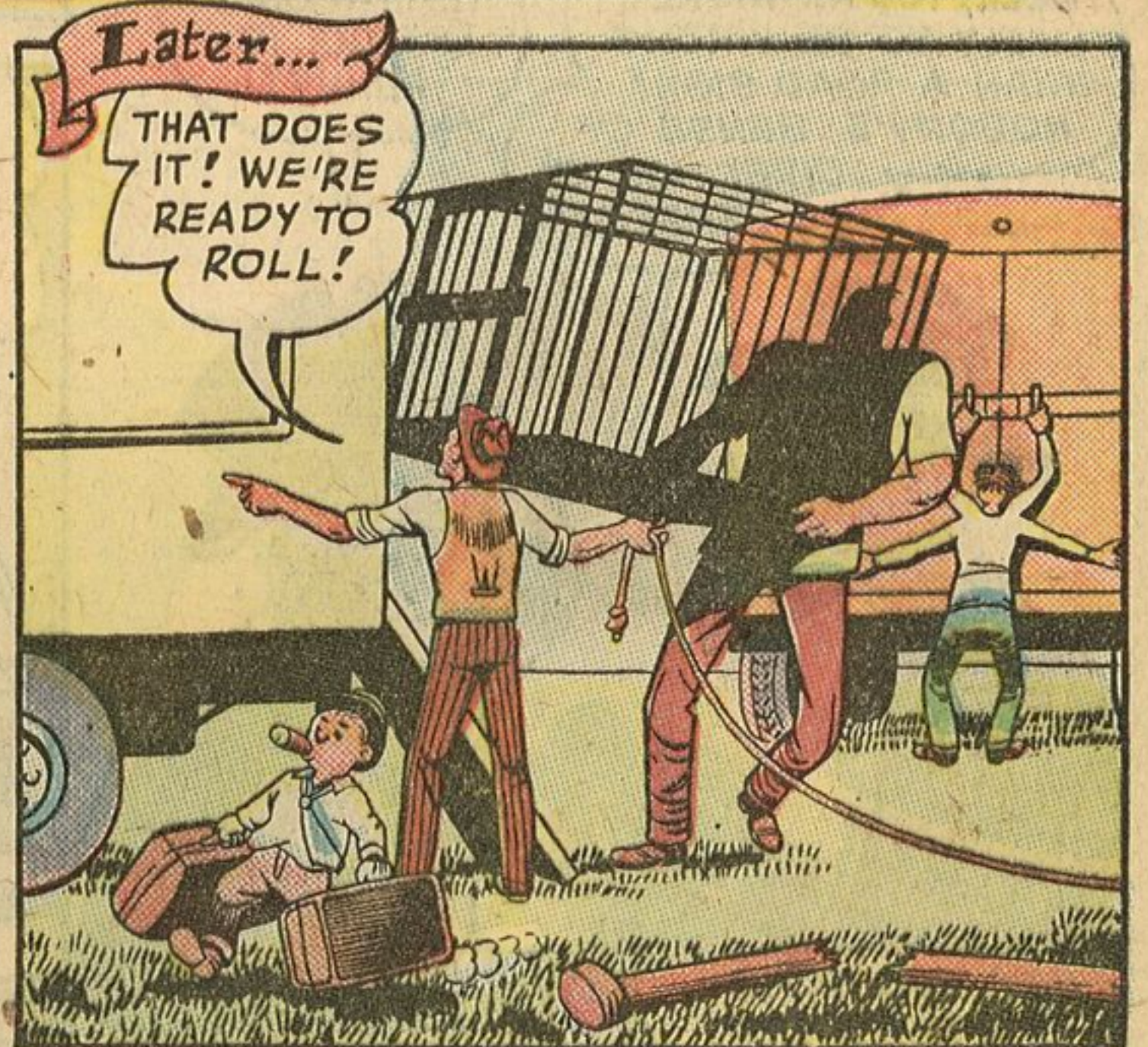
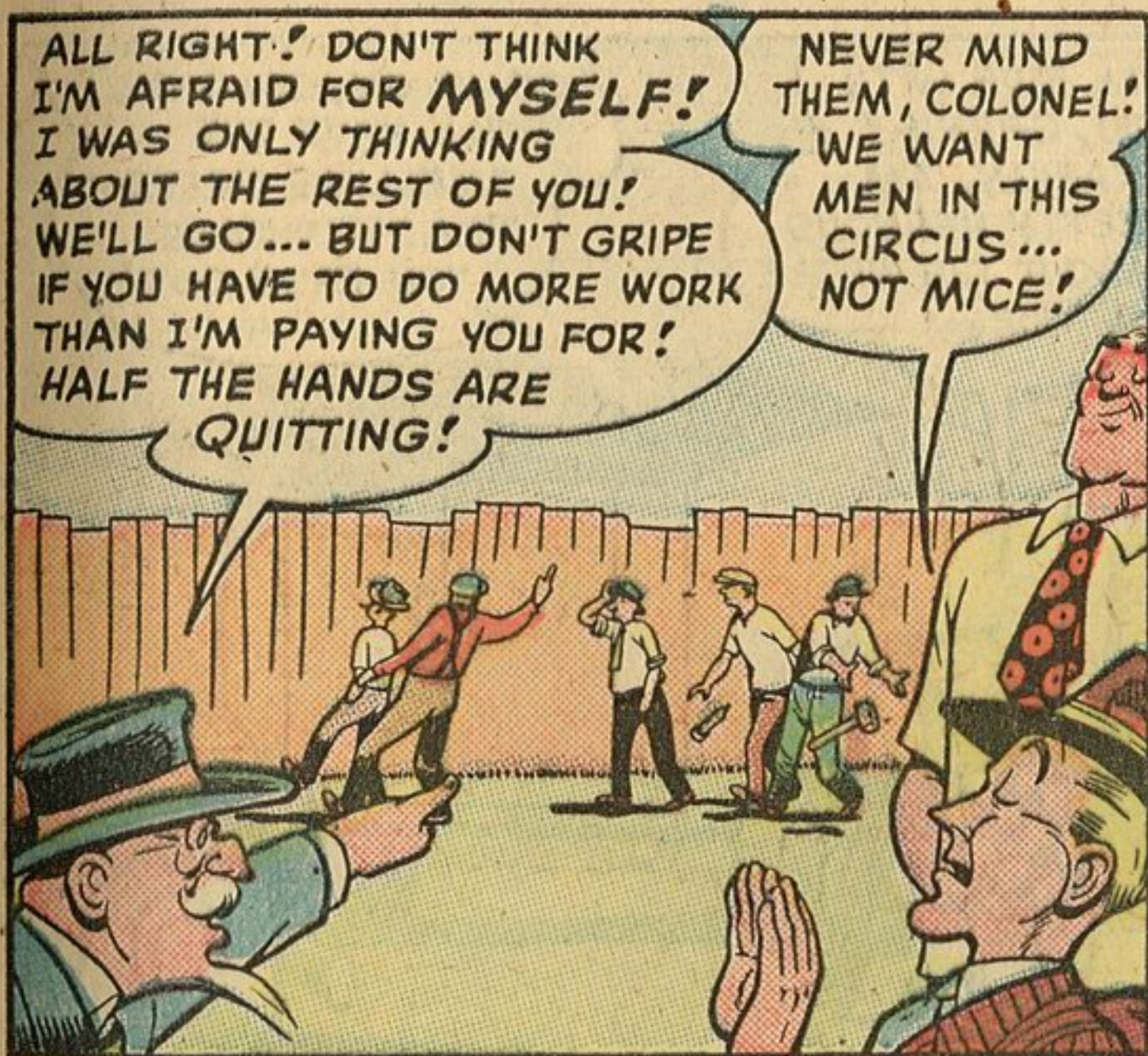
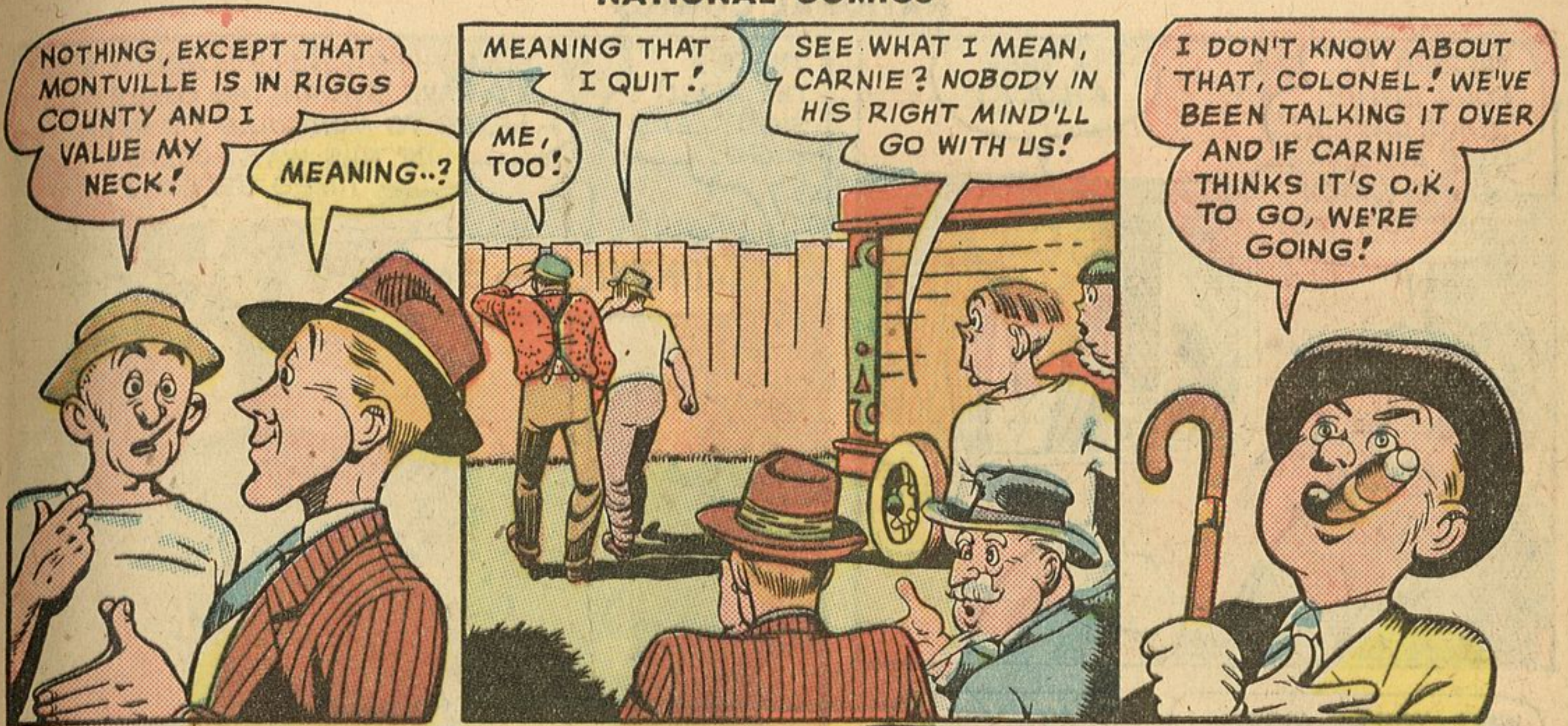
*The* **MAN**  
**WHO HATED**  
**CIRCUSES!**

By  
Klaus Nordling

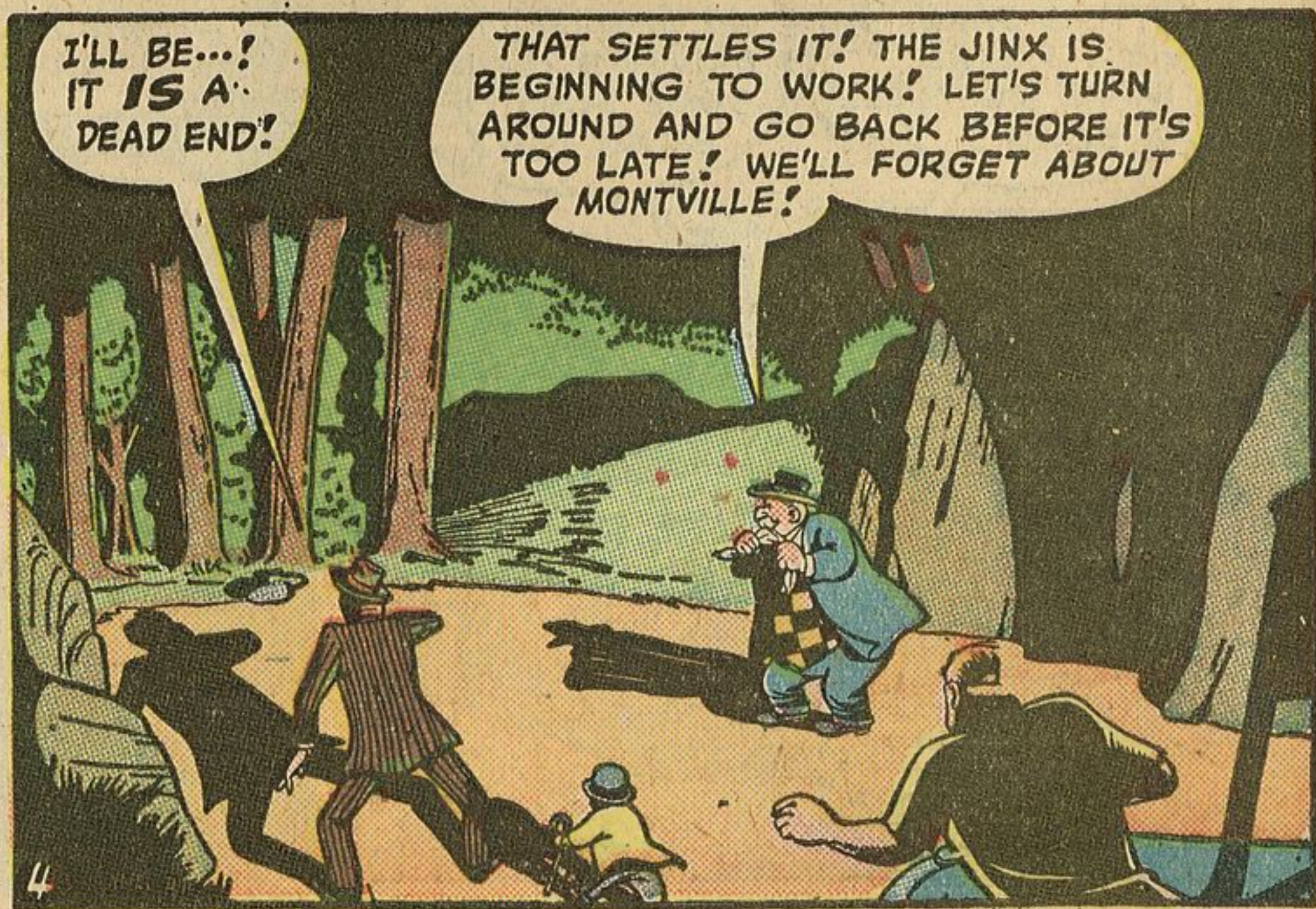
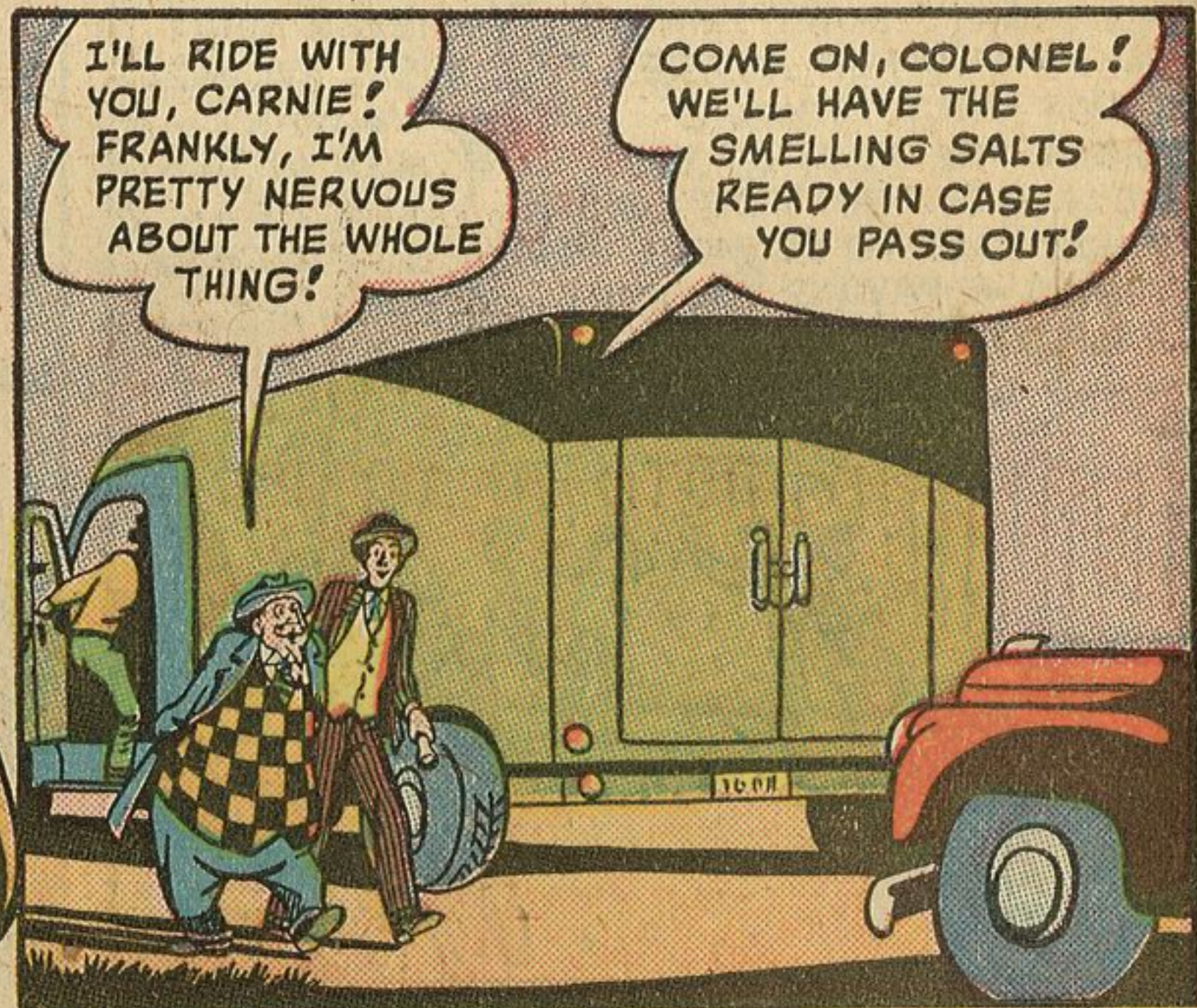
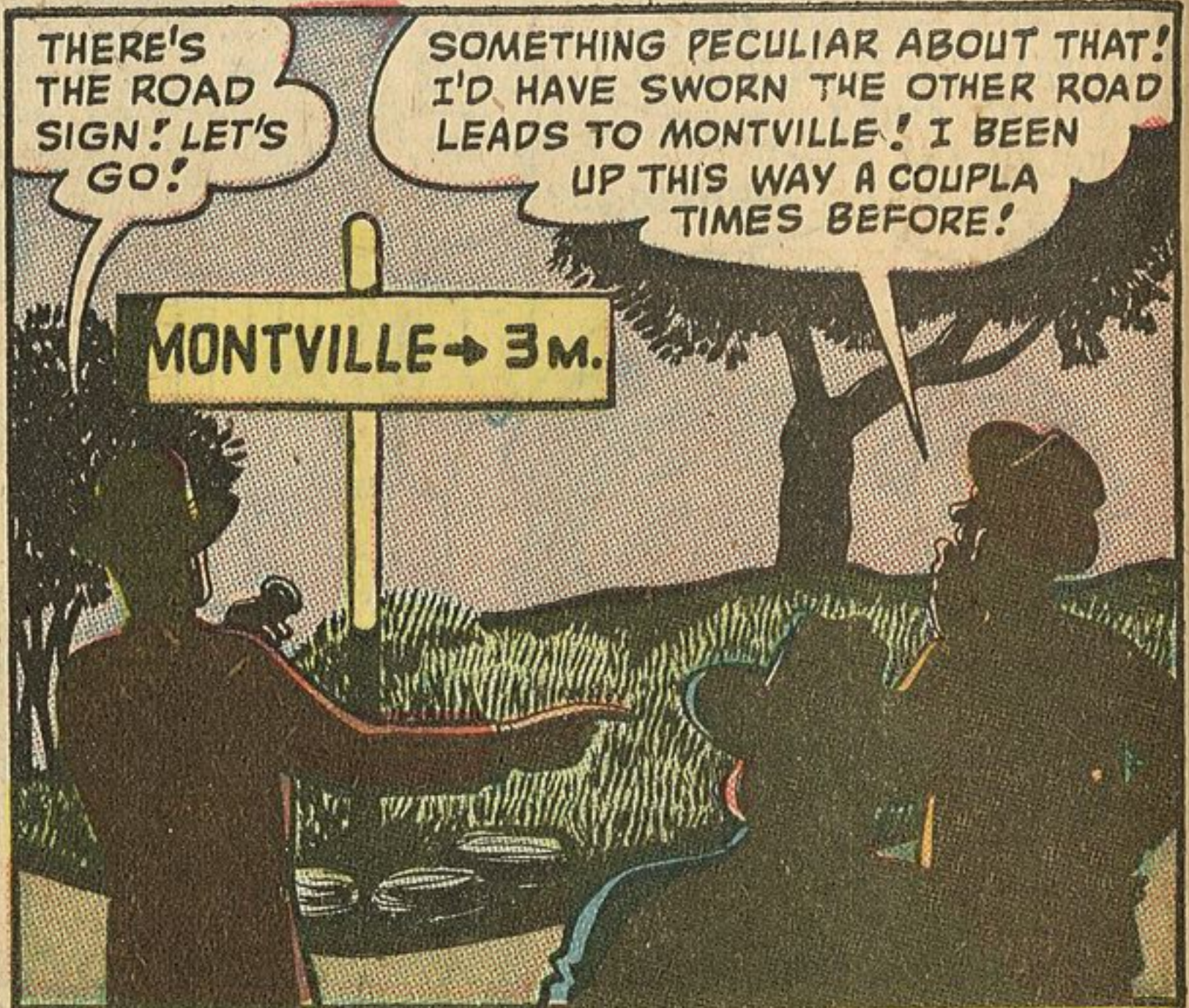




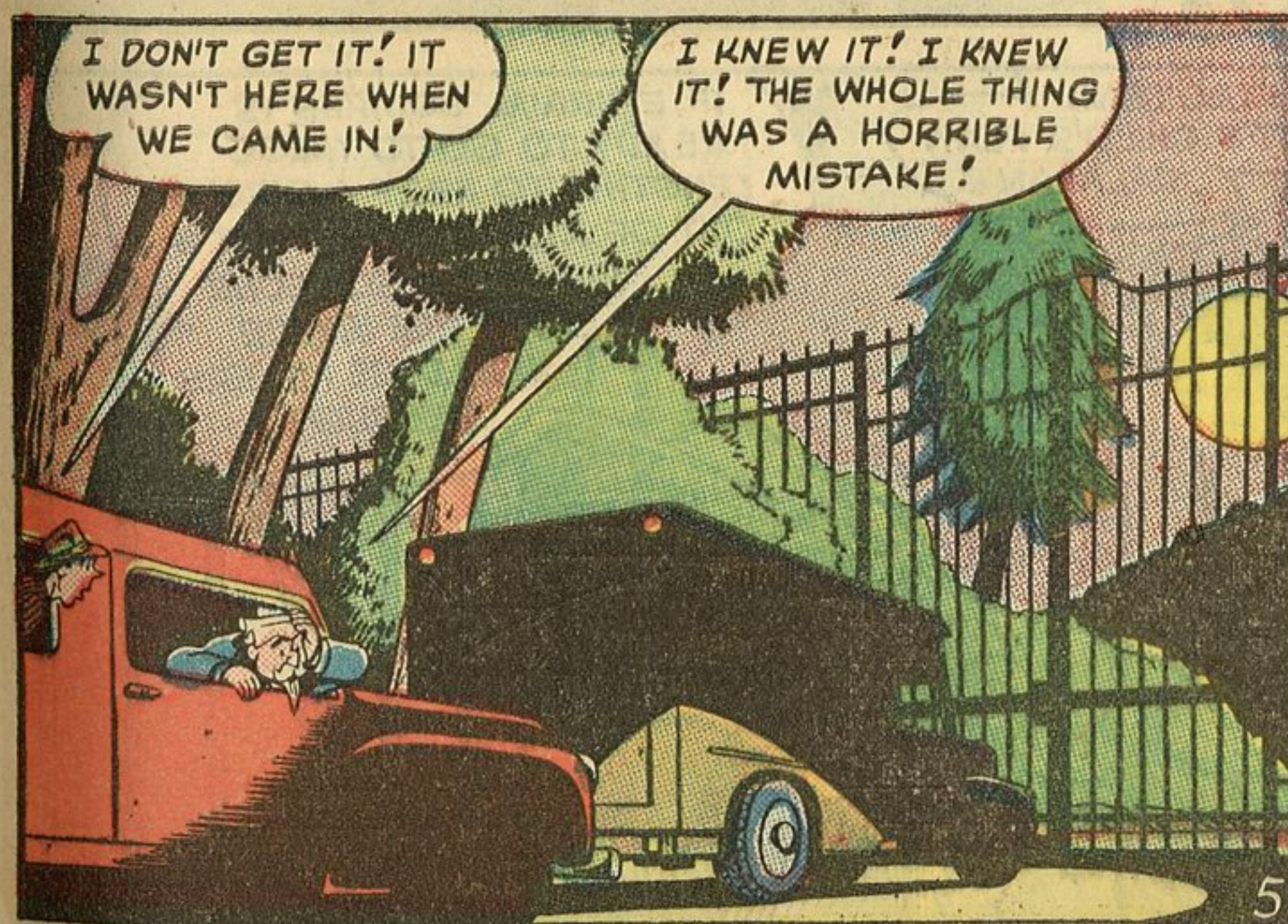
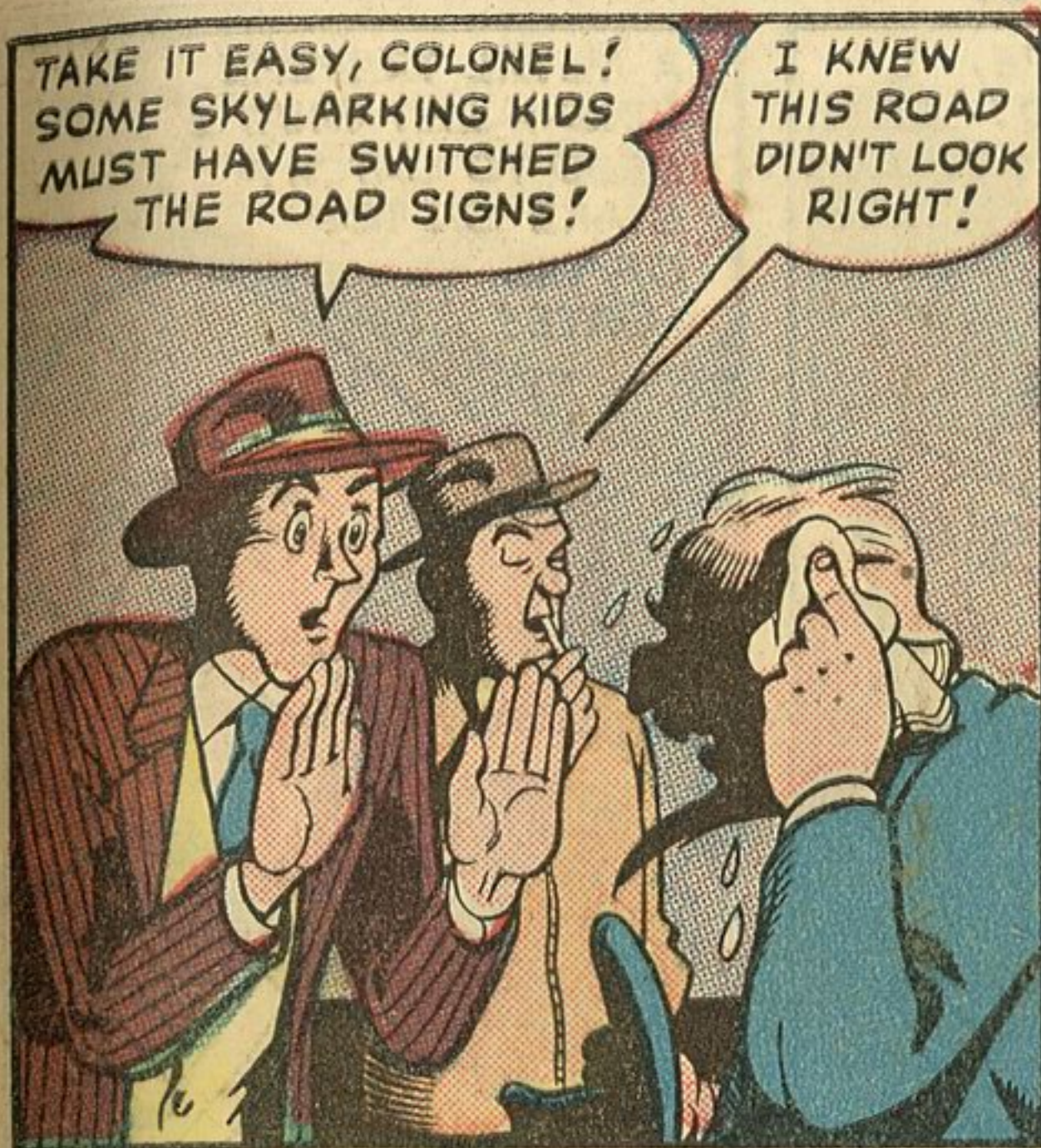




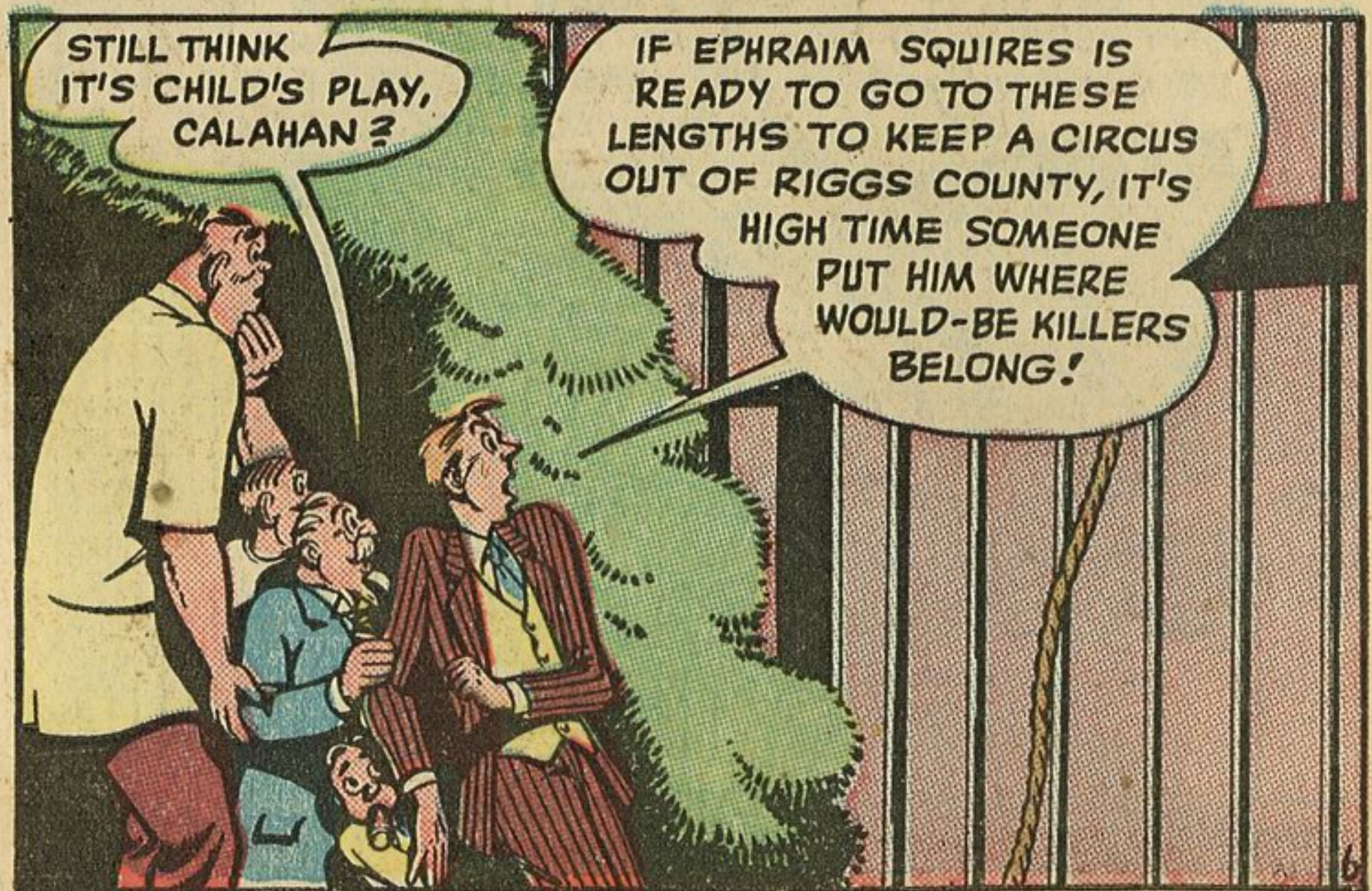
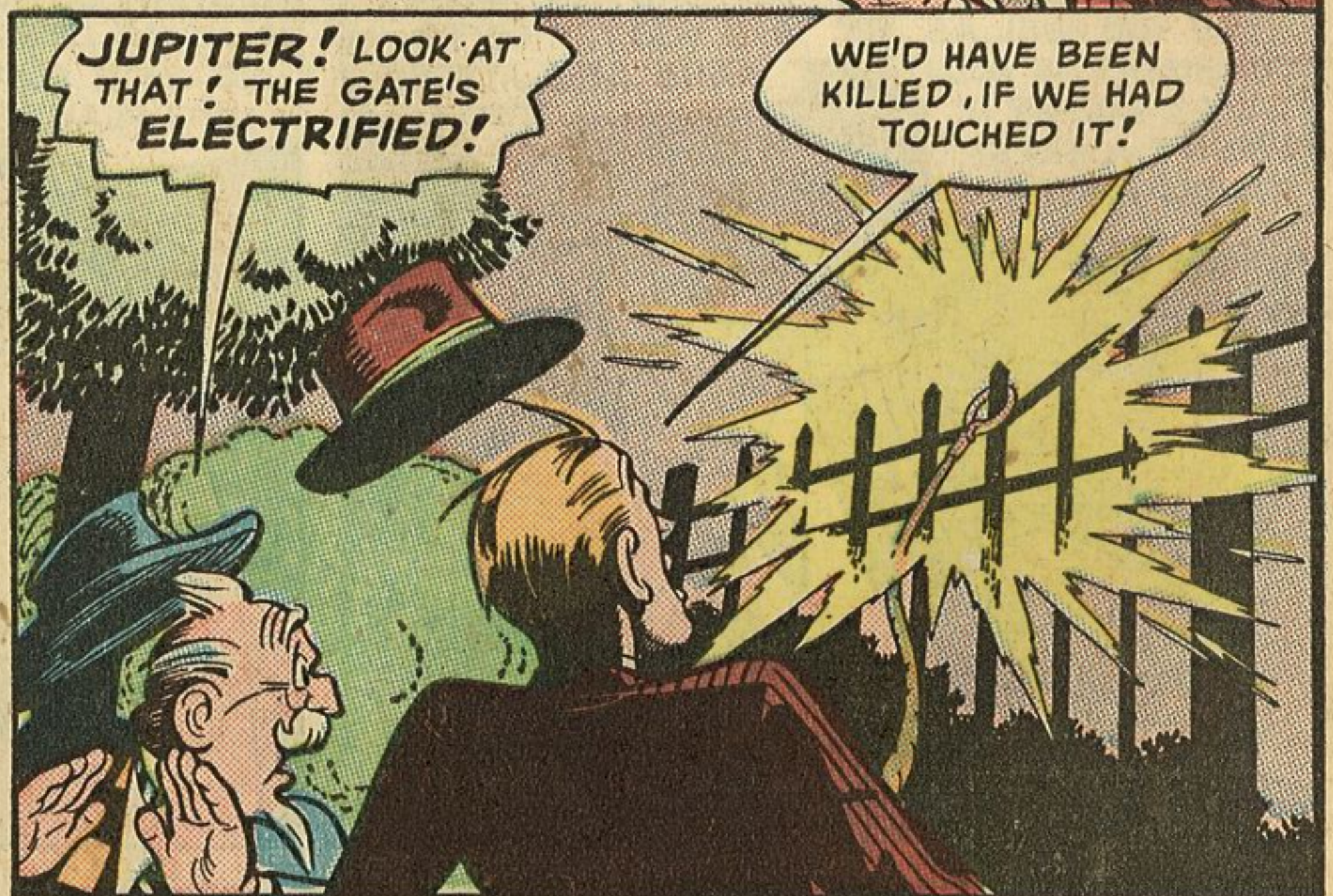
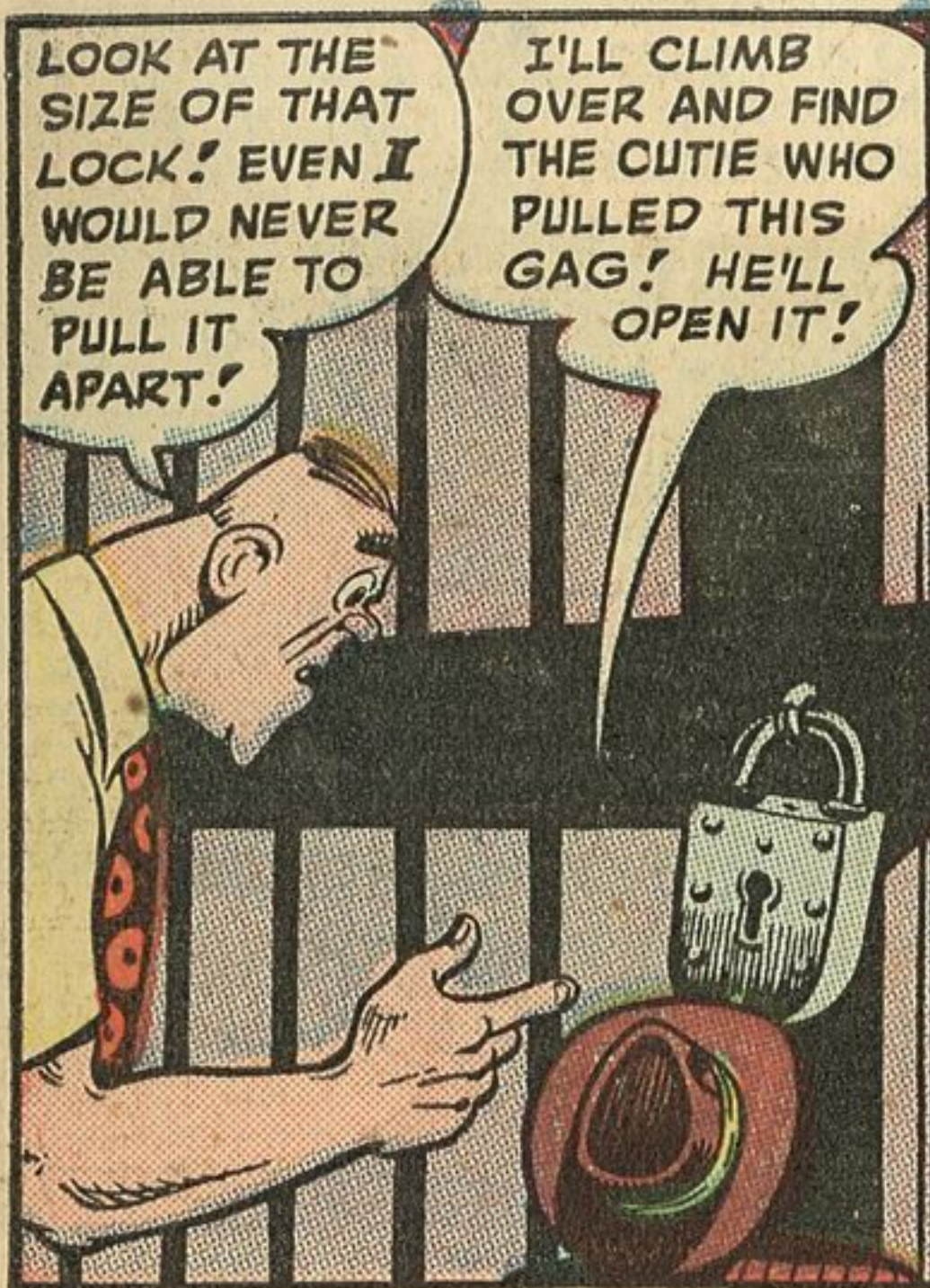




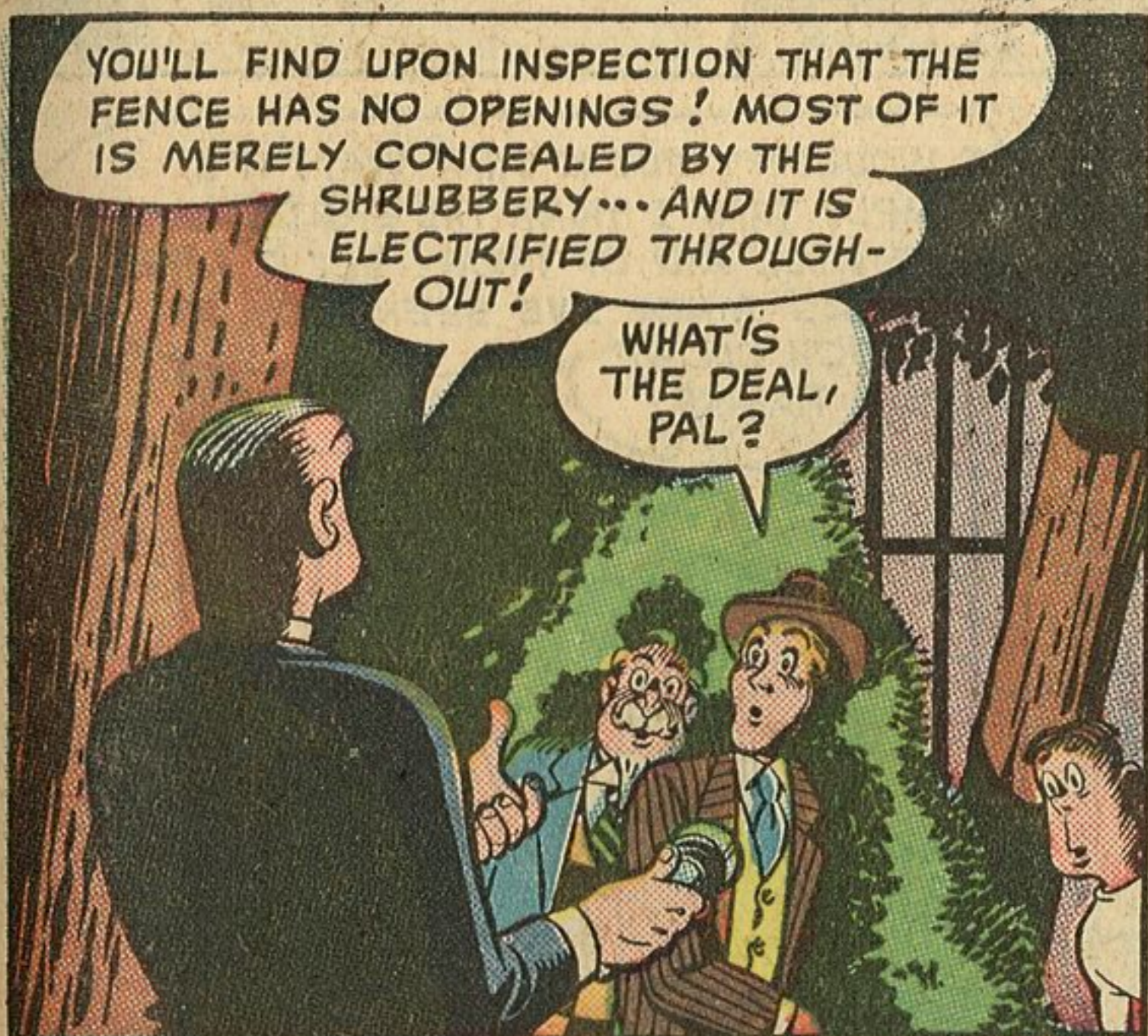
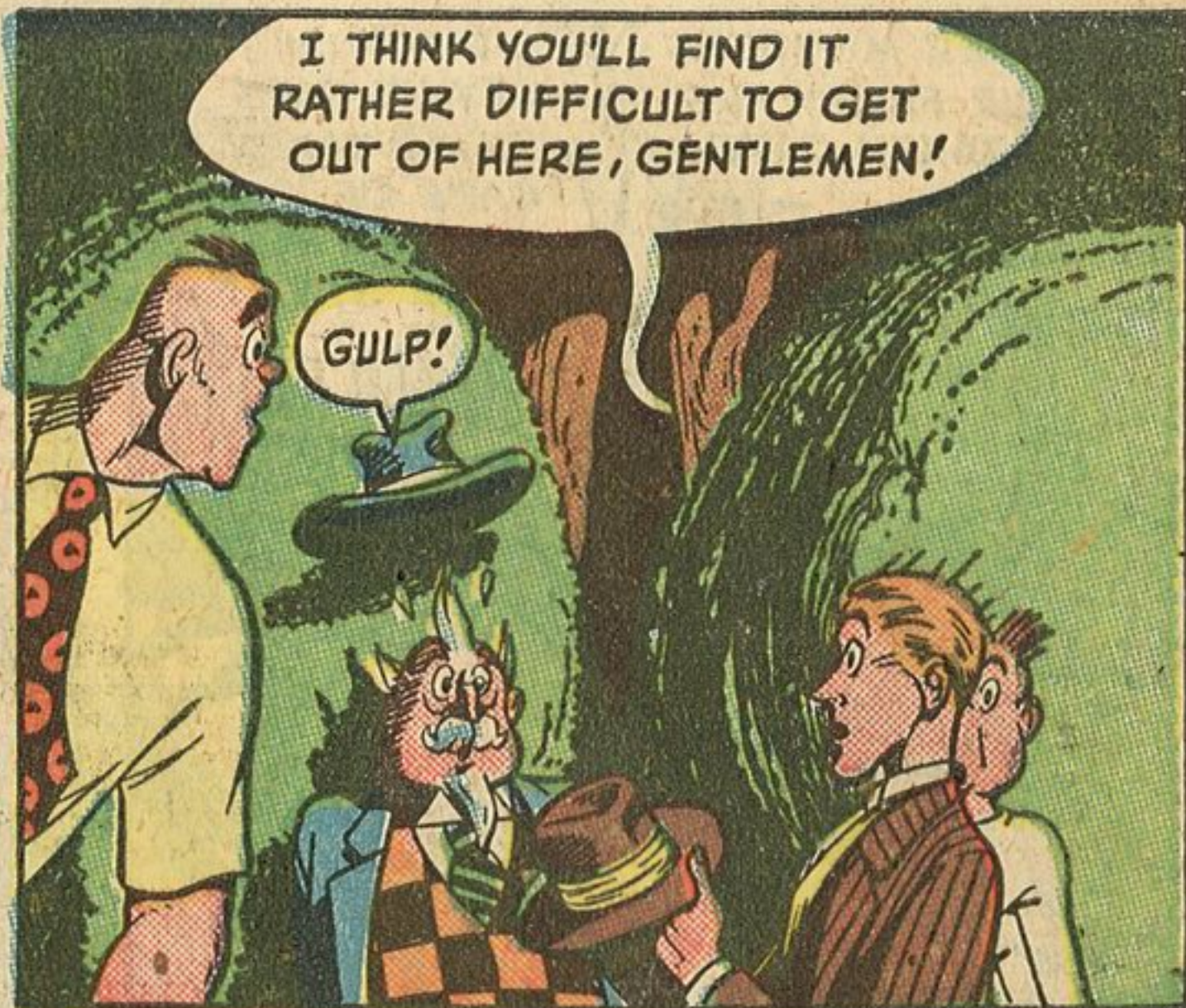




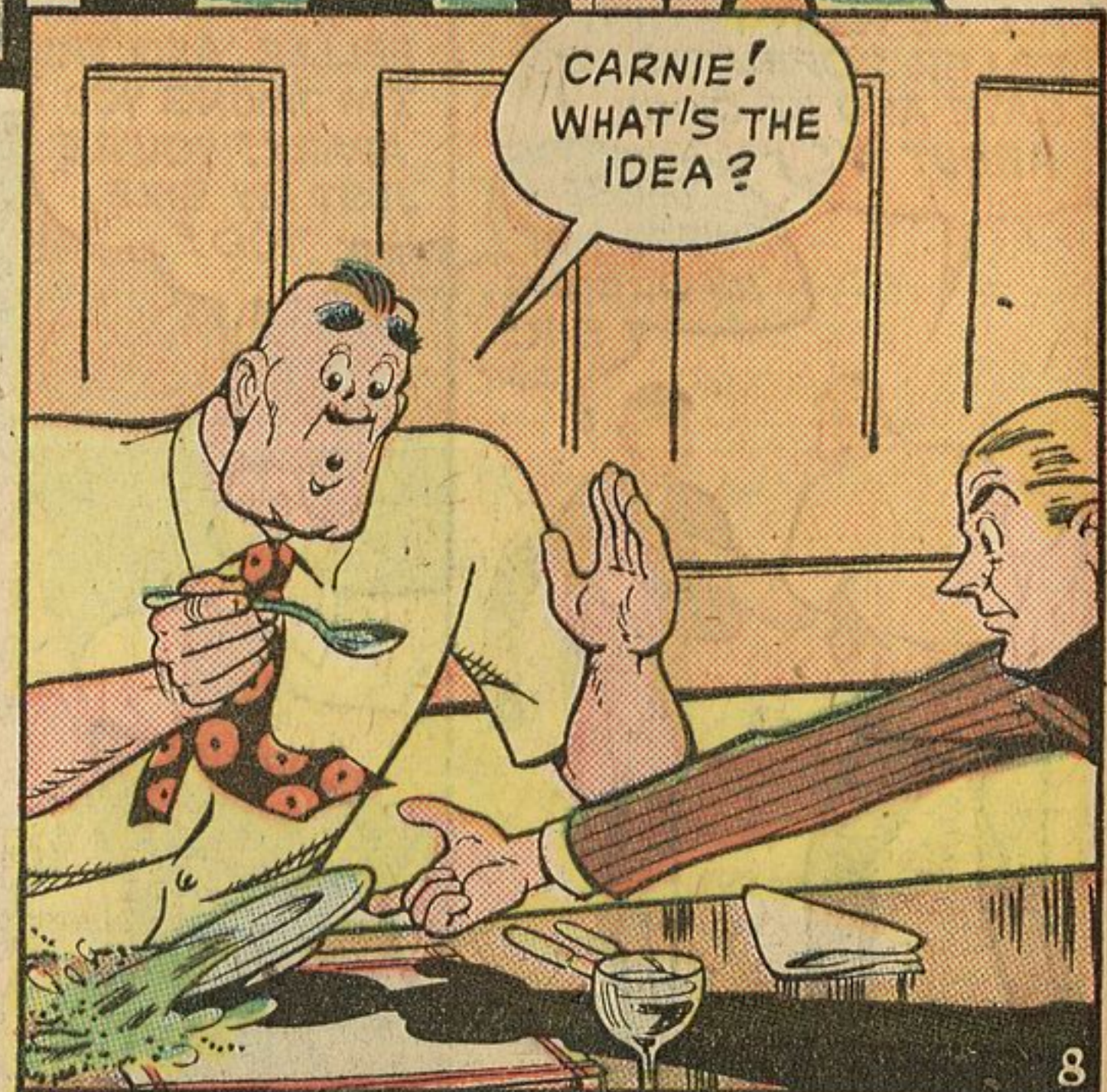
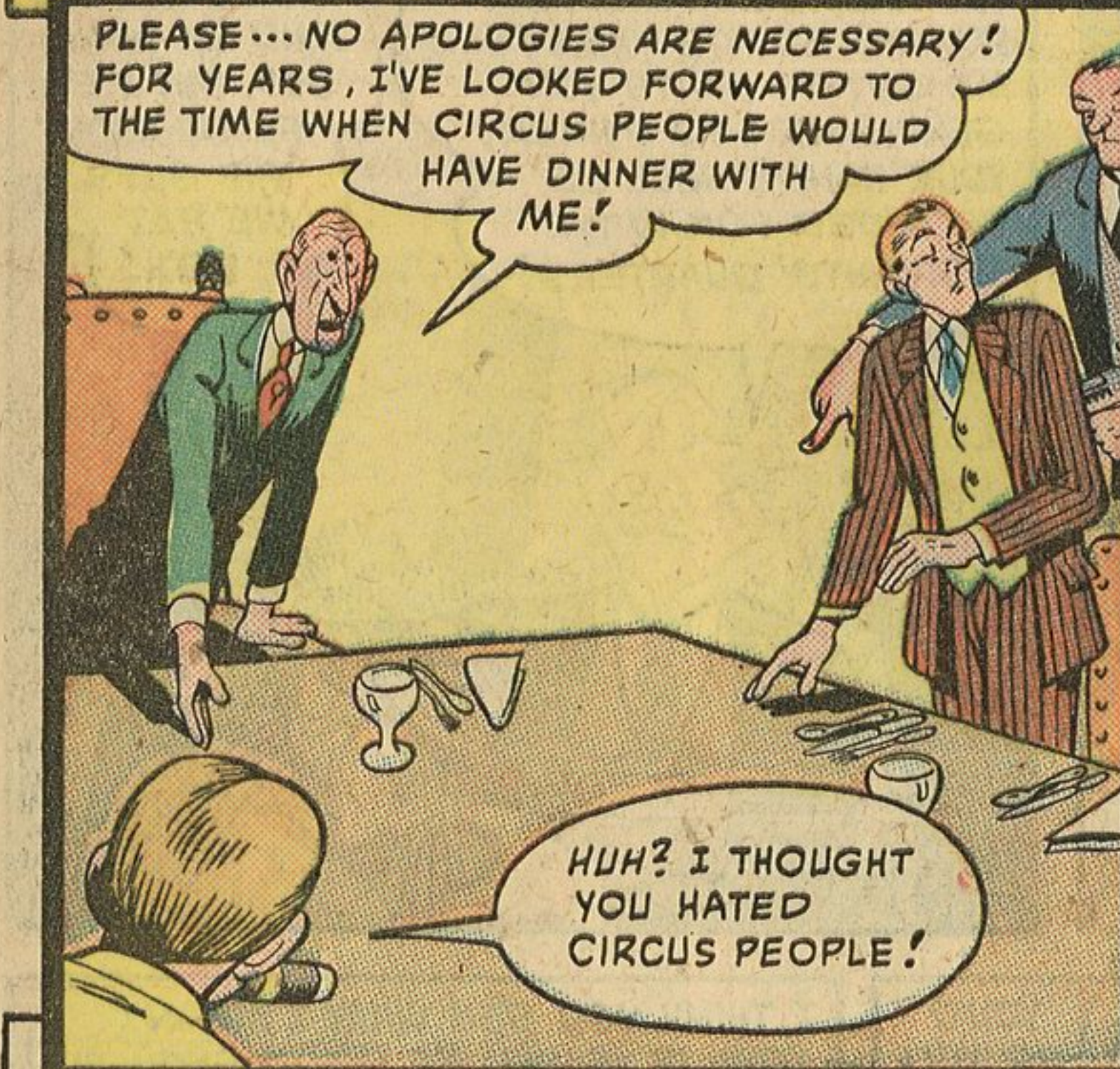
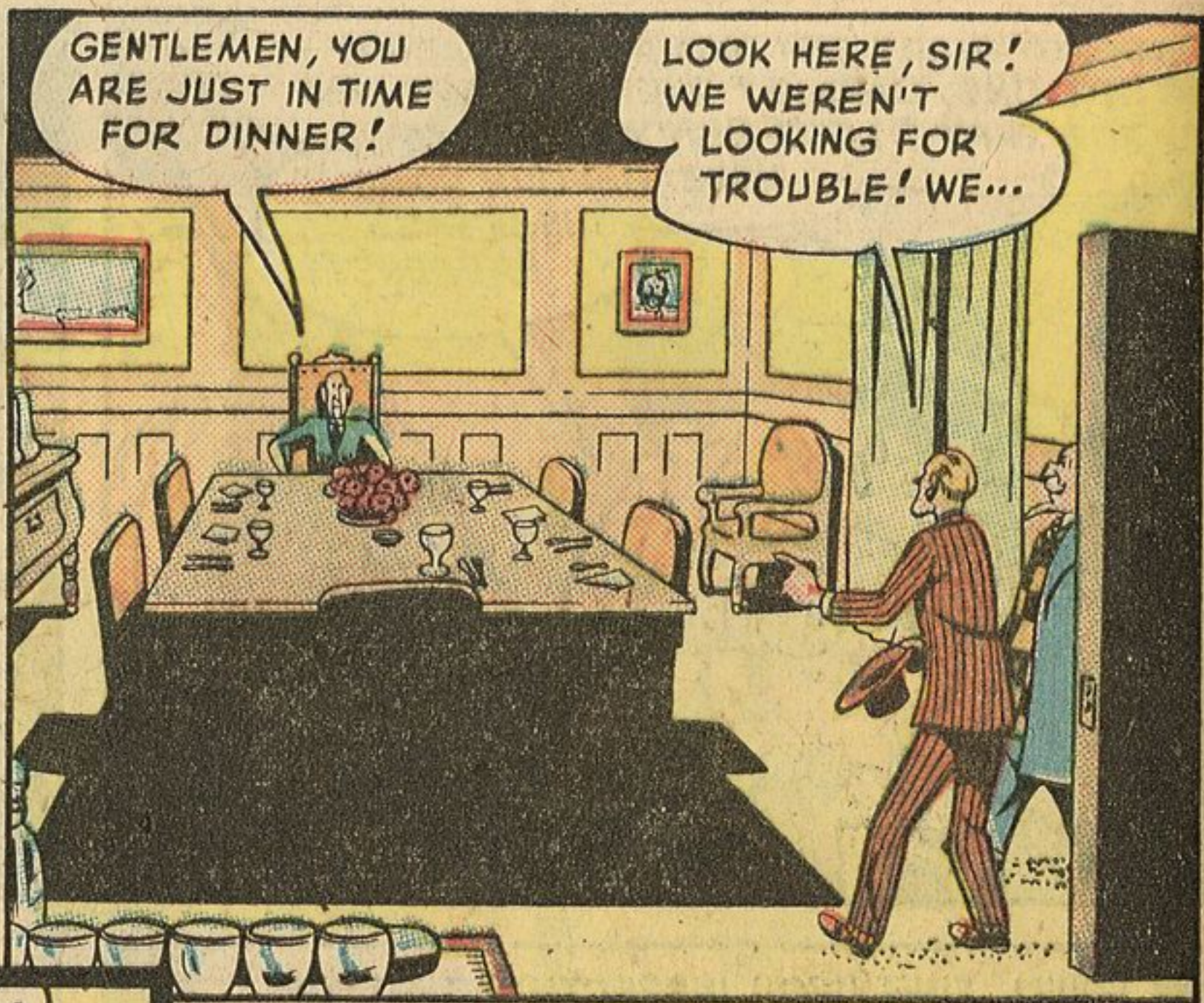




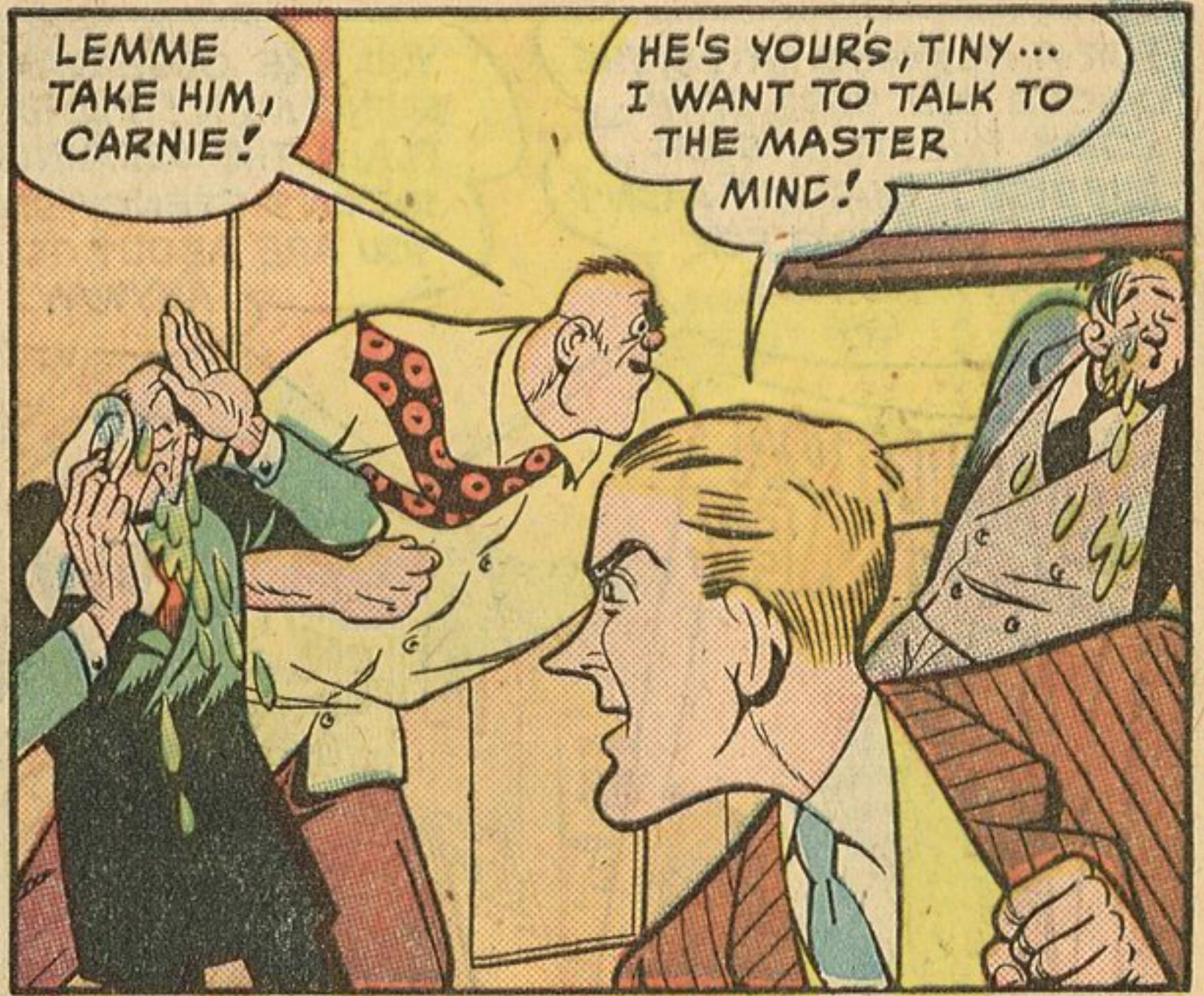




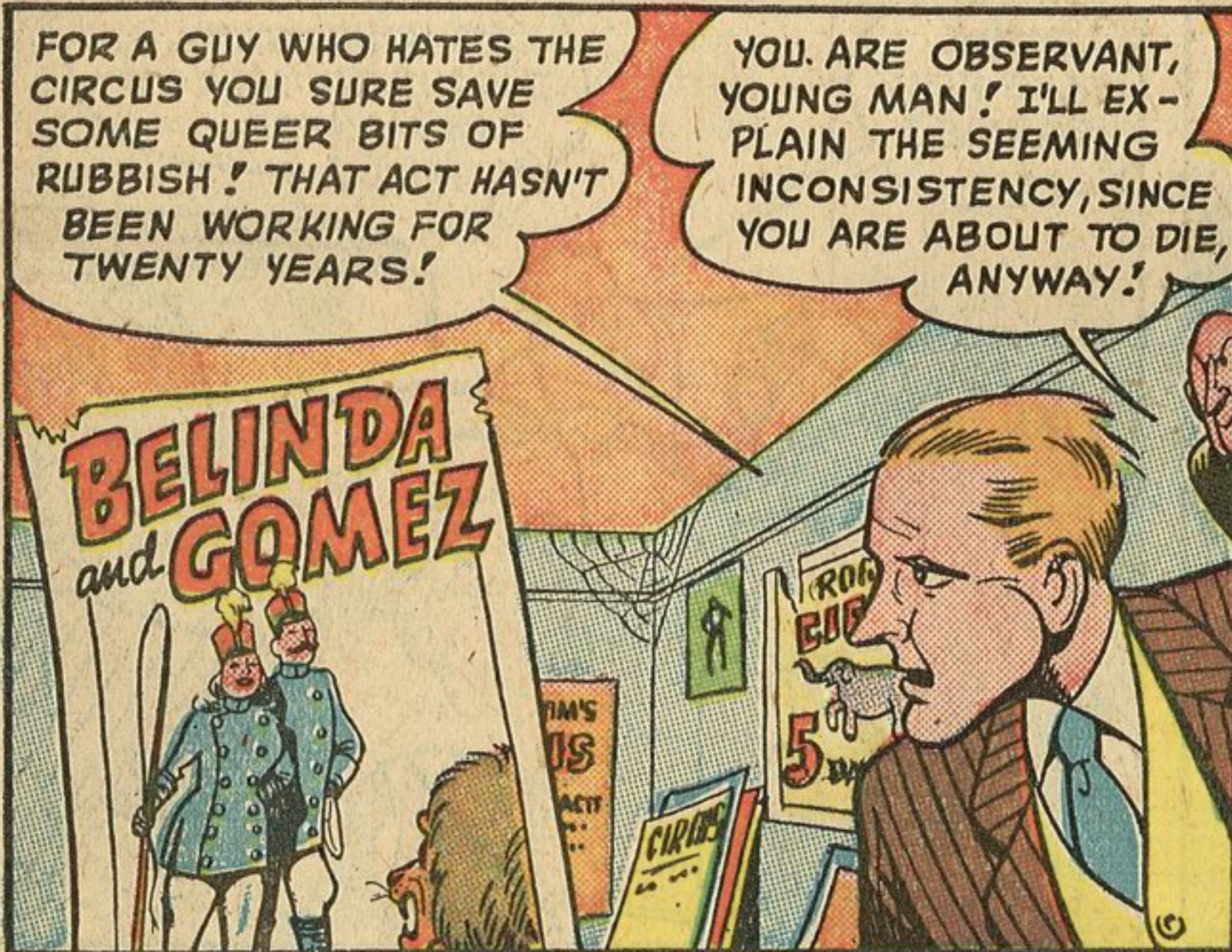
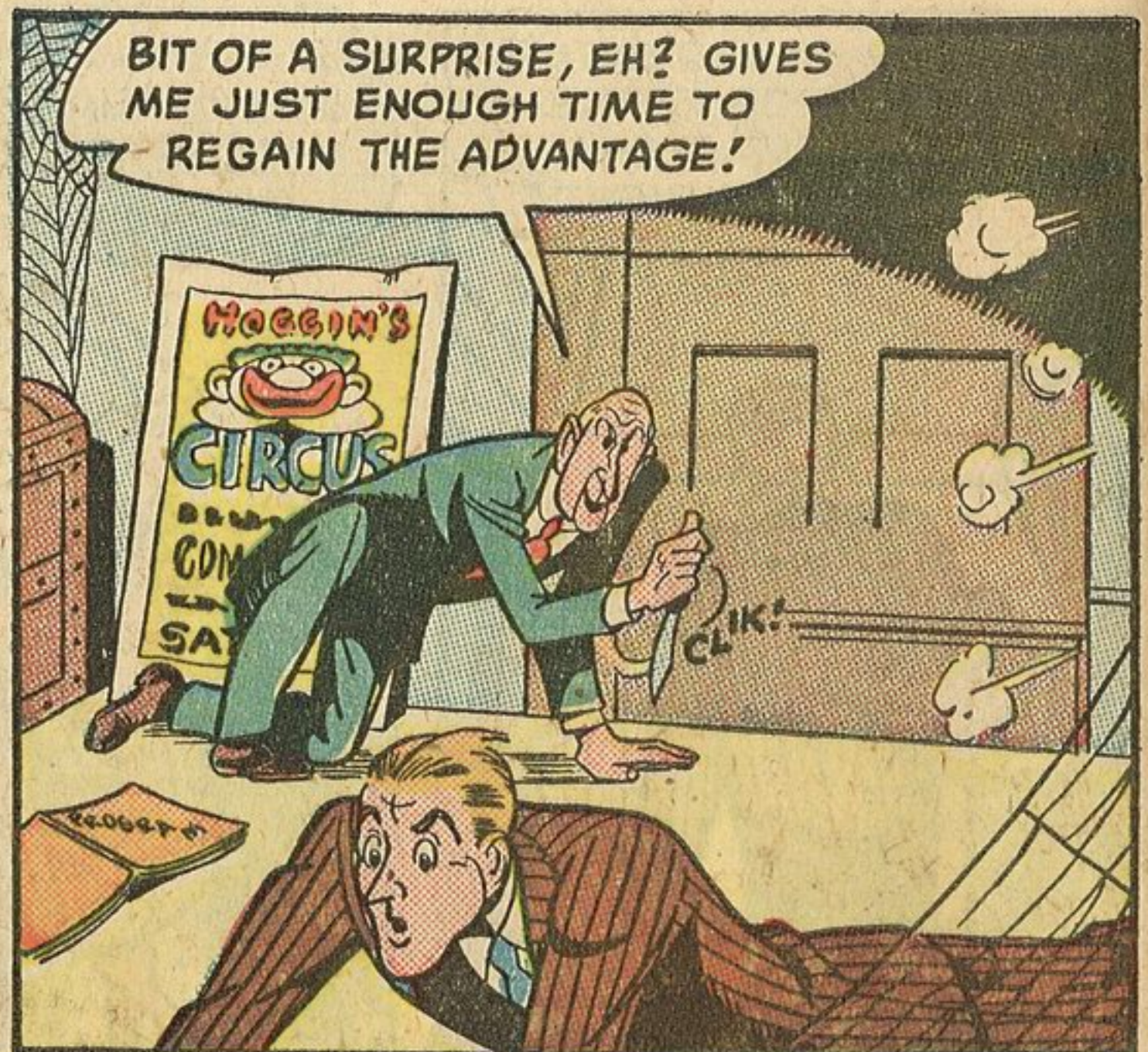




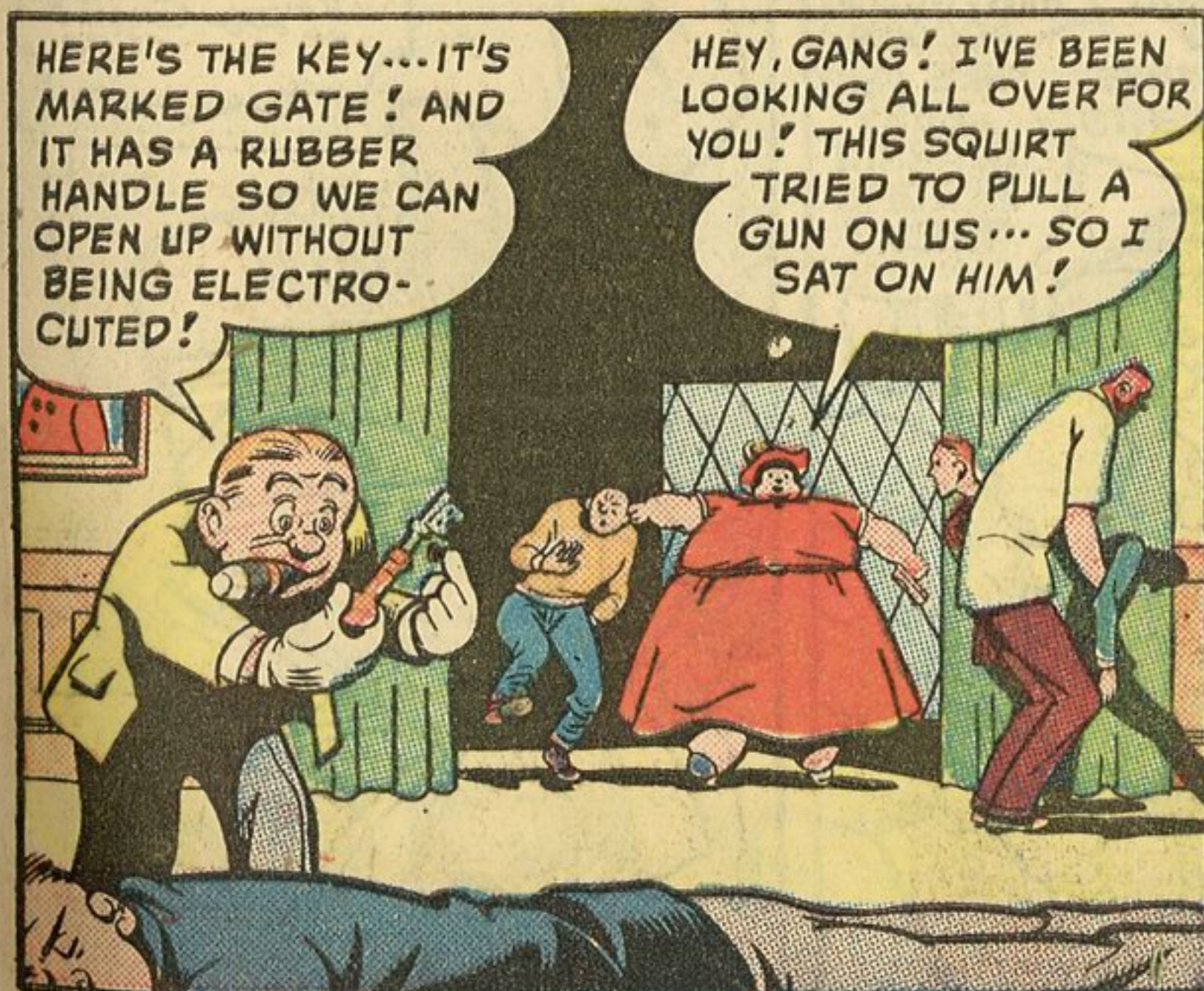
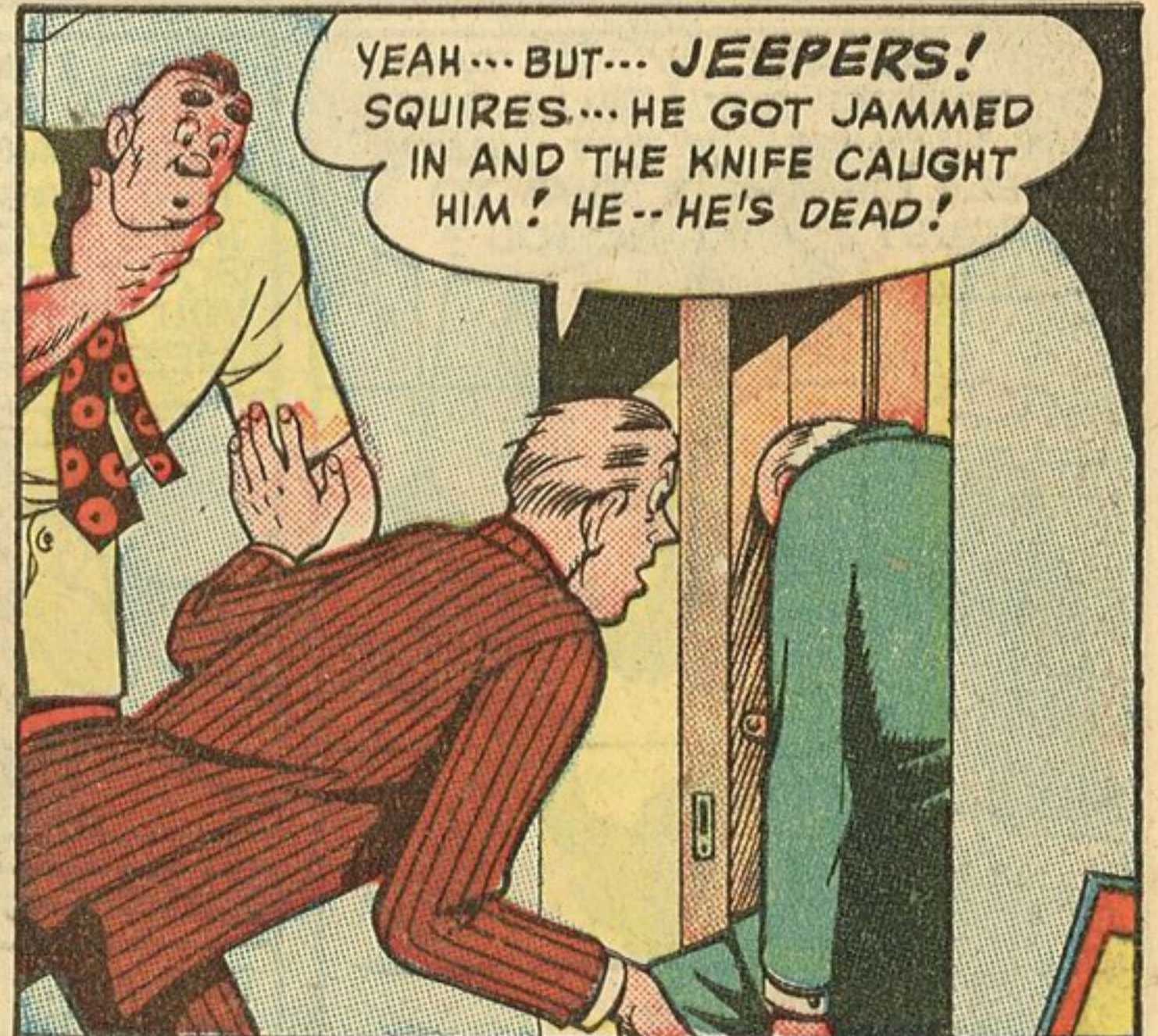
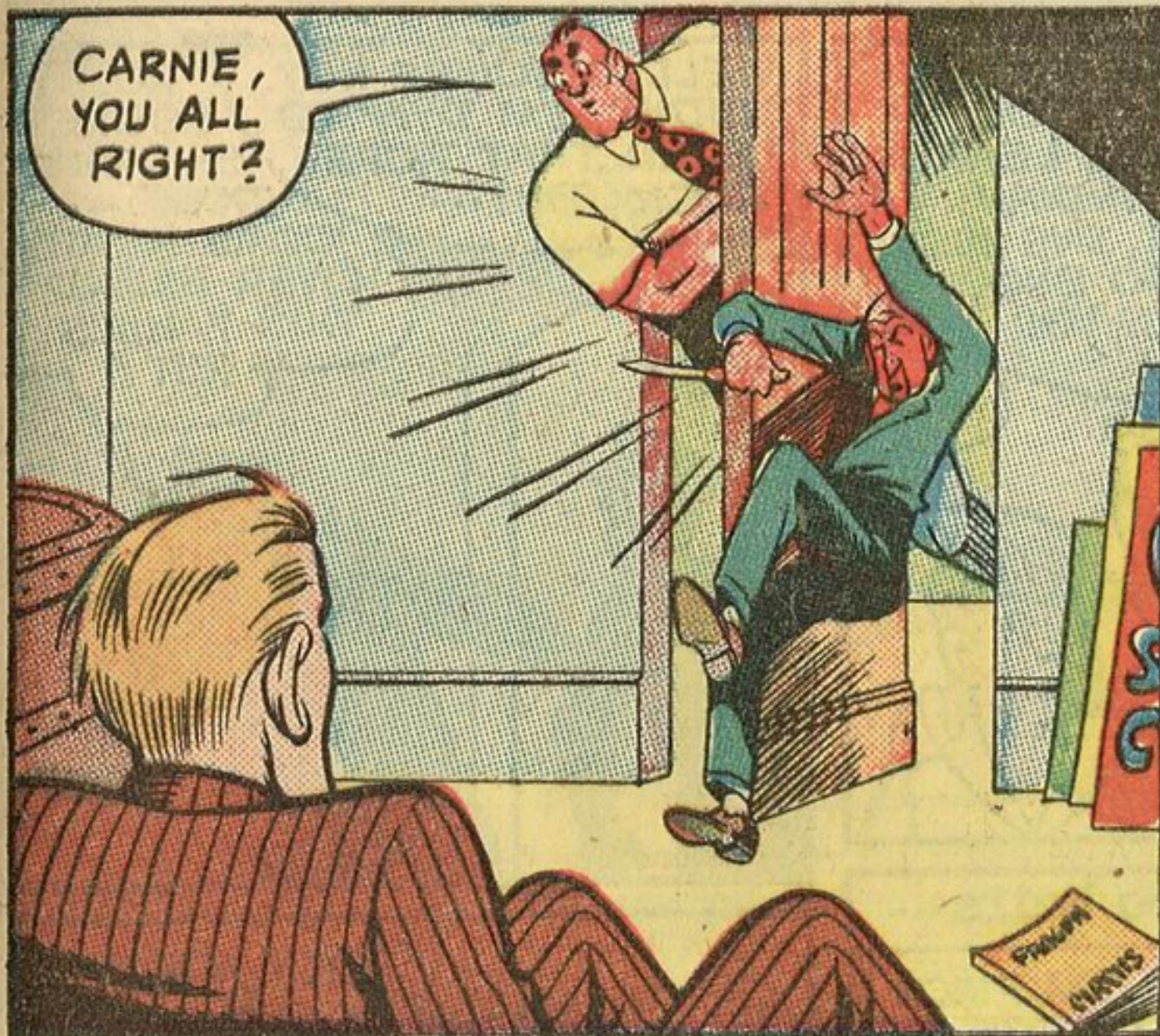
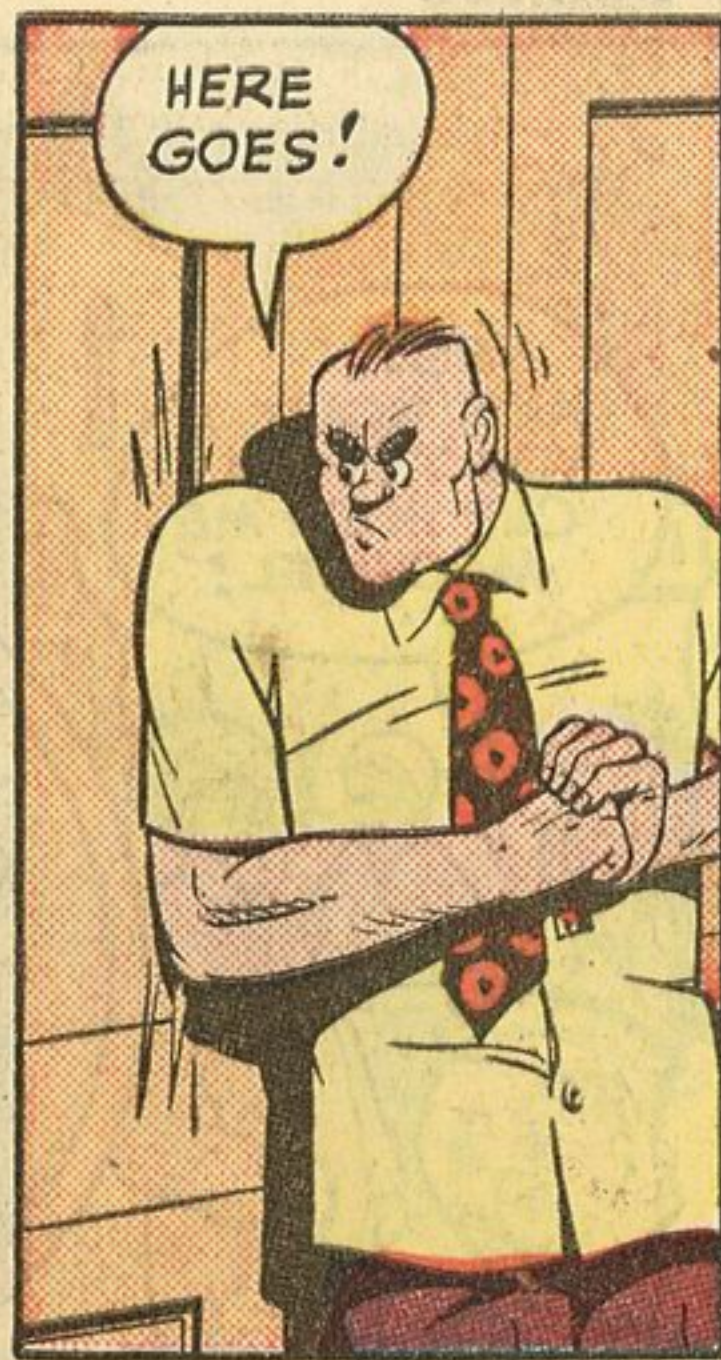




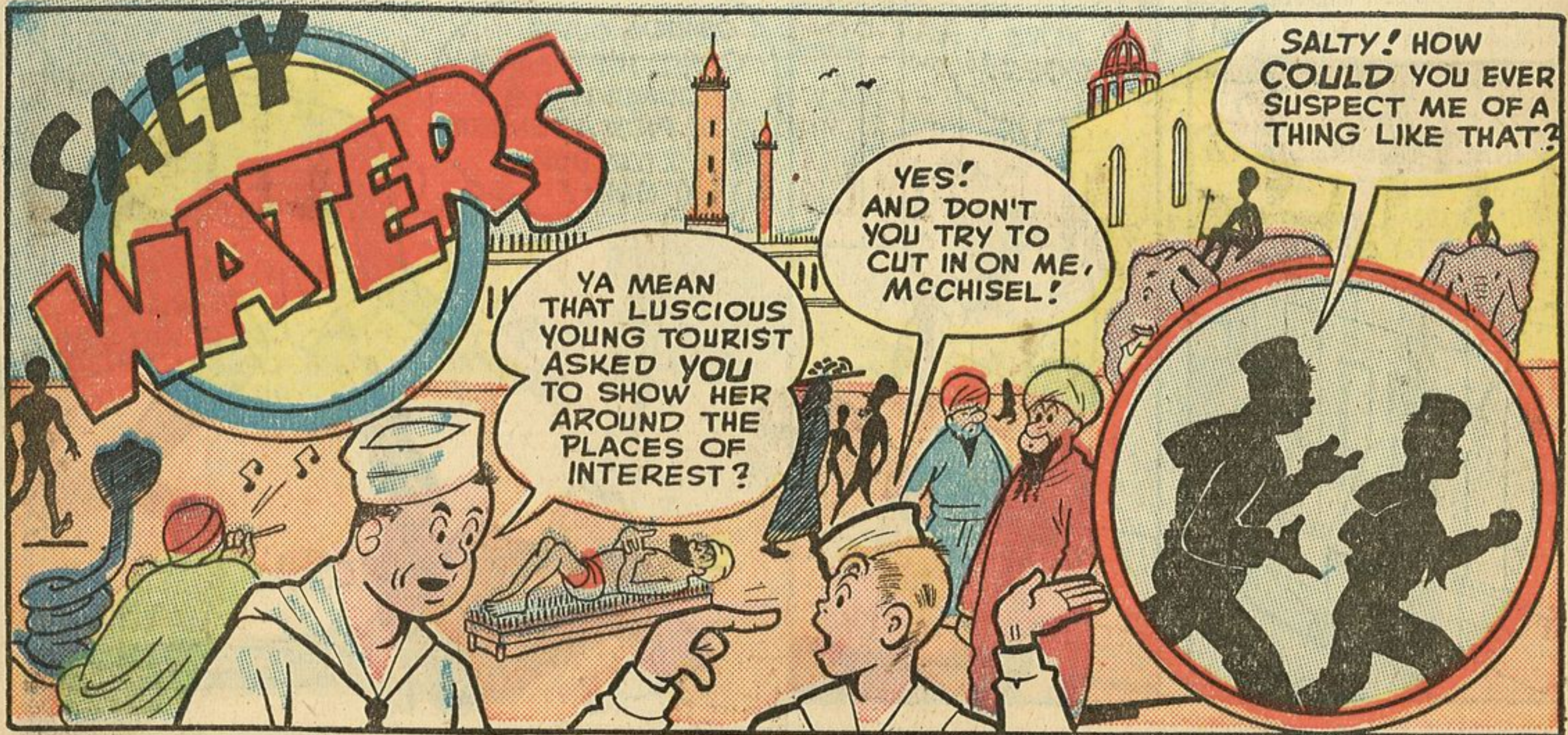






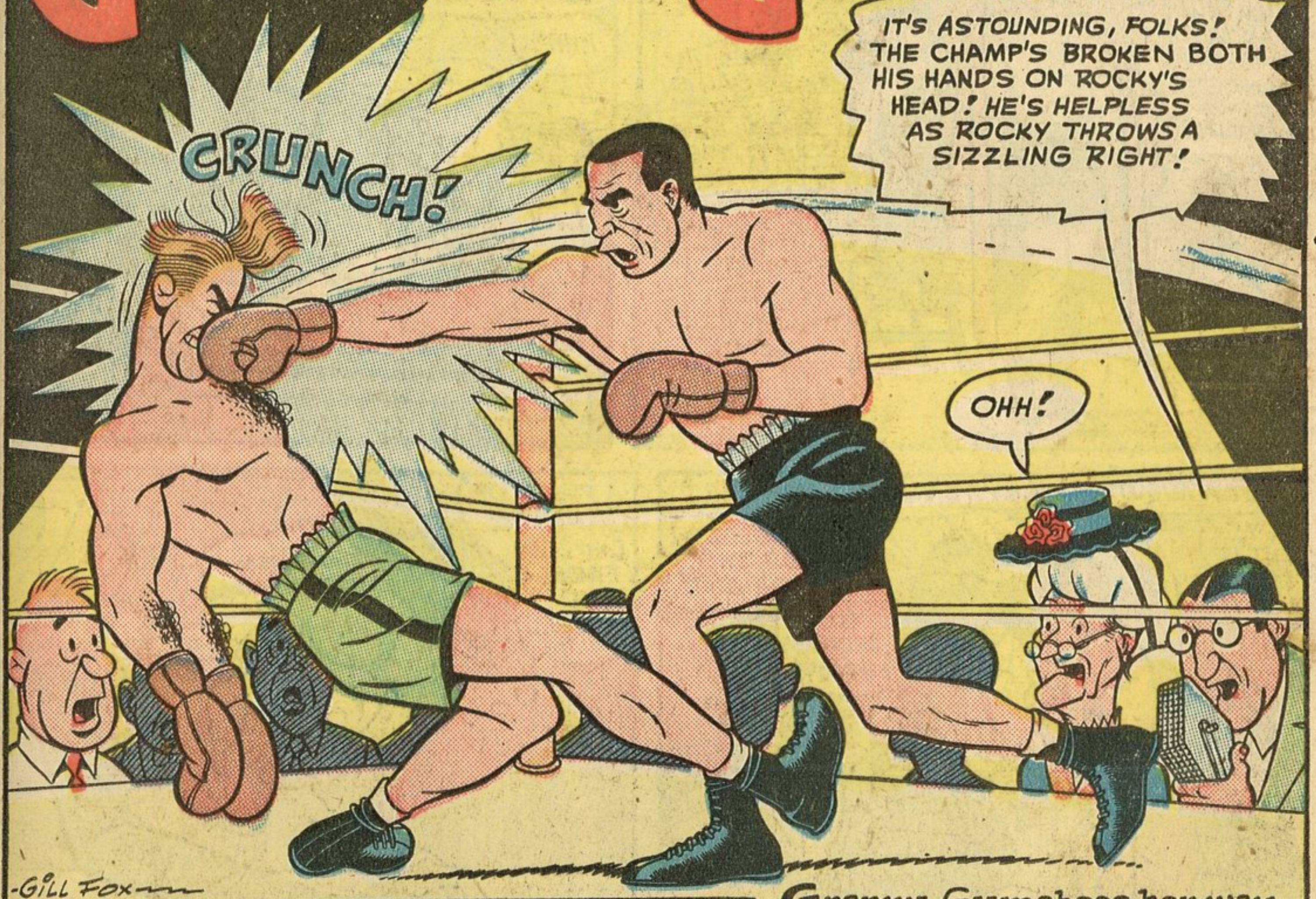








# GRANNY GUMSHOE

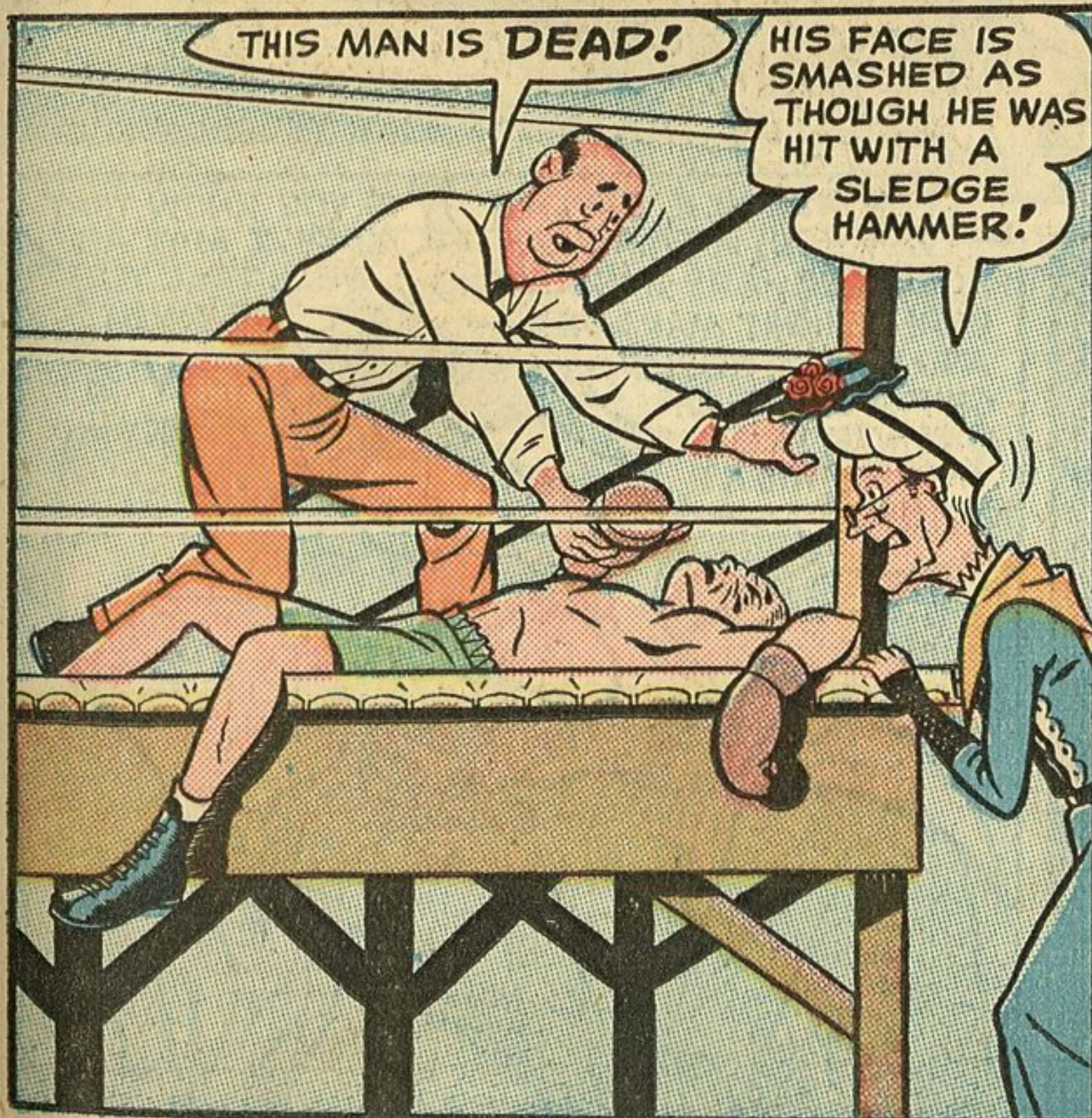


IT'S ASTOUNDING, FOLKS!  
THE CHAMP'S BROKEN BOTH  
HIS HANDS ON ROCKY'S  
HEAD! HE'S HELPLESS  
AS ROCKY THROWS A  
SIZZLING RIGHT!

OHH!

-Gill Fox-

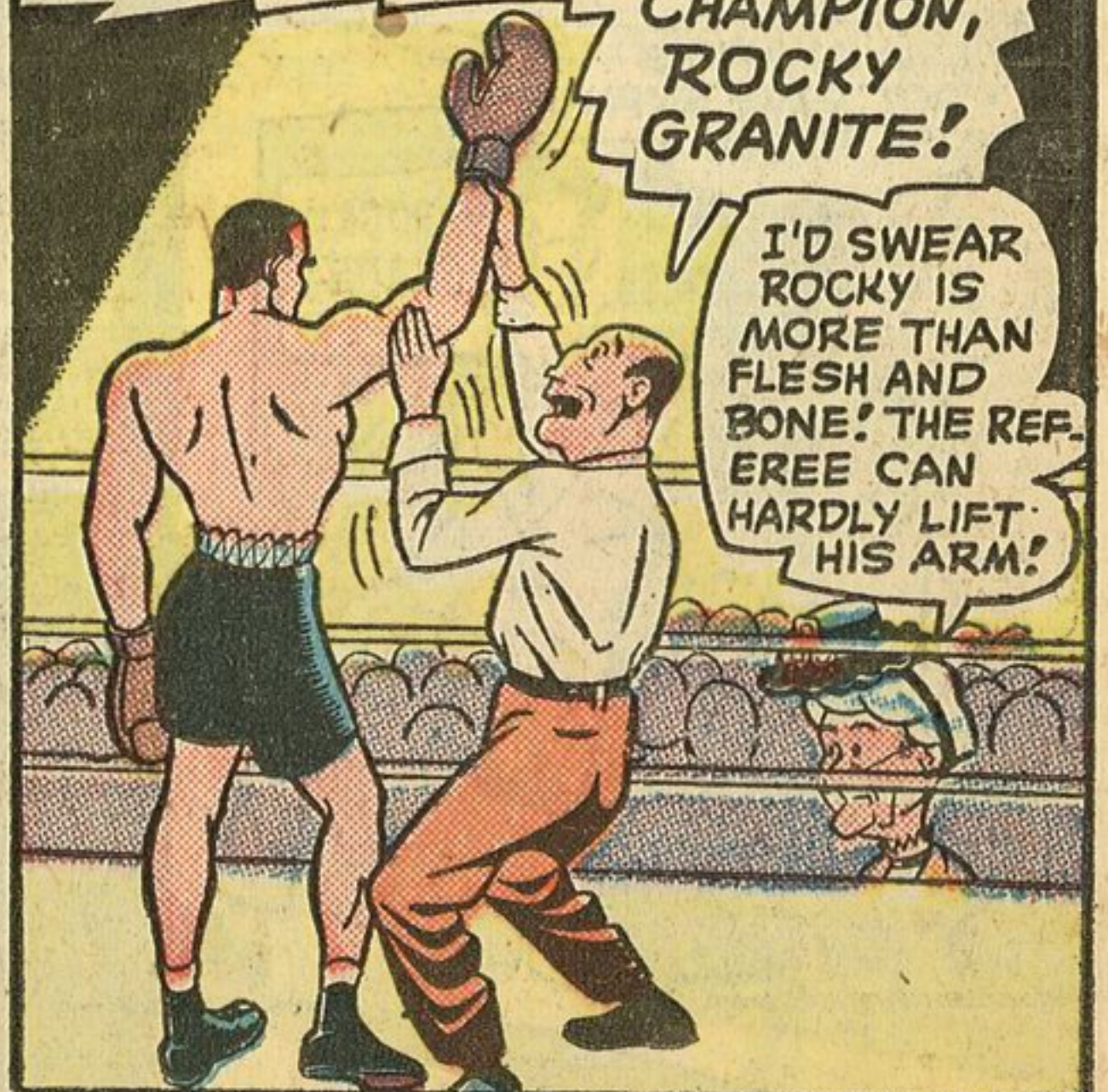
Granny Gumshoes her way  
into the fight game when  
she catches a chiseler and  
shatters the invincible  
STONE MAN!



THIS MAN IS DEAD!

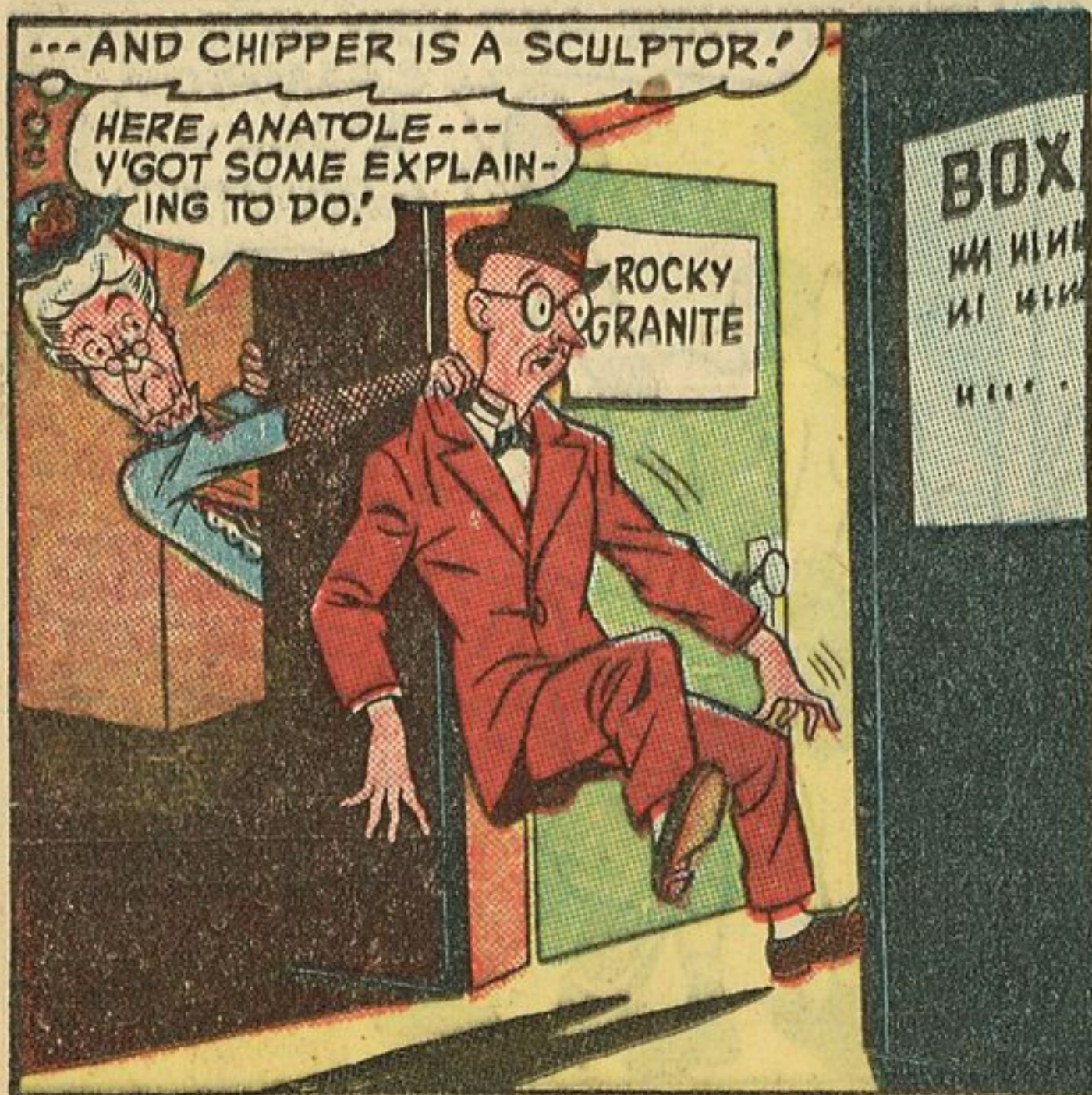
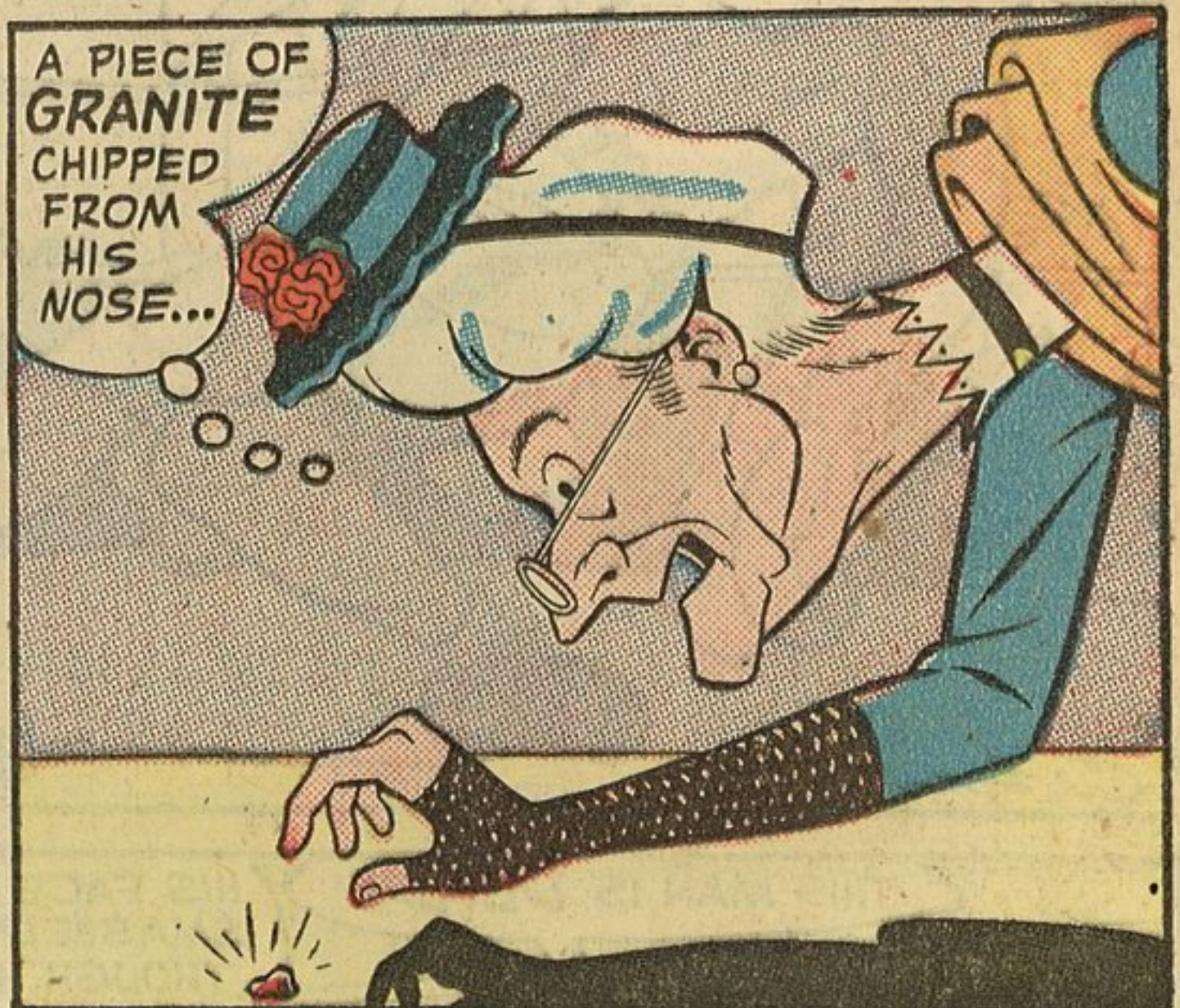
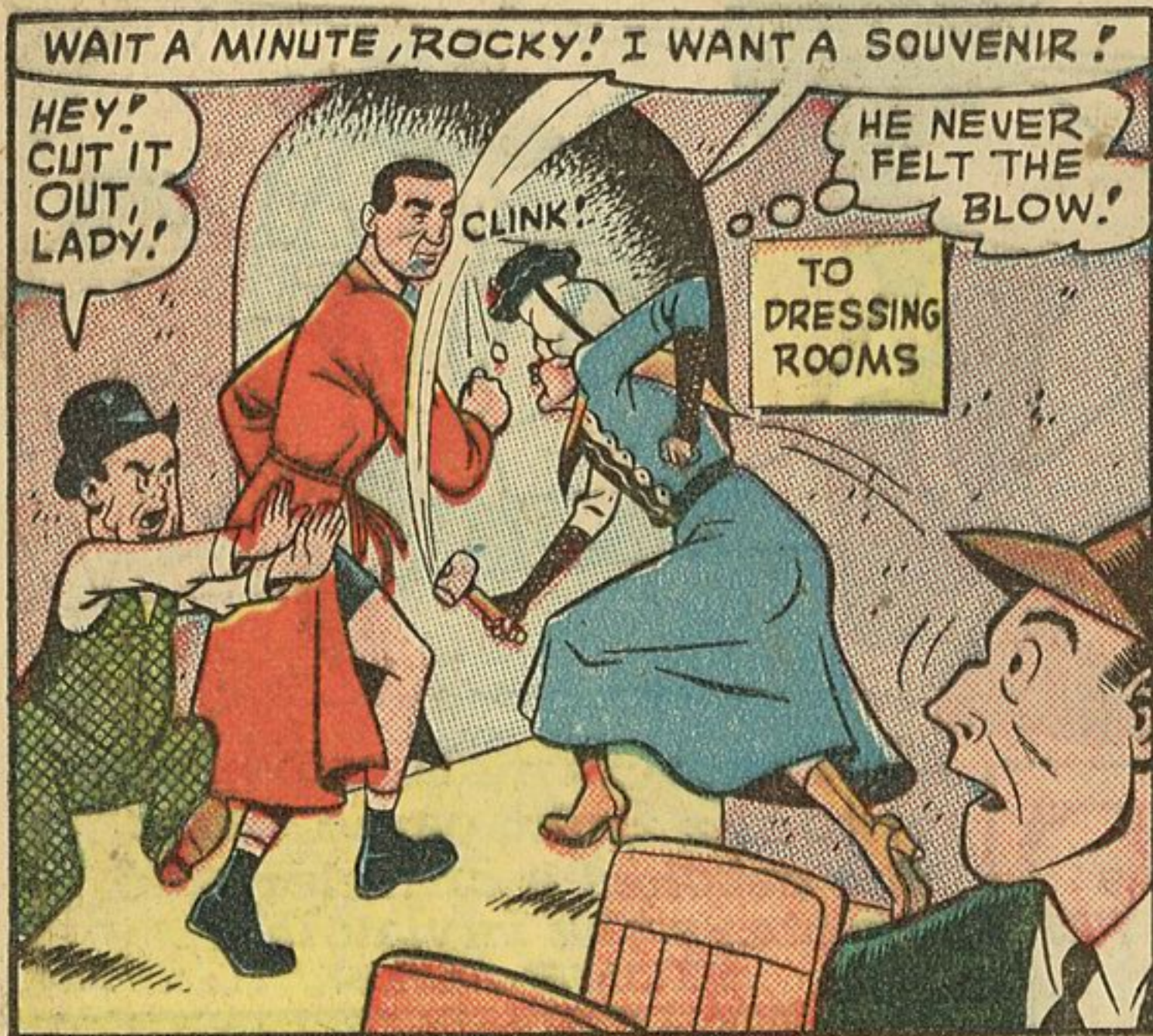
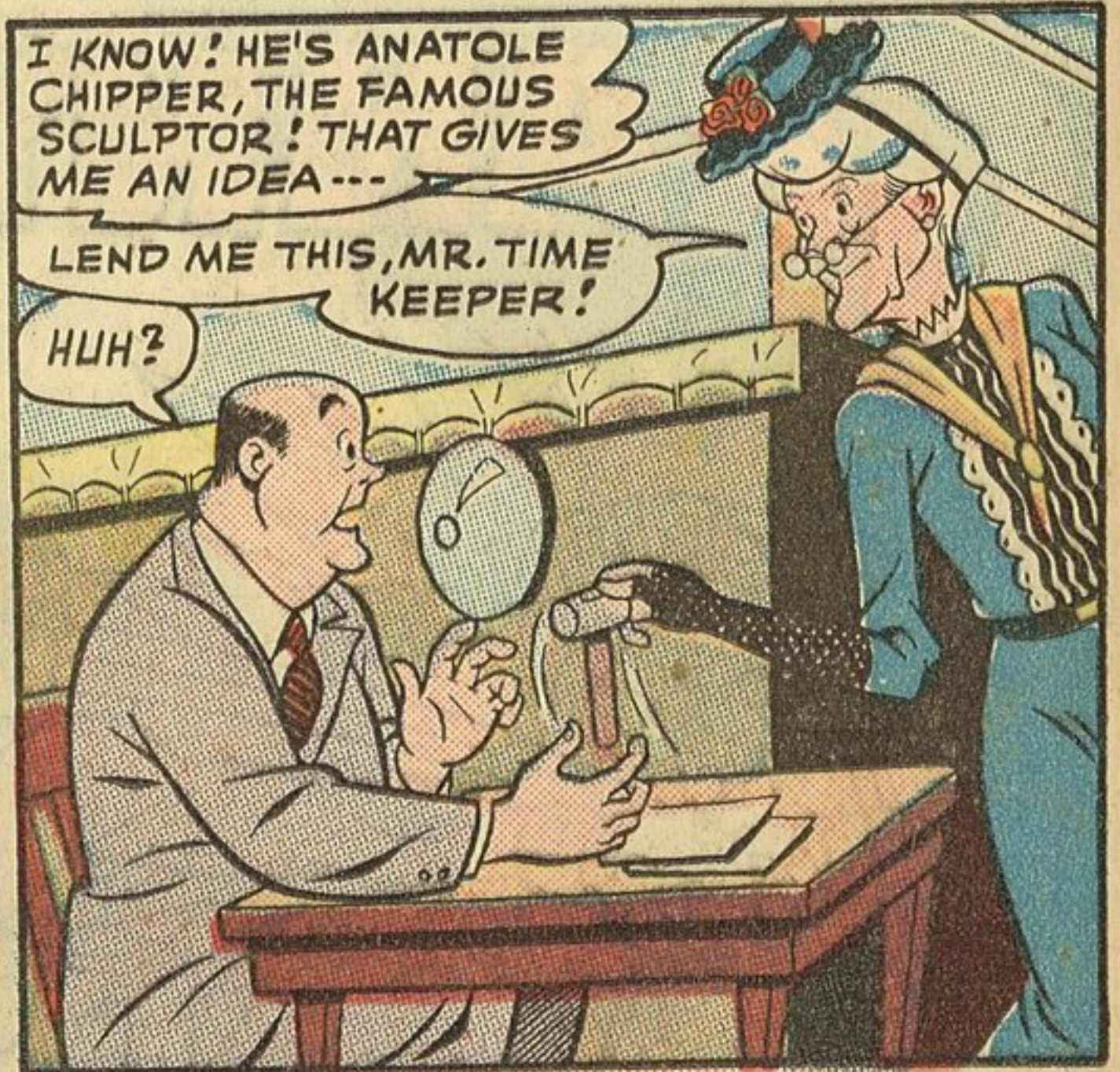
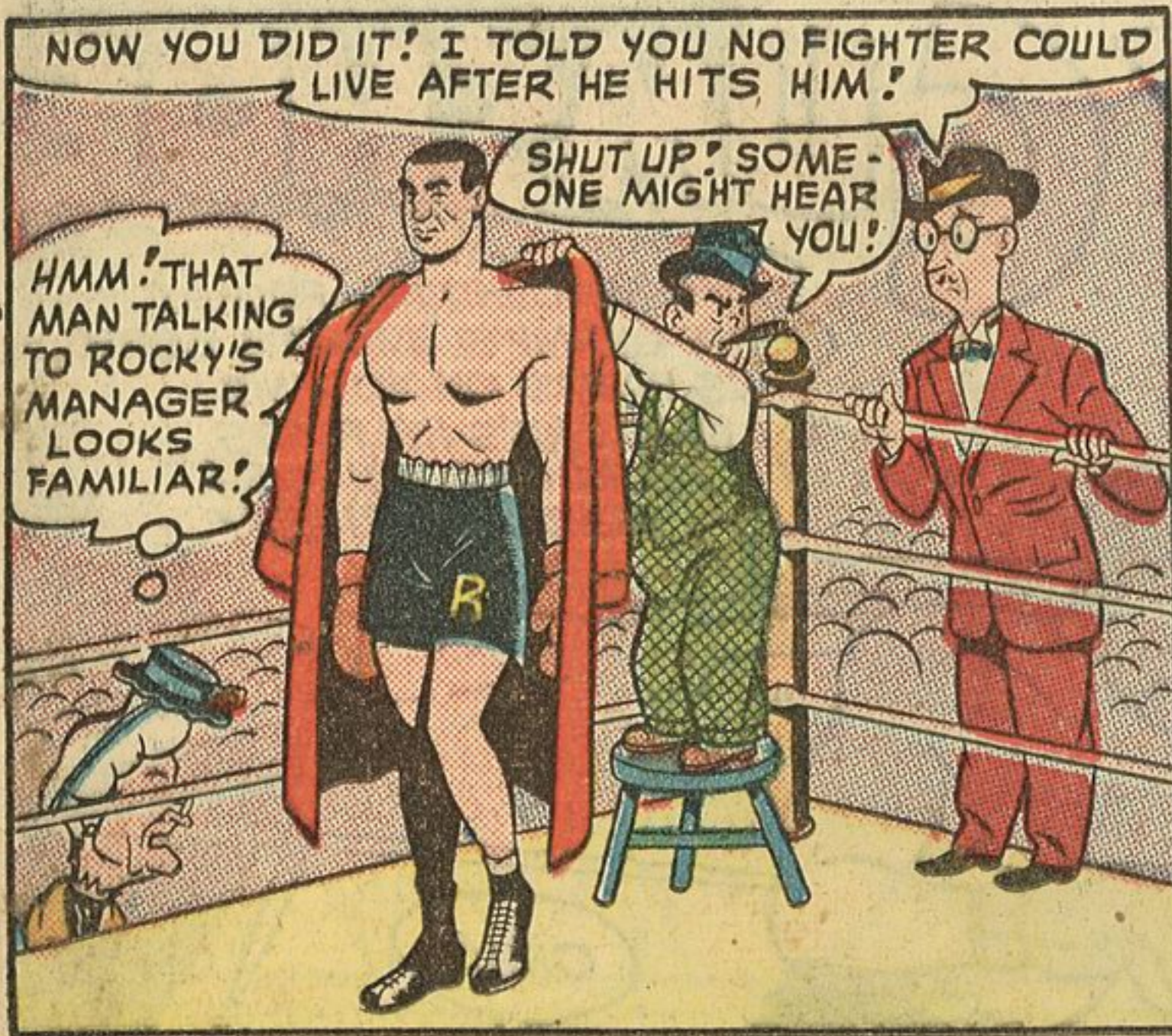
HIS FACE IS  
SMASHED AS  
THOUGH HE WAS  
HIT WITH A  
SLEDGE  
HAMMER!

THE WINNER AND NEW WORLD'S  
CHAMPION,  
ROCKY  
GRANITE!

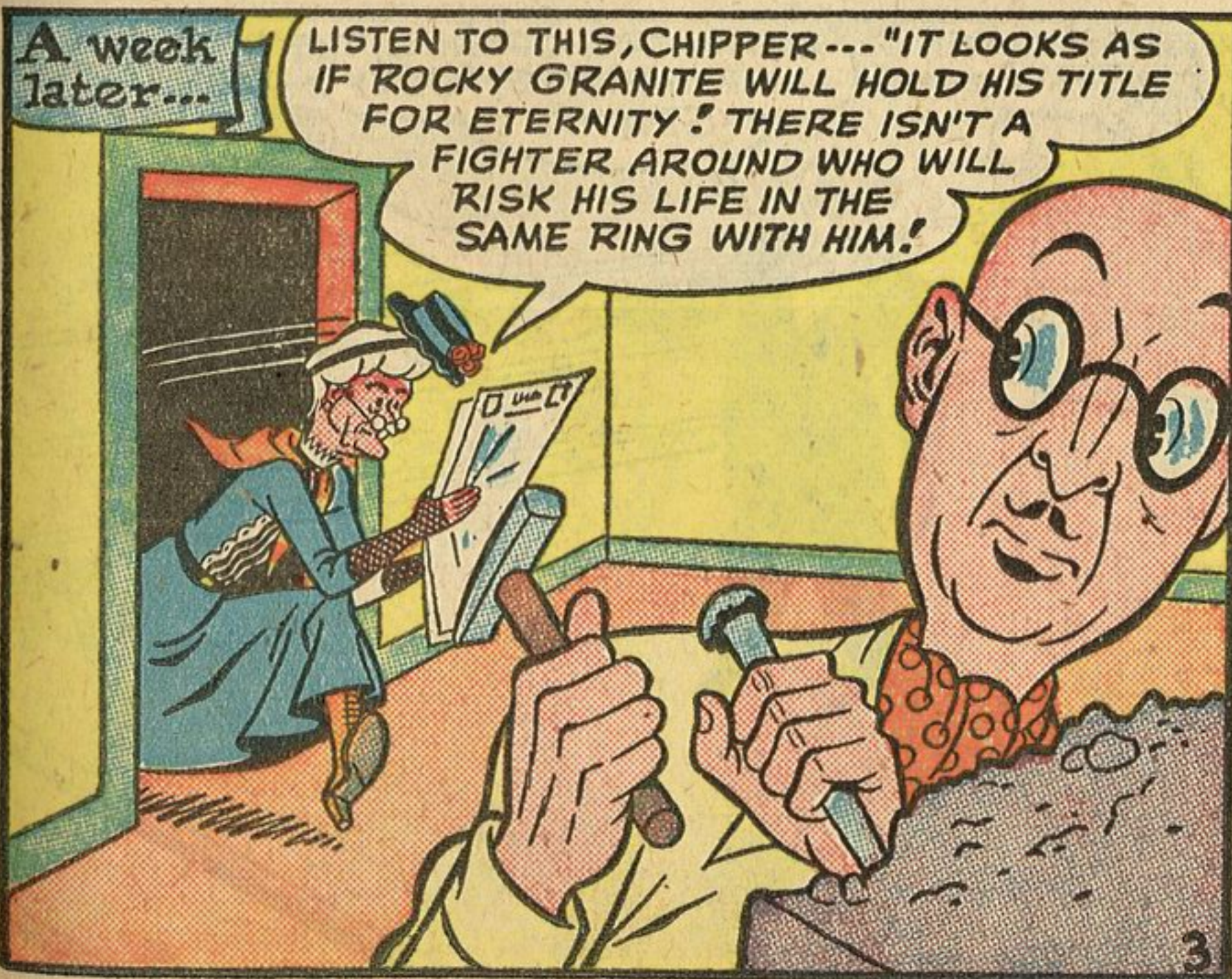
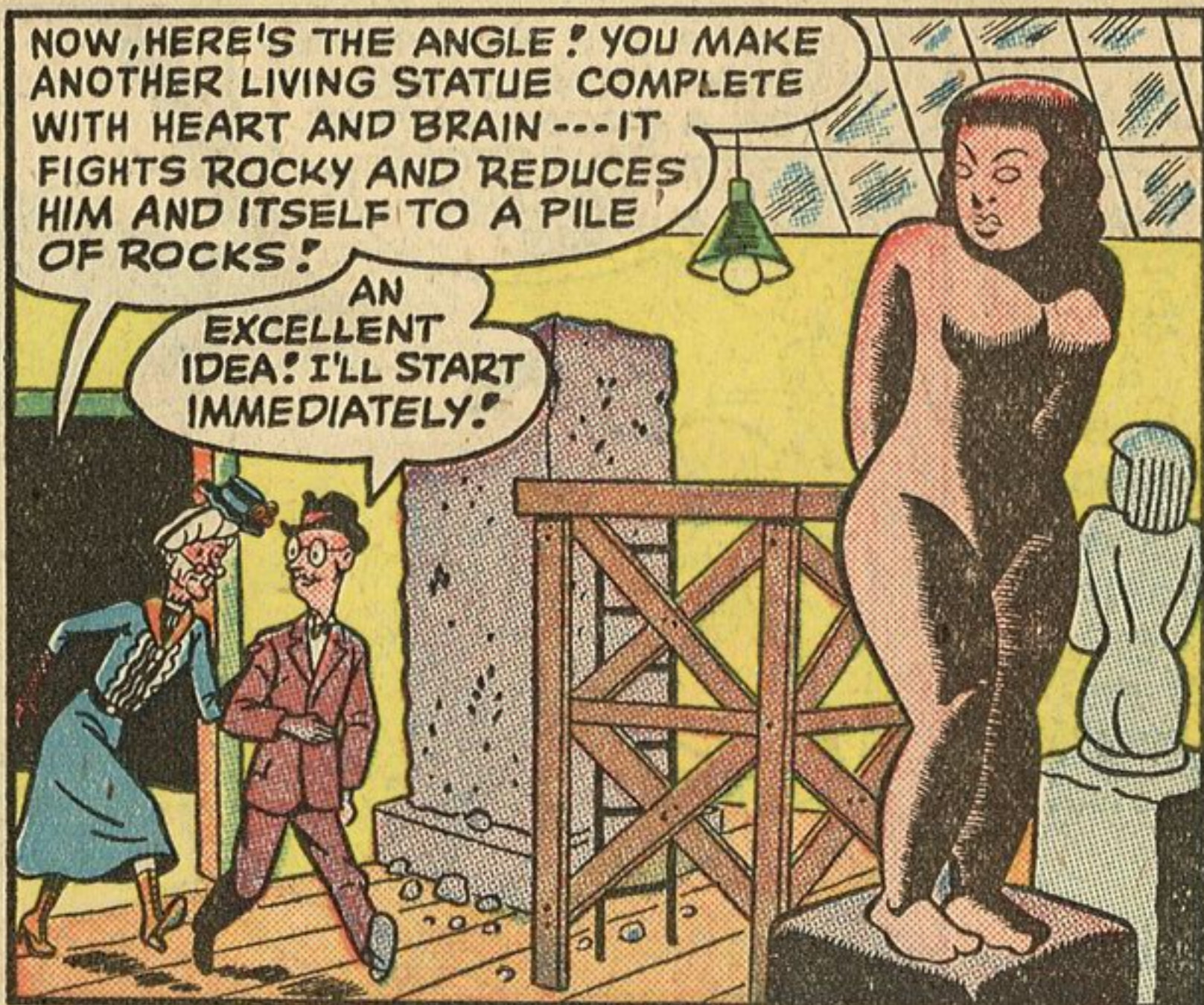
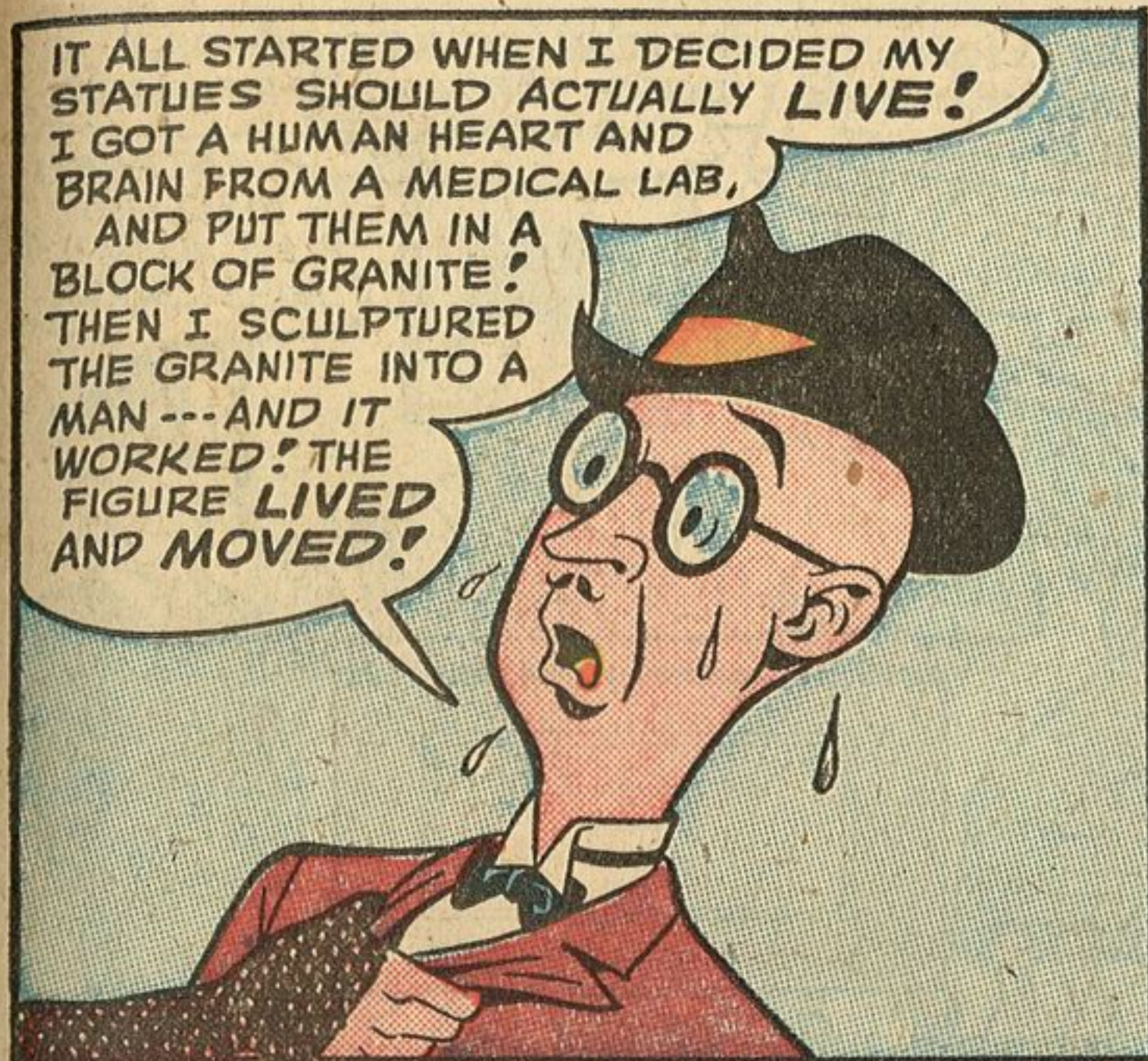


I'D SWEAR  
ROCKY IS  
MORE THAN  
FLESH AND  
BONE! THE REF.  
EEE CAN  
HARDLY LIFT  
HIS ARM!

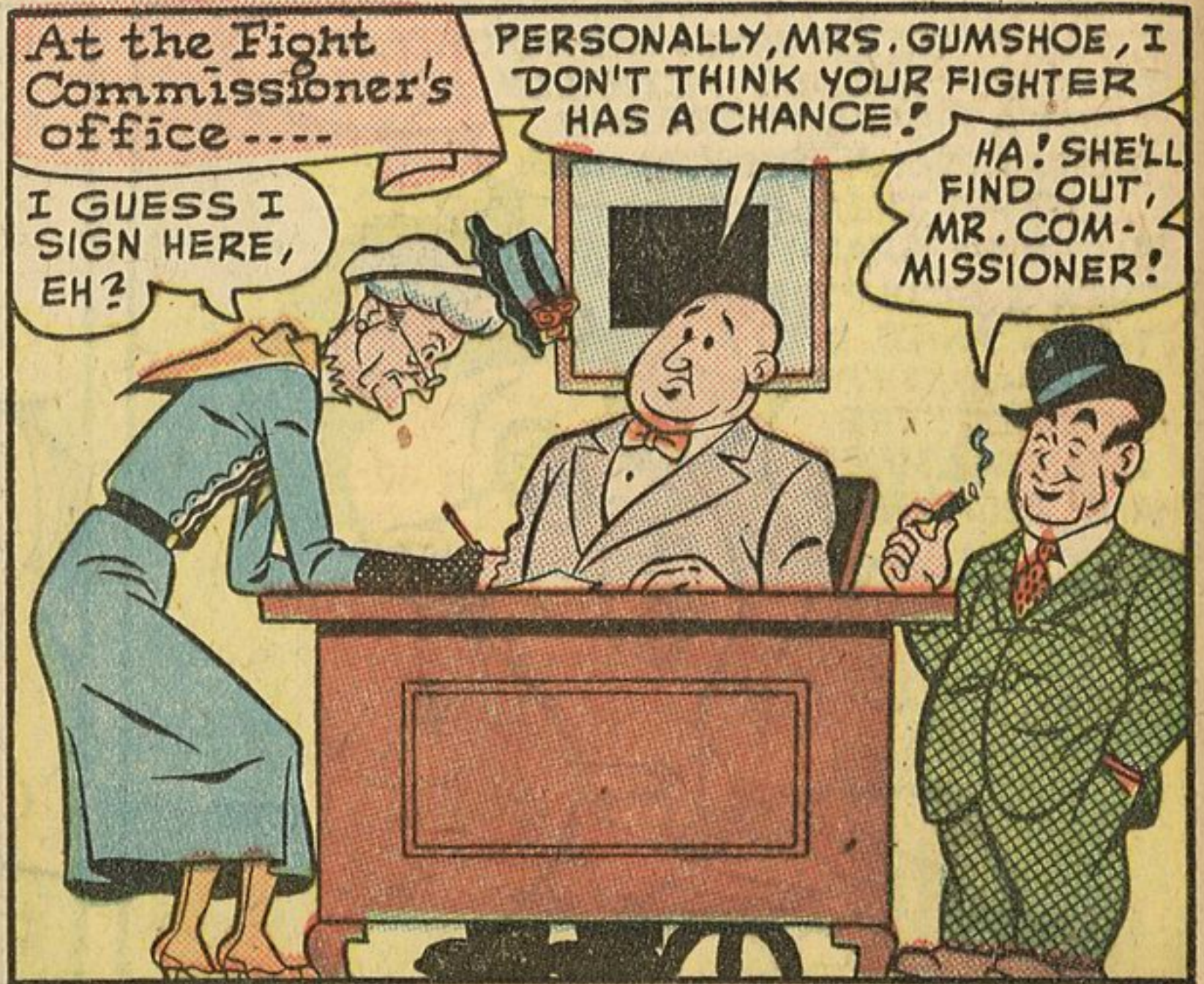
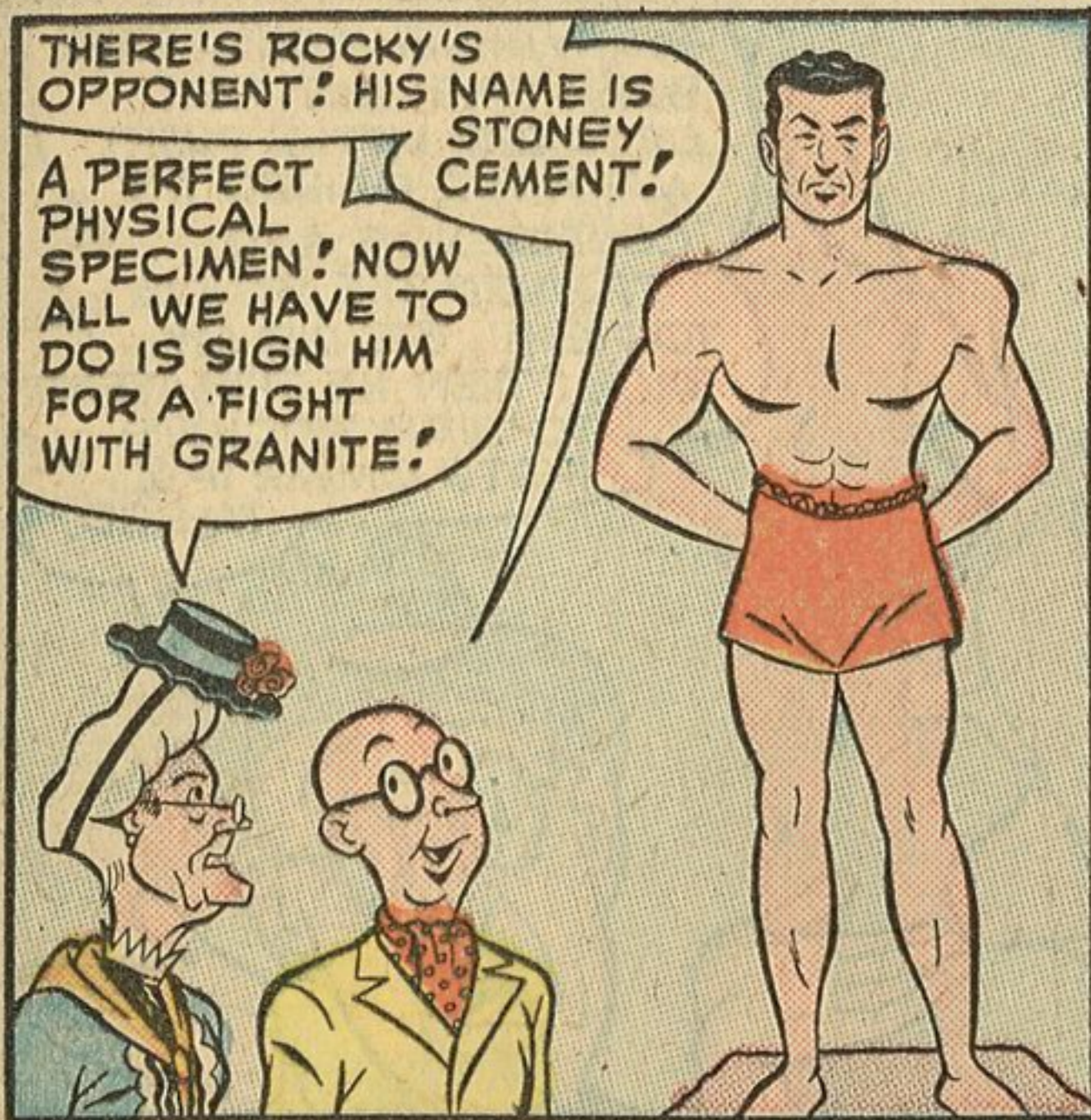




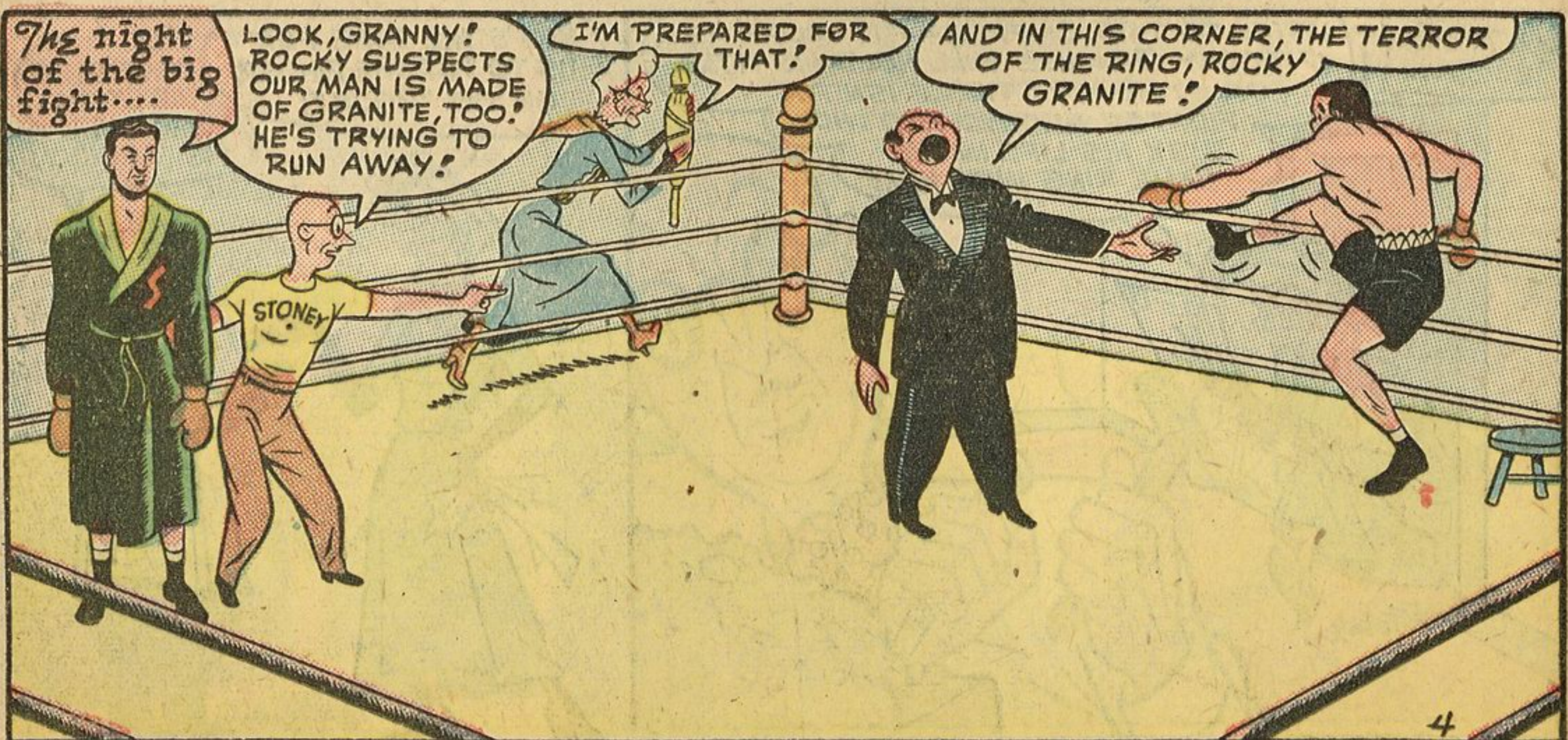
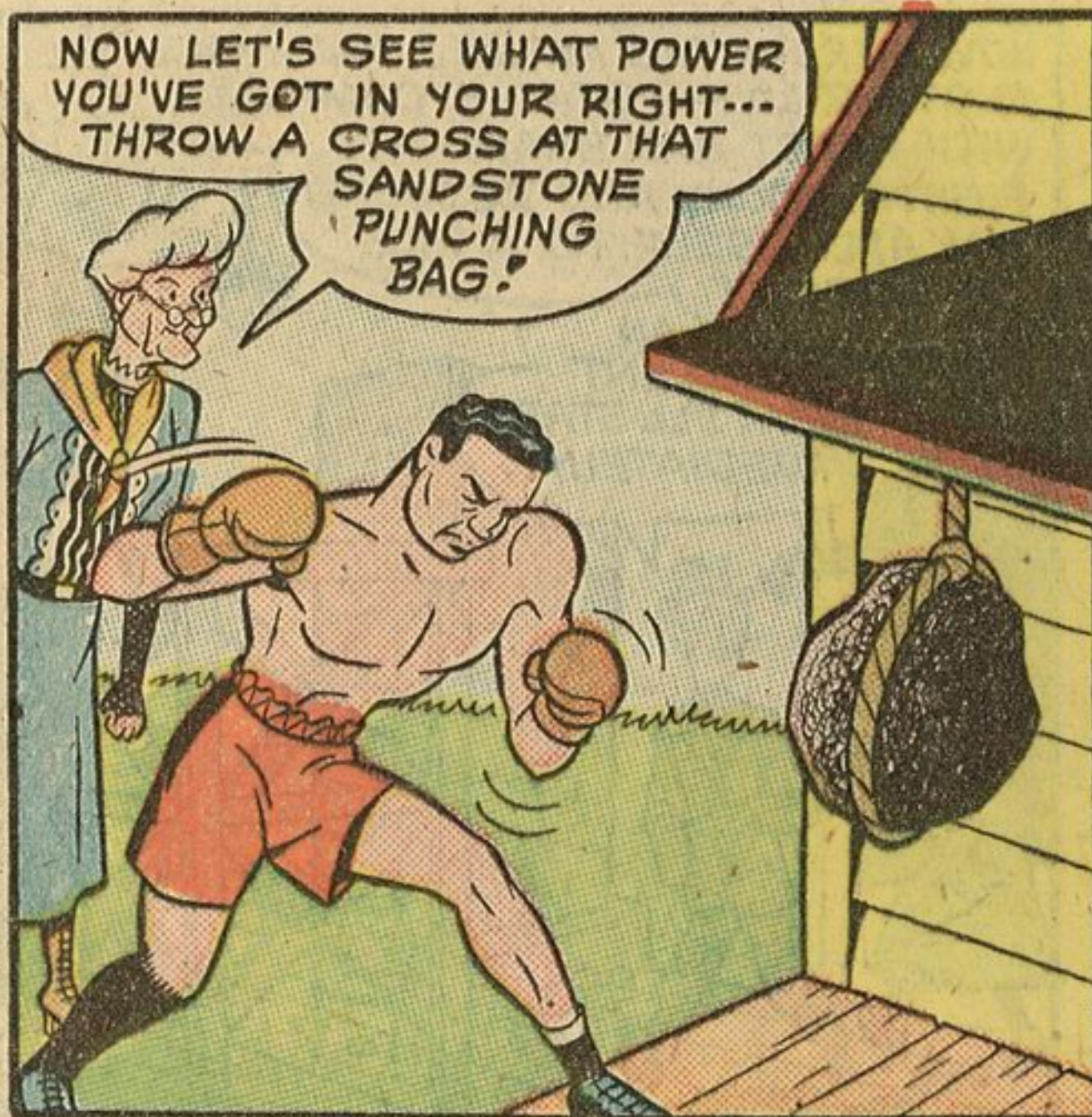




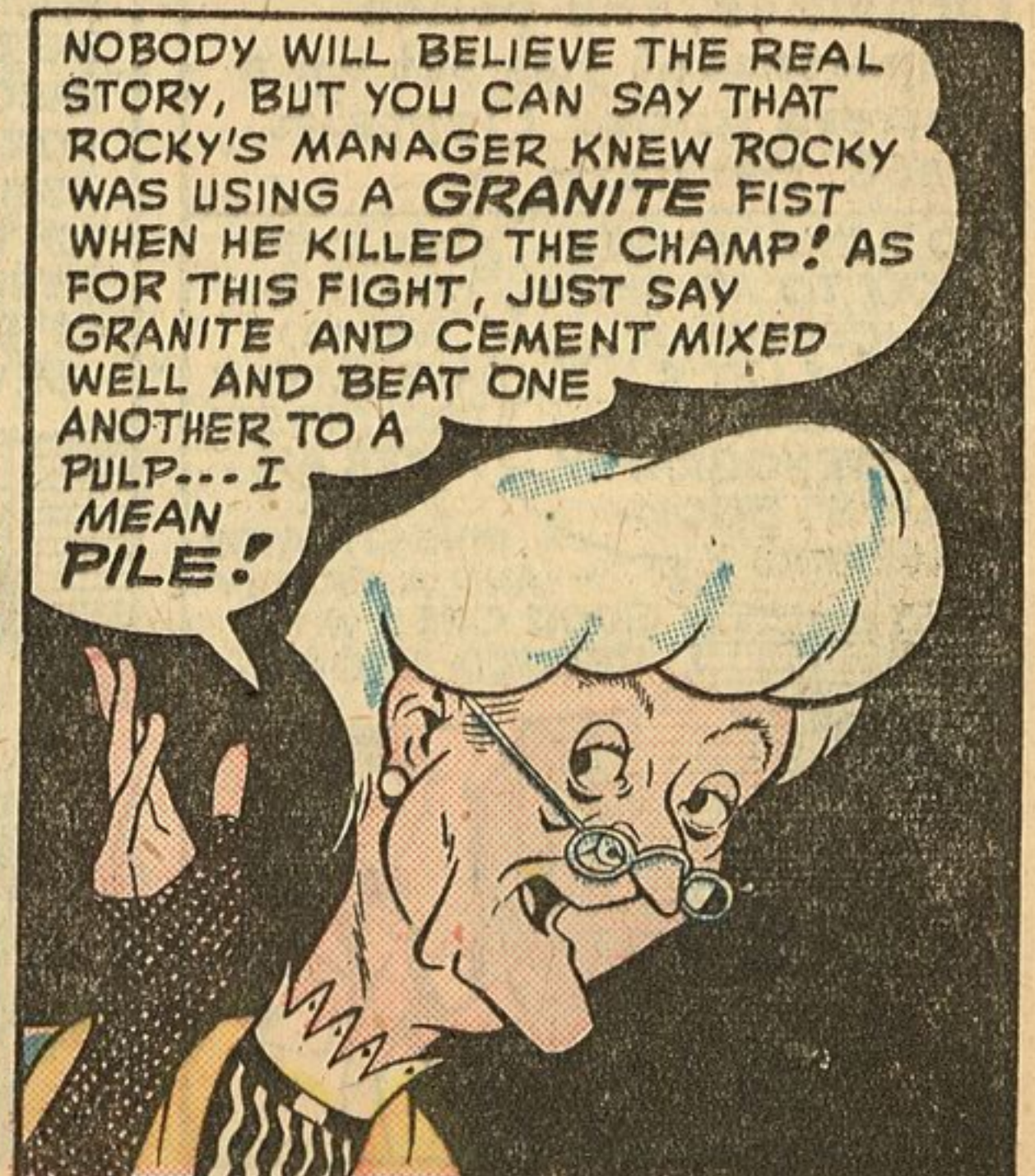
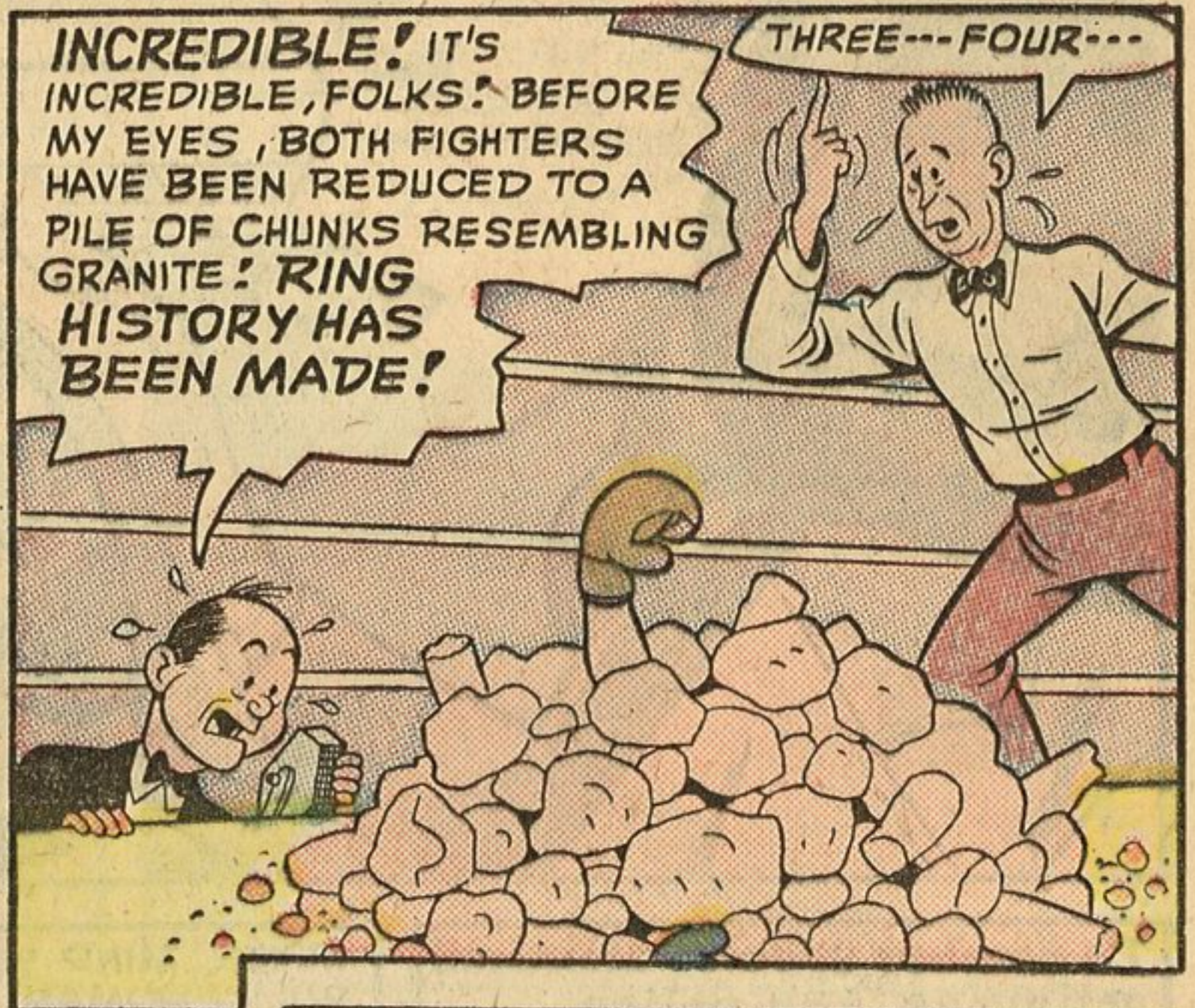
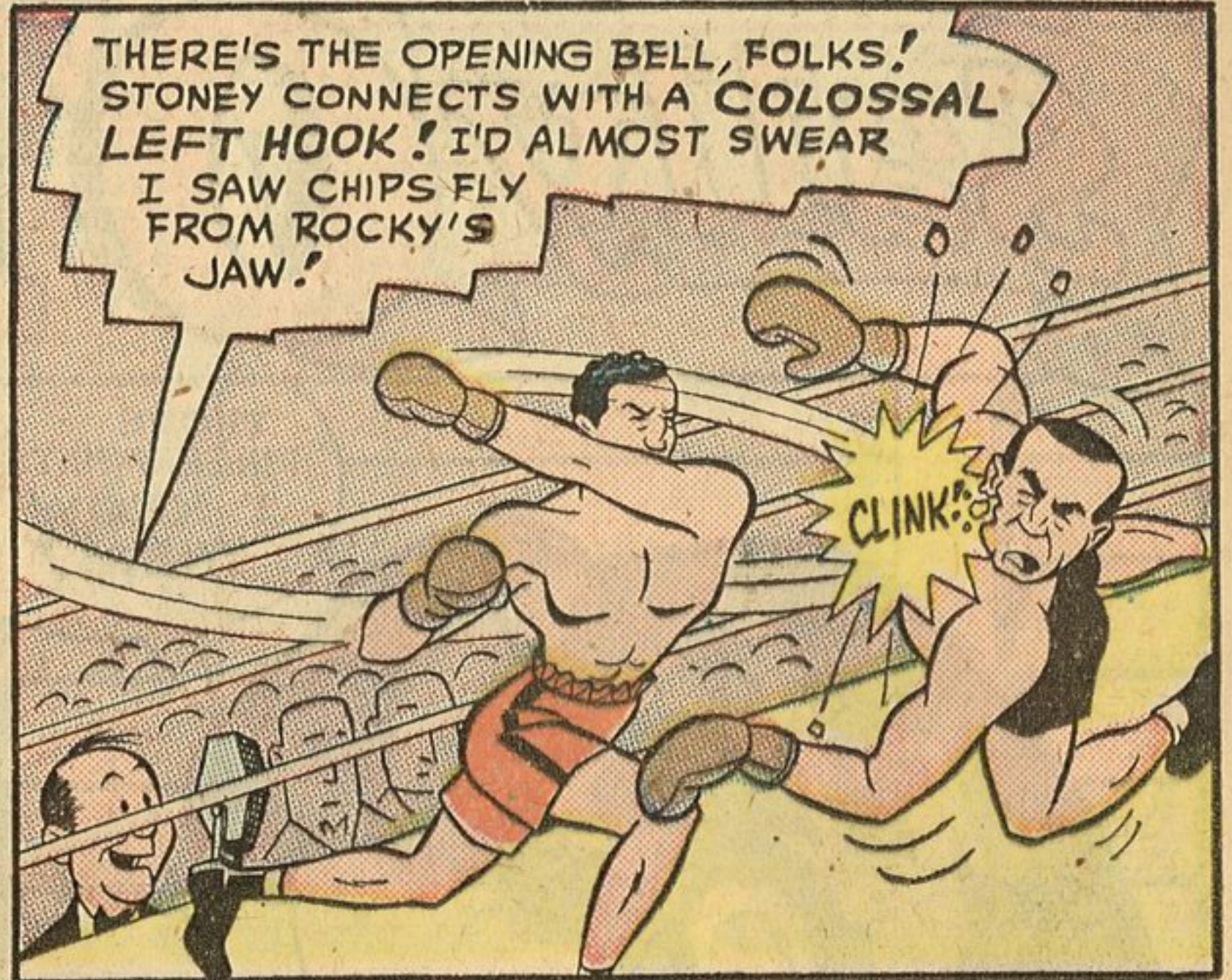




Hard days of training follow as Granny teaches Stoney all the tricks of pugilism.....









# Sally O'NEIL



To combat special criminal activities, the police department has set up a bureau under Captain Jack Barham....

SO THEY ASSIGNED YOU TO MY DETAIL, POLICEWOMAN O'NEIL! LET'S SEE... CAN YOU DO STENOGRAPHY, FILING, BOOK-KEEPING?

YES, CAPTAIN! BUT WHY NOT HAVE CLERKS FOR THOSE? AFTER ALL, I'M AN INVESTIGATOR... AND A PRETTY GOOD ONE! MY RECORD SHOWS...



NEVER MIND YOUR RECORD, POLICEWOMAN O'NEIL! WHAT WE'RE GOING TO TACKLE IS A DANGEROUS, DELICATE JOB... FOR MEN, NOT WOMEN! THEY ASSIGNED YOU AND I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU, BUT I CAN'T SEND YOU INTO THE KIND OF BATTLE I SEE DEVELOPING!

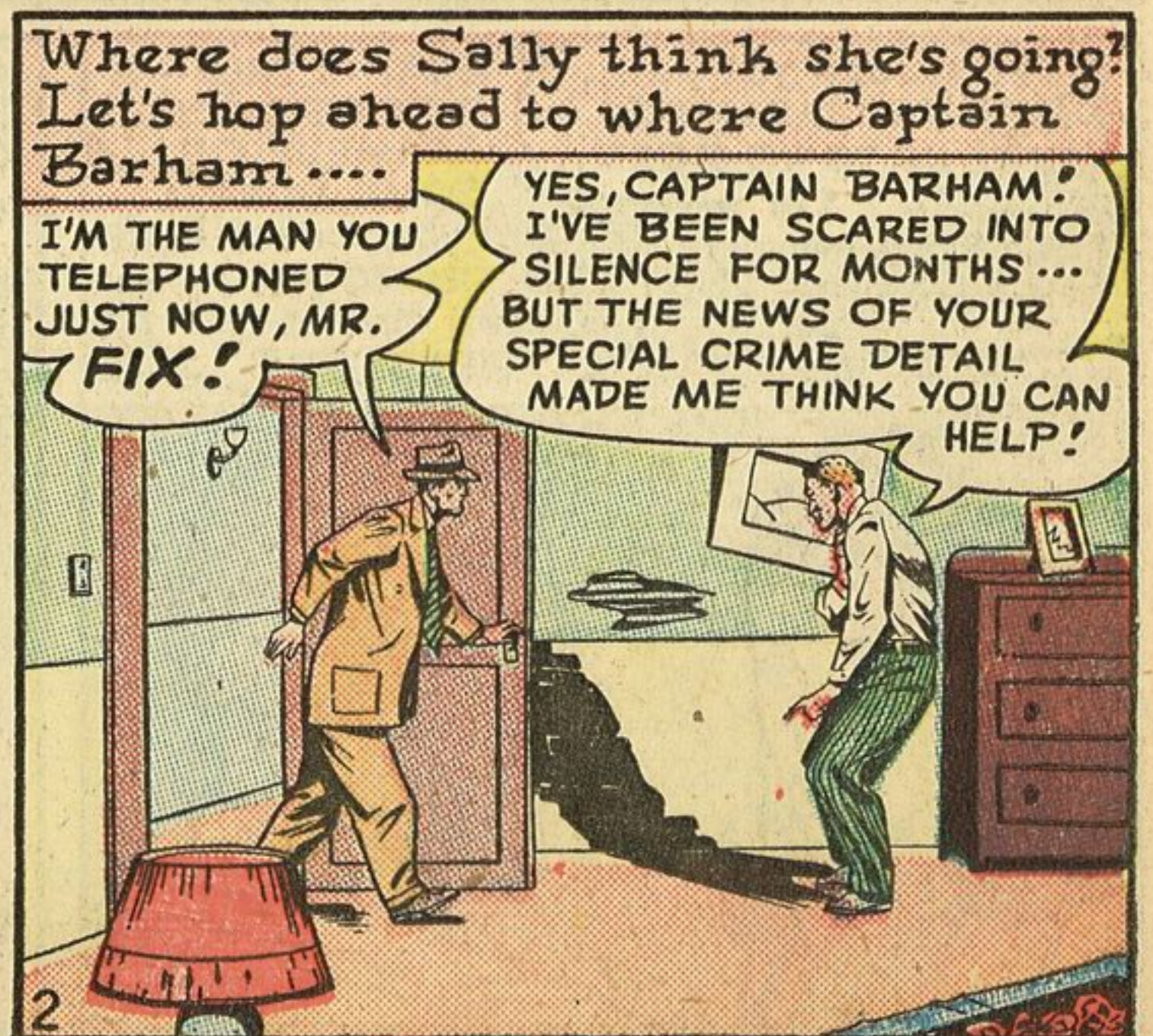


EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN, BUT YOUR PHONE'S RINGING!

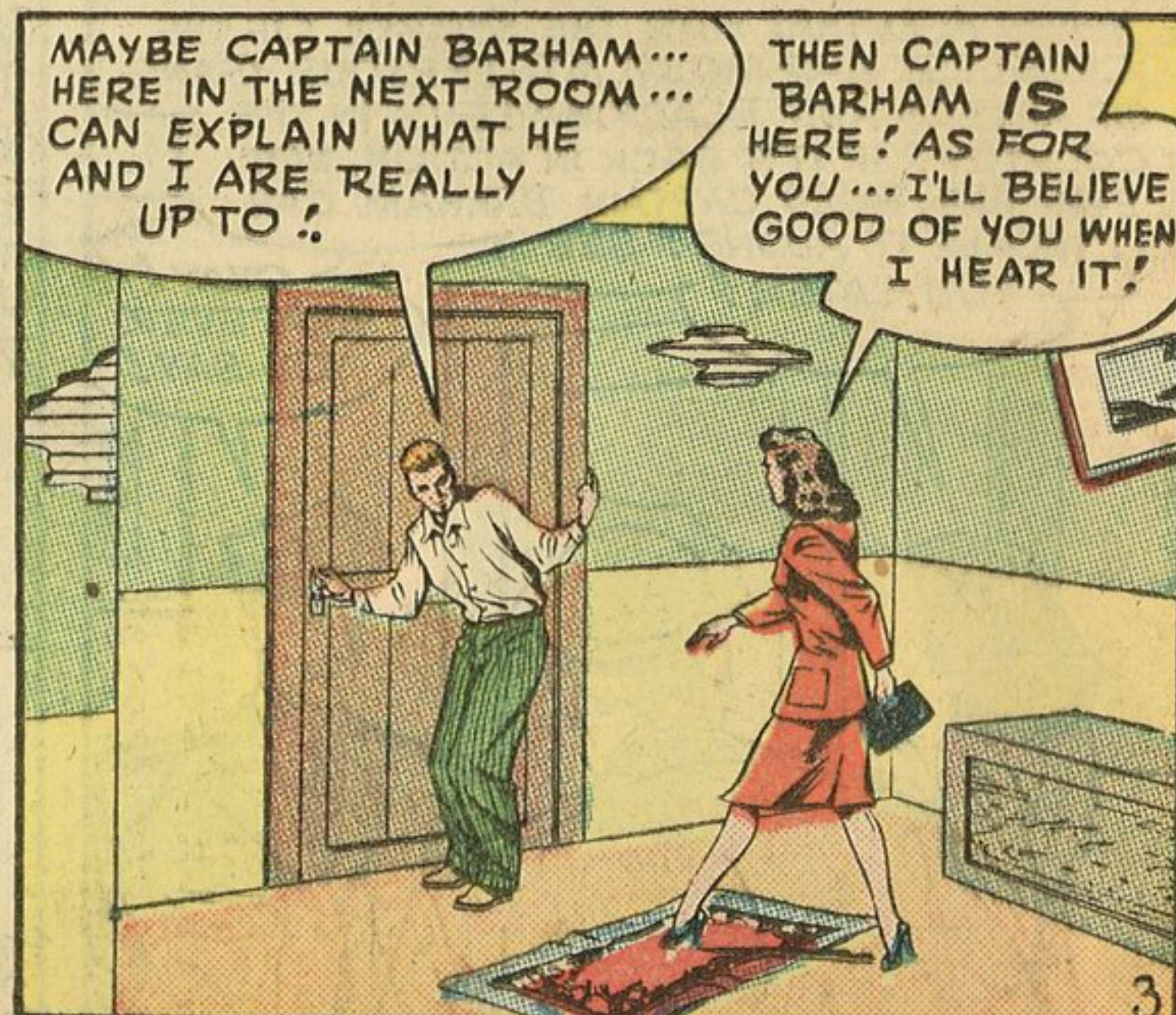
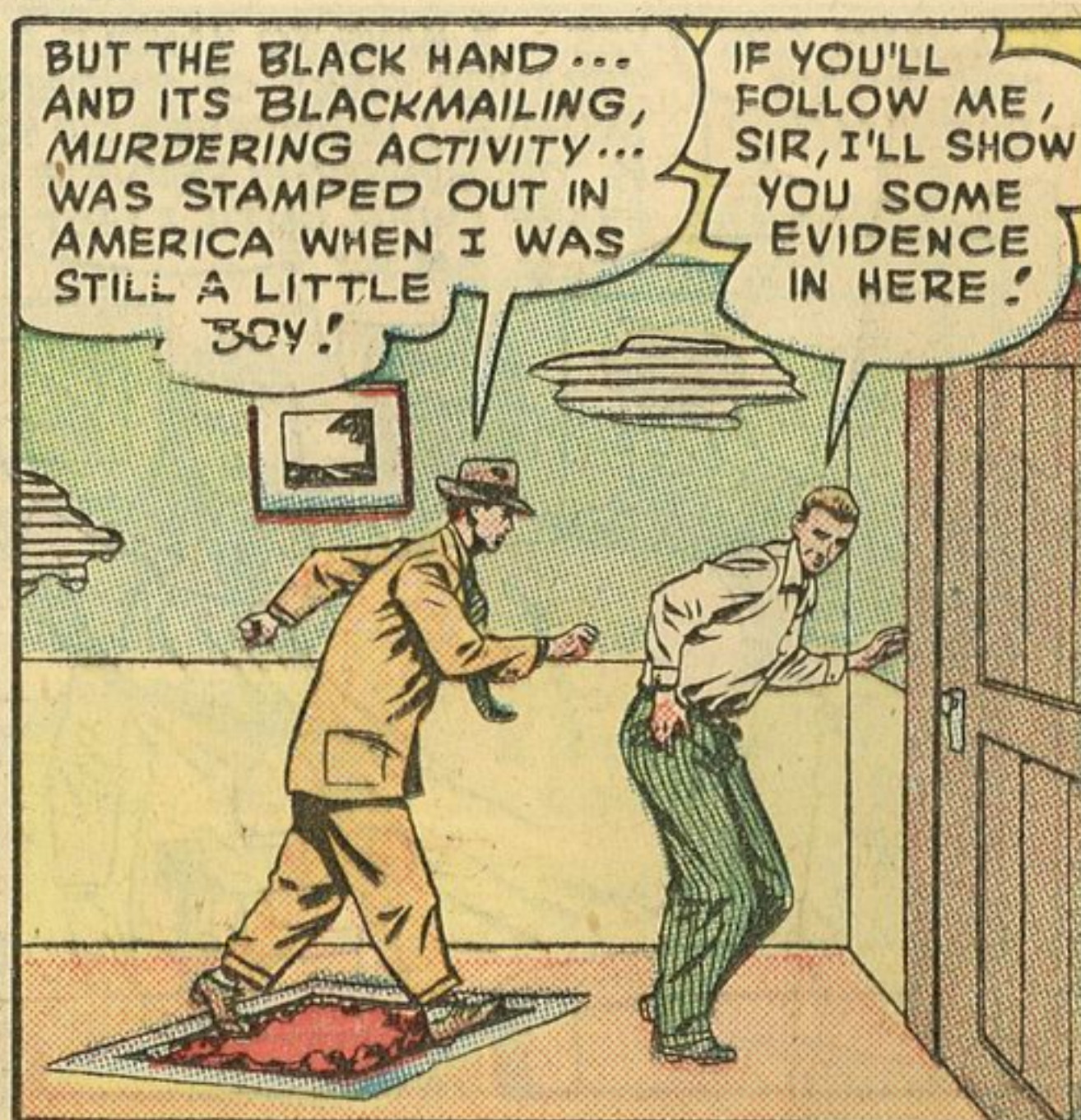
YES... YES... THIS IS JACK BARHAM! WH... WHAT? BLACK HAND? AGAIN? OKAY, I'LL COME OVER MYSELF... RIGHT AWAY!



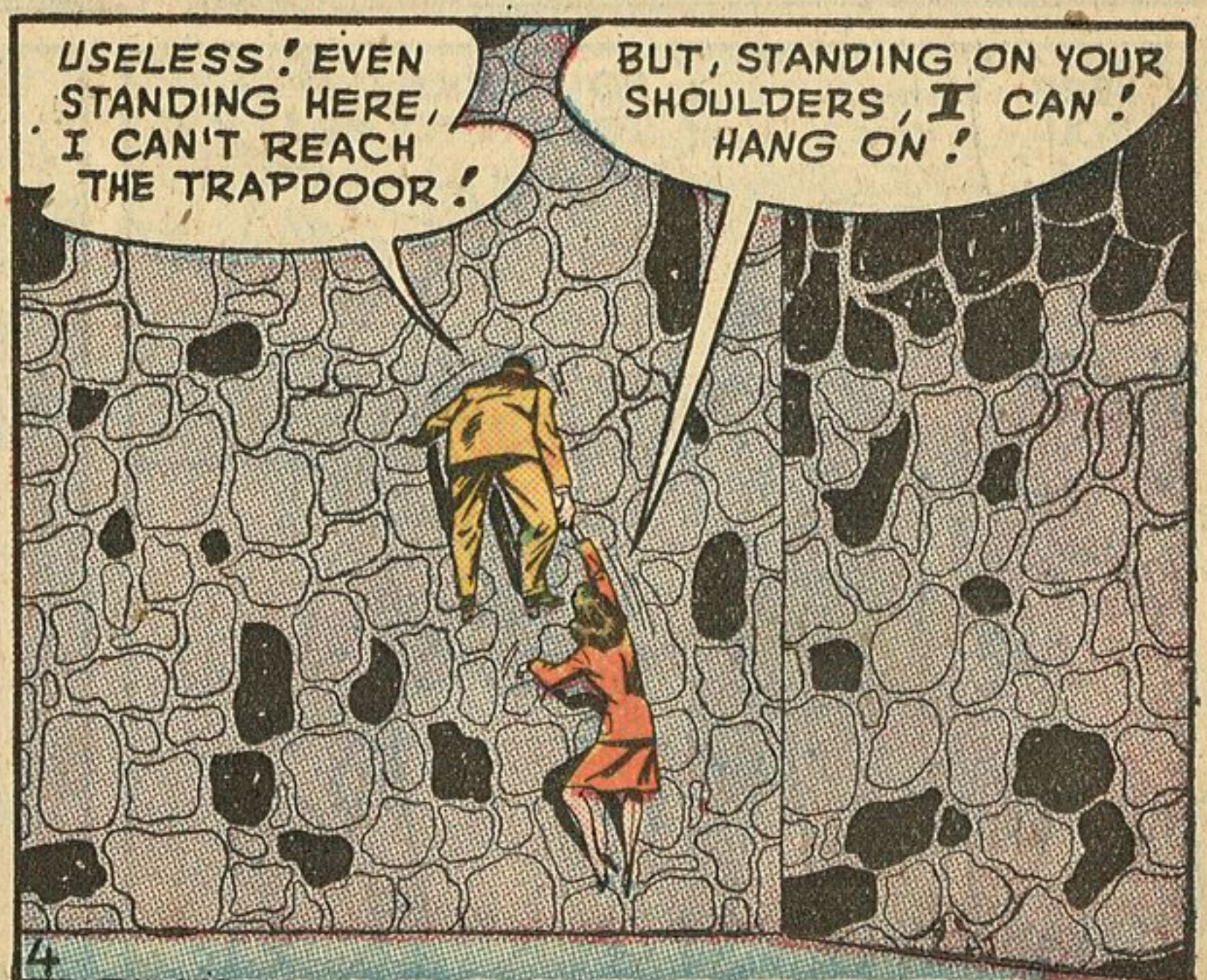
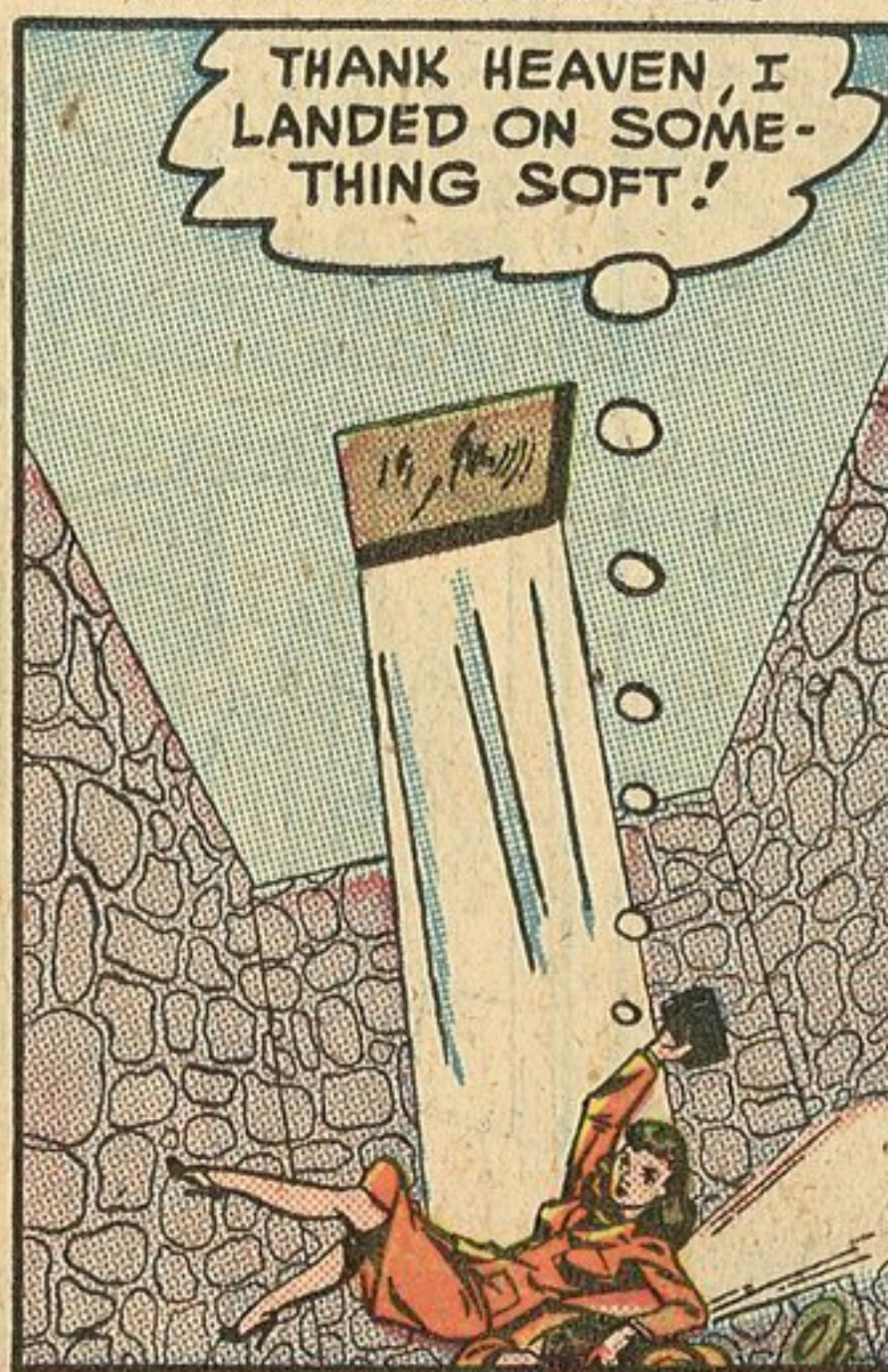




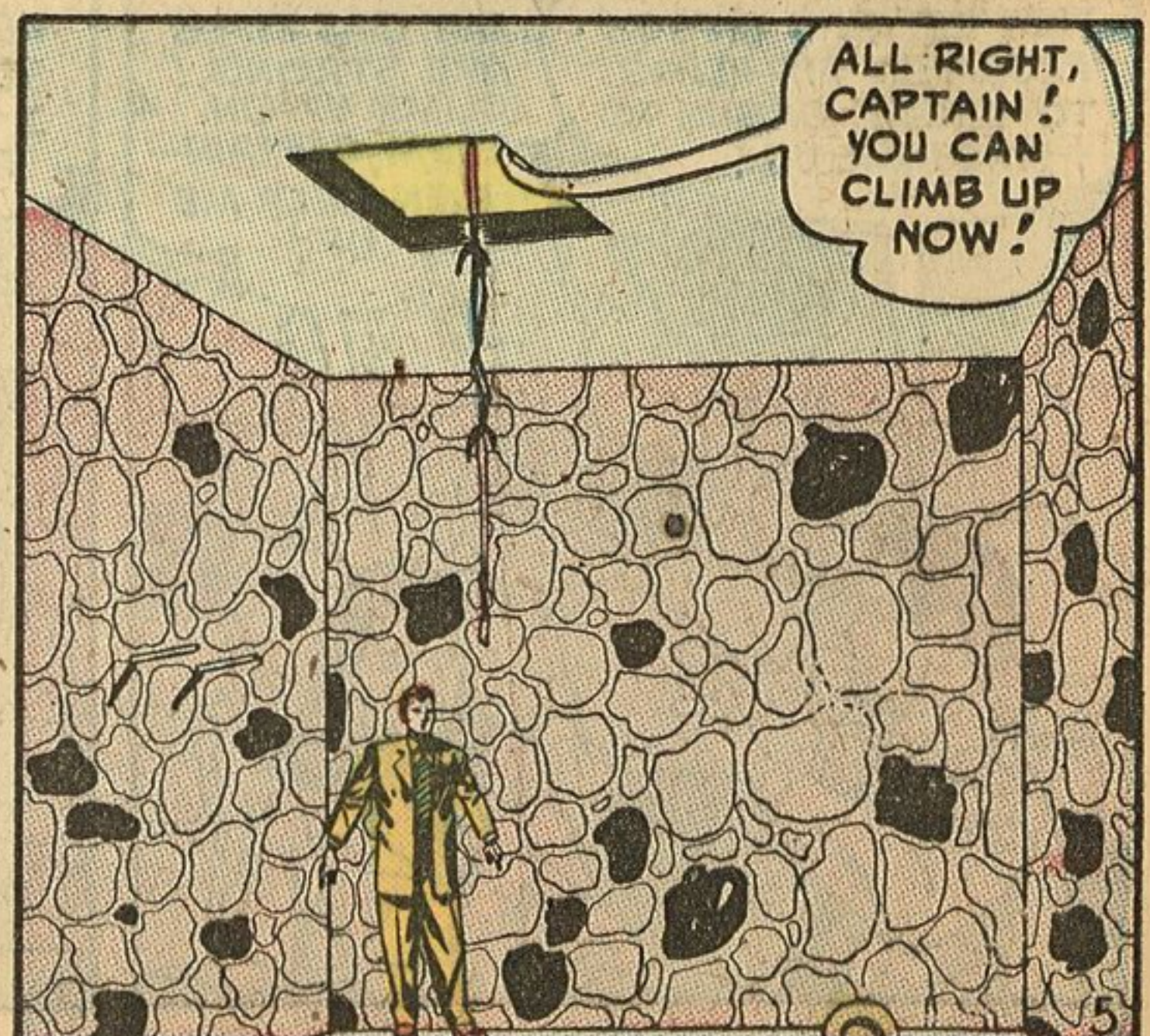




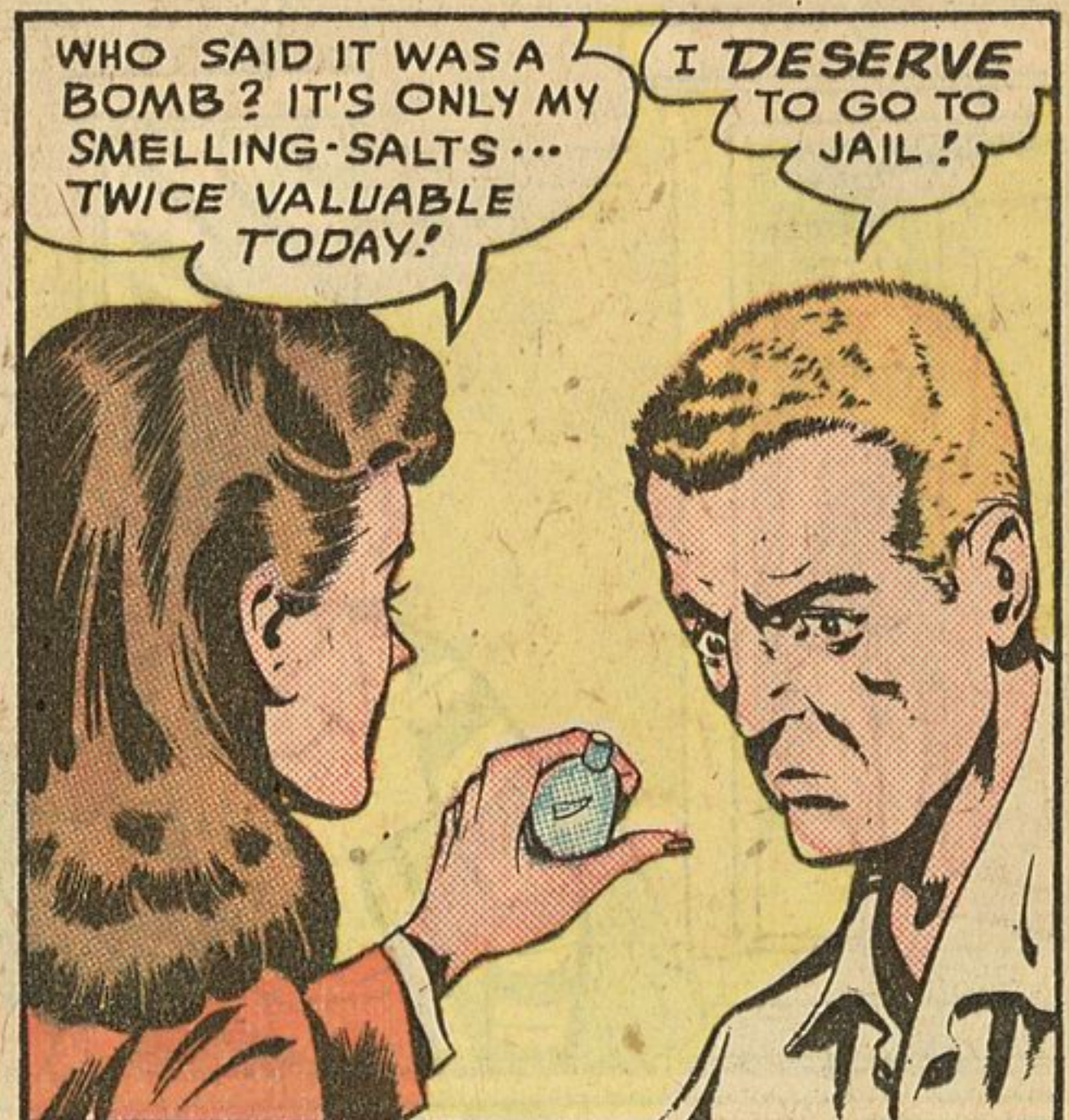
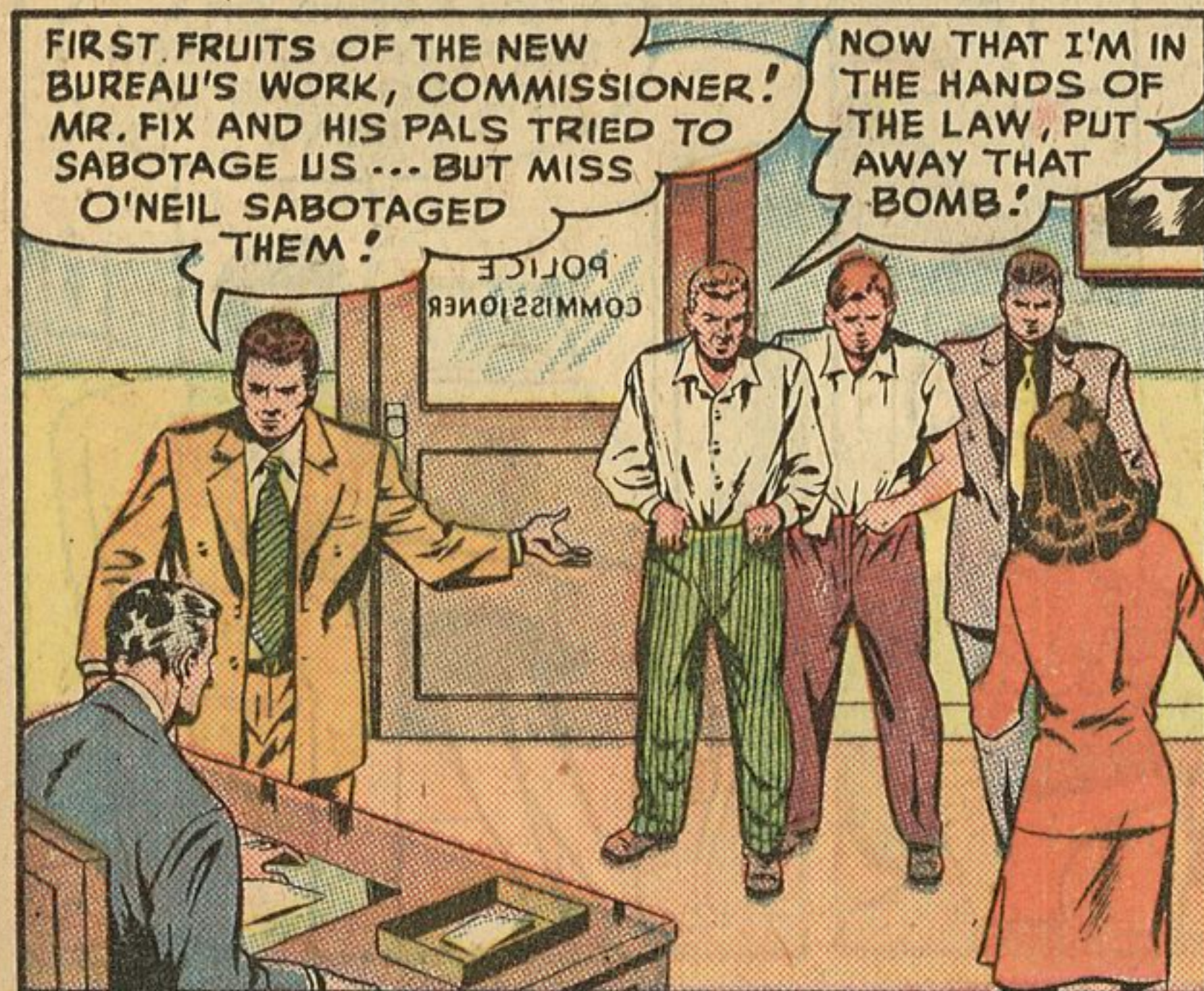






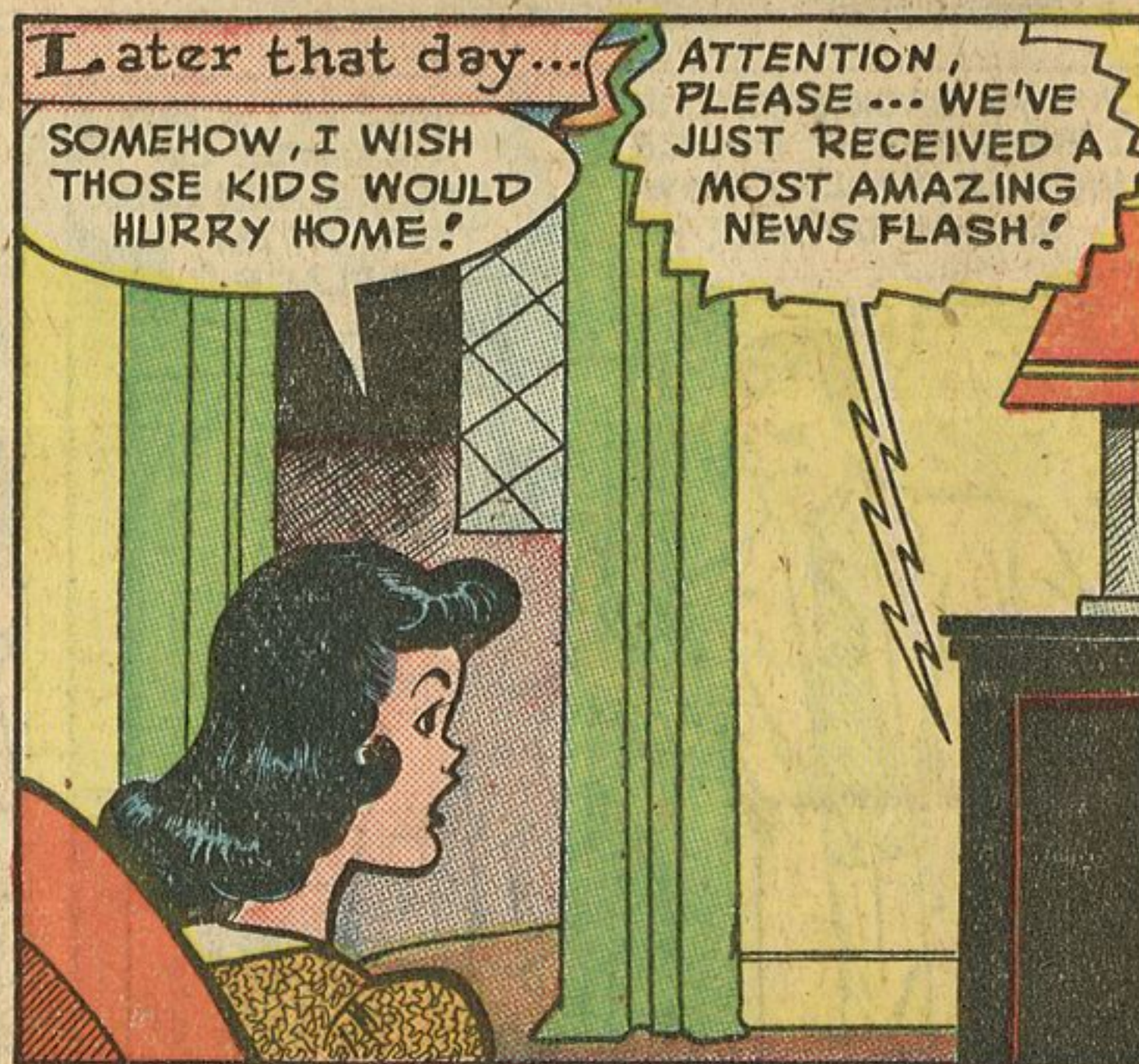
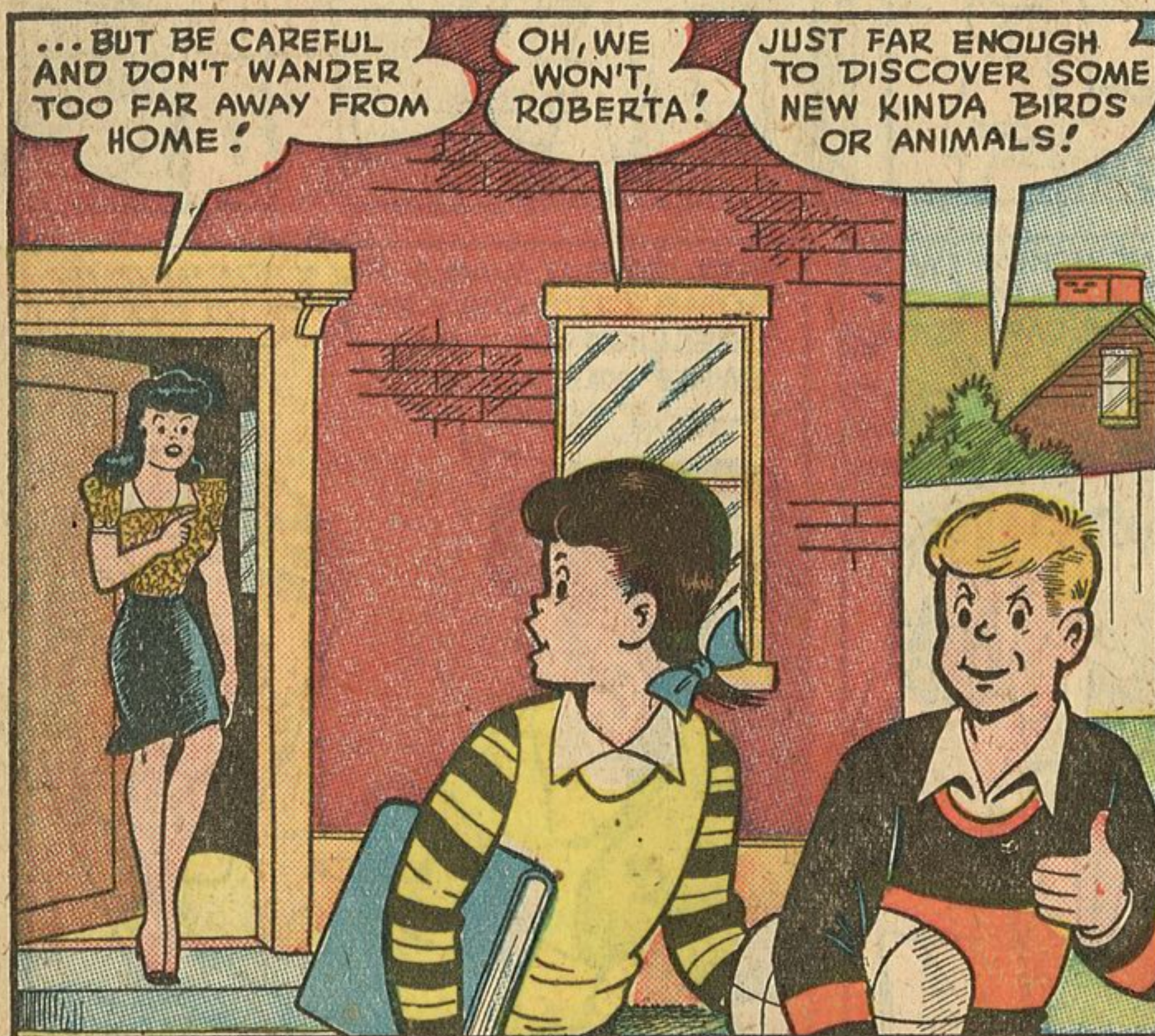
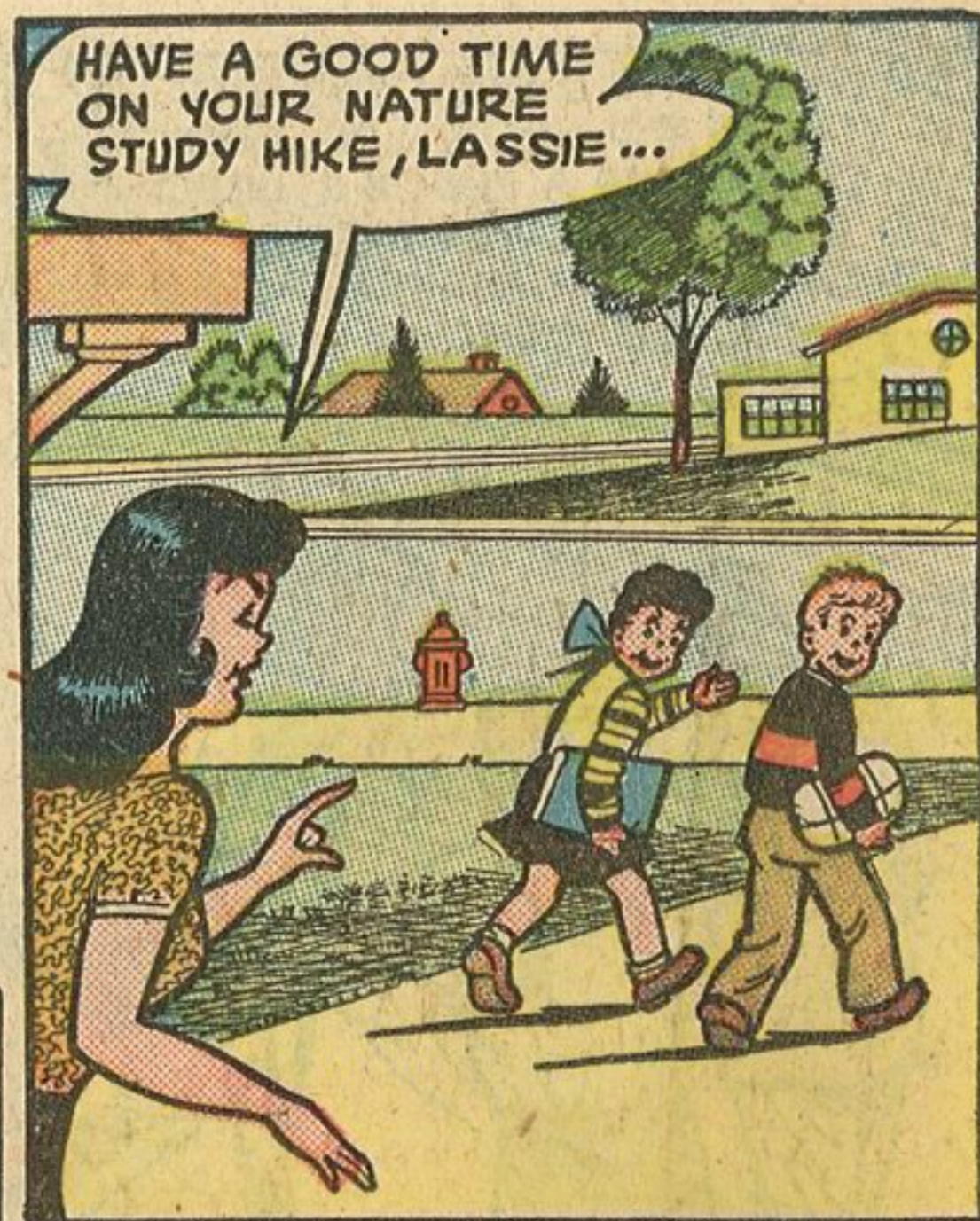




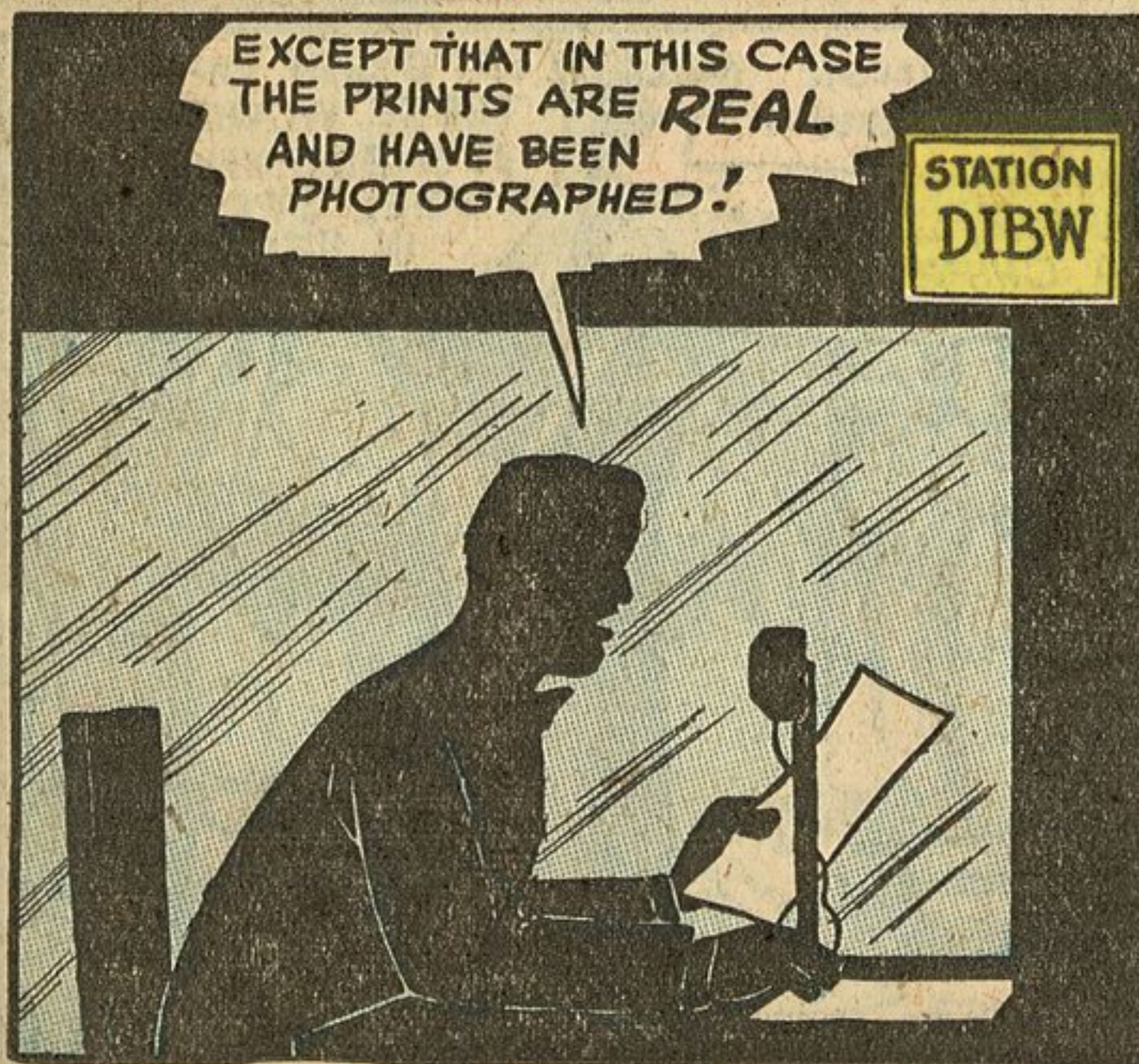




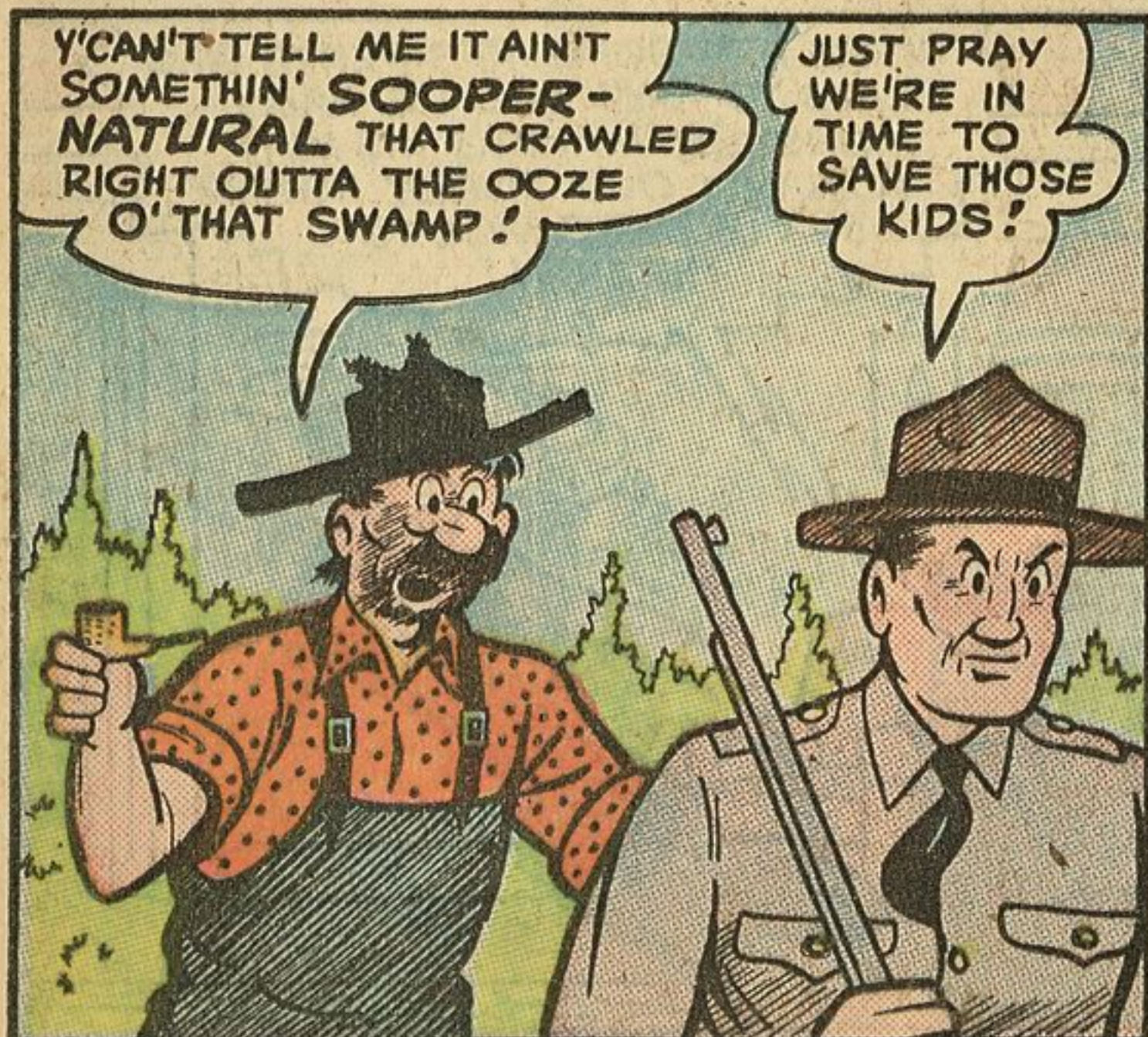
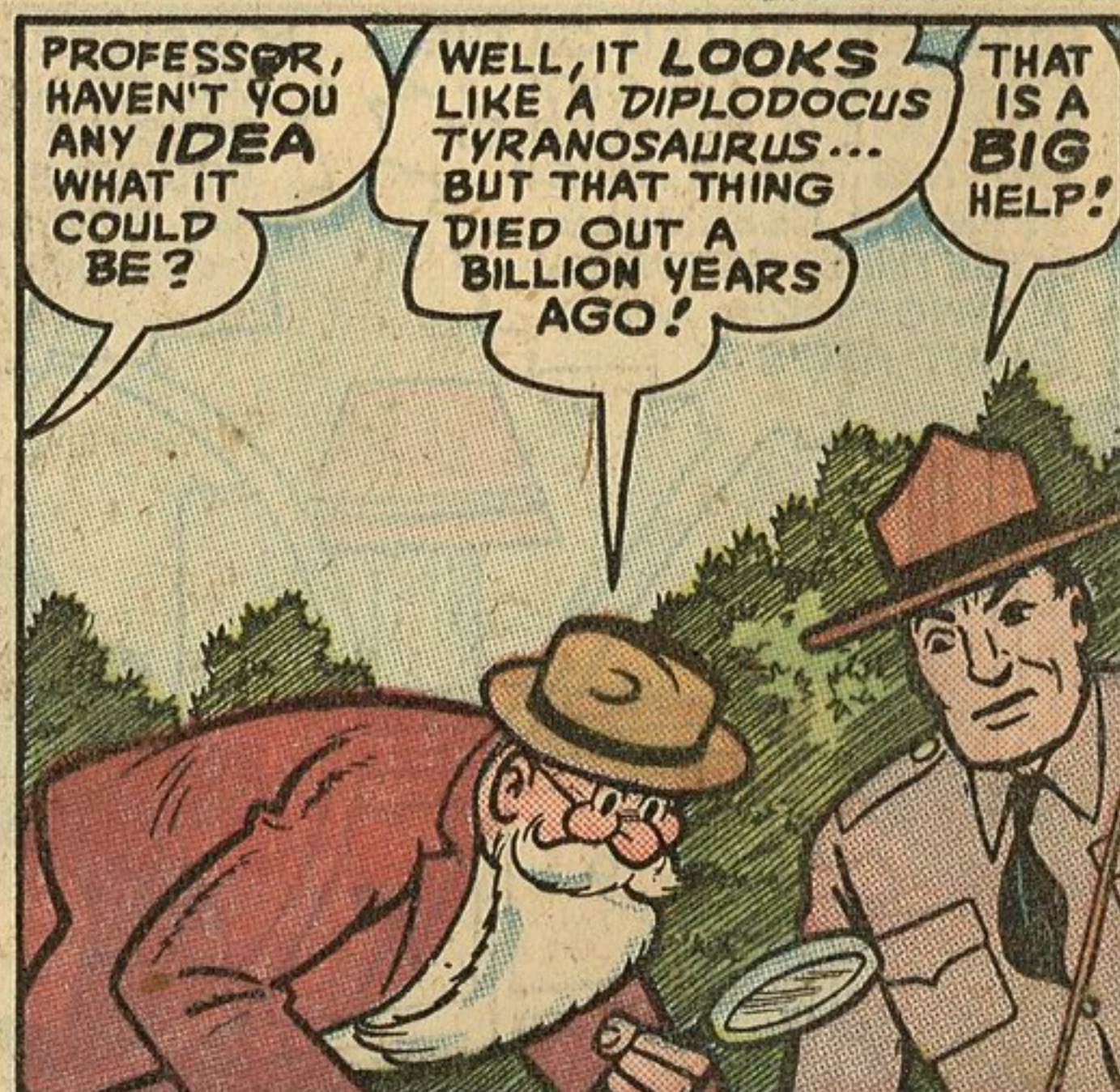
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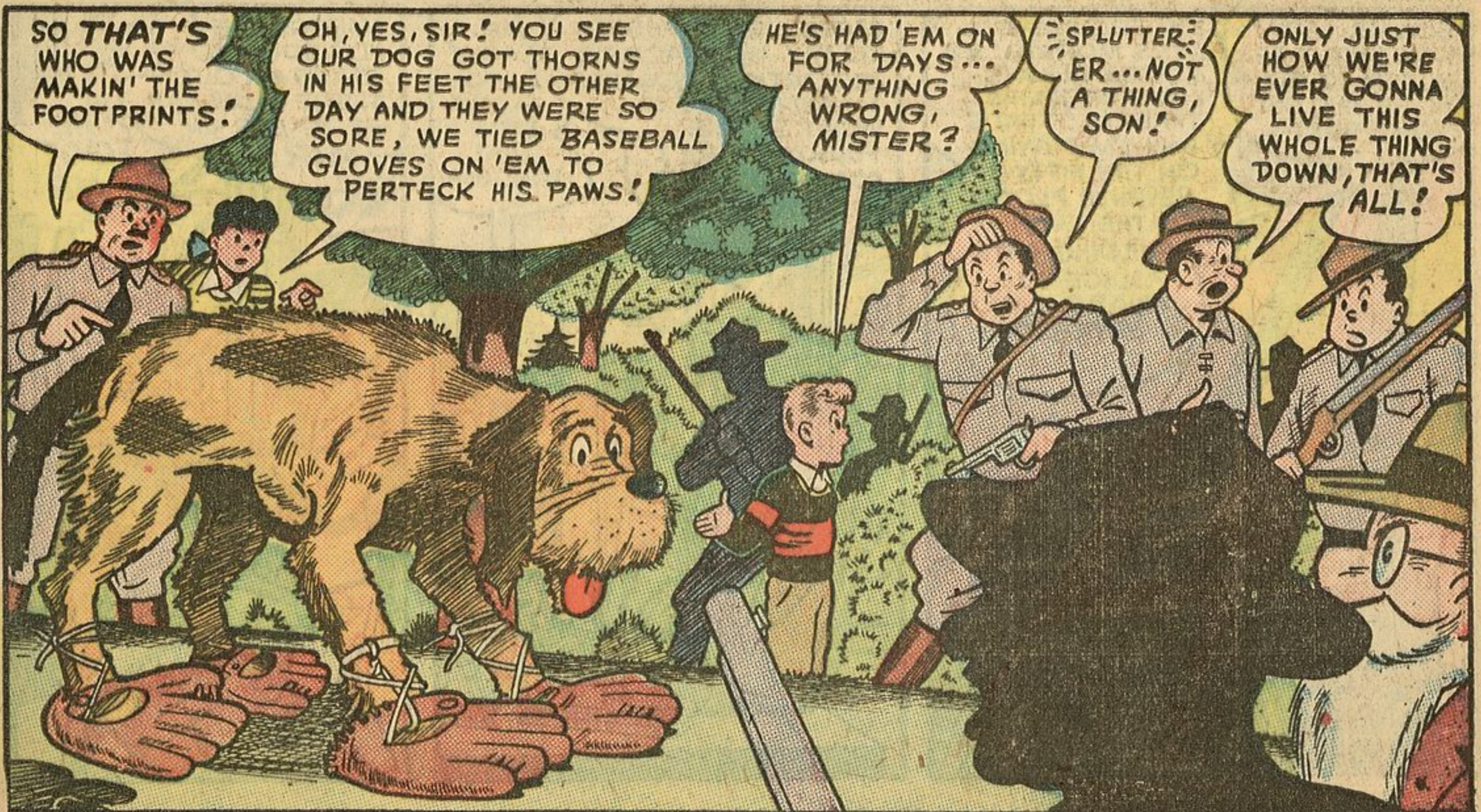
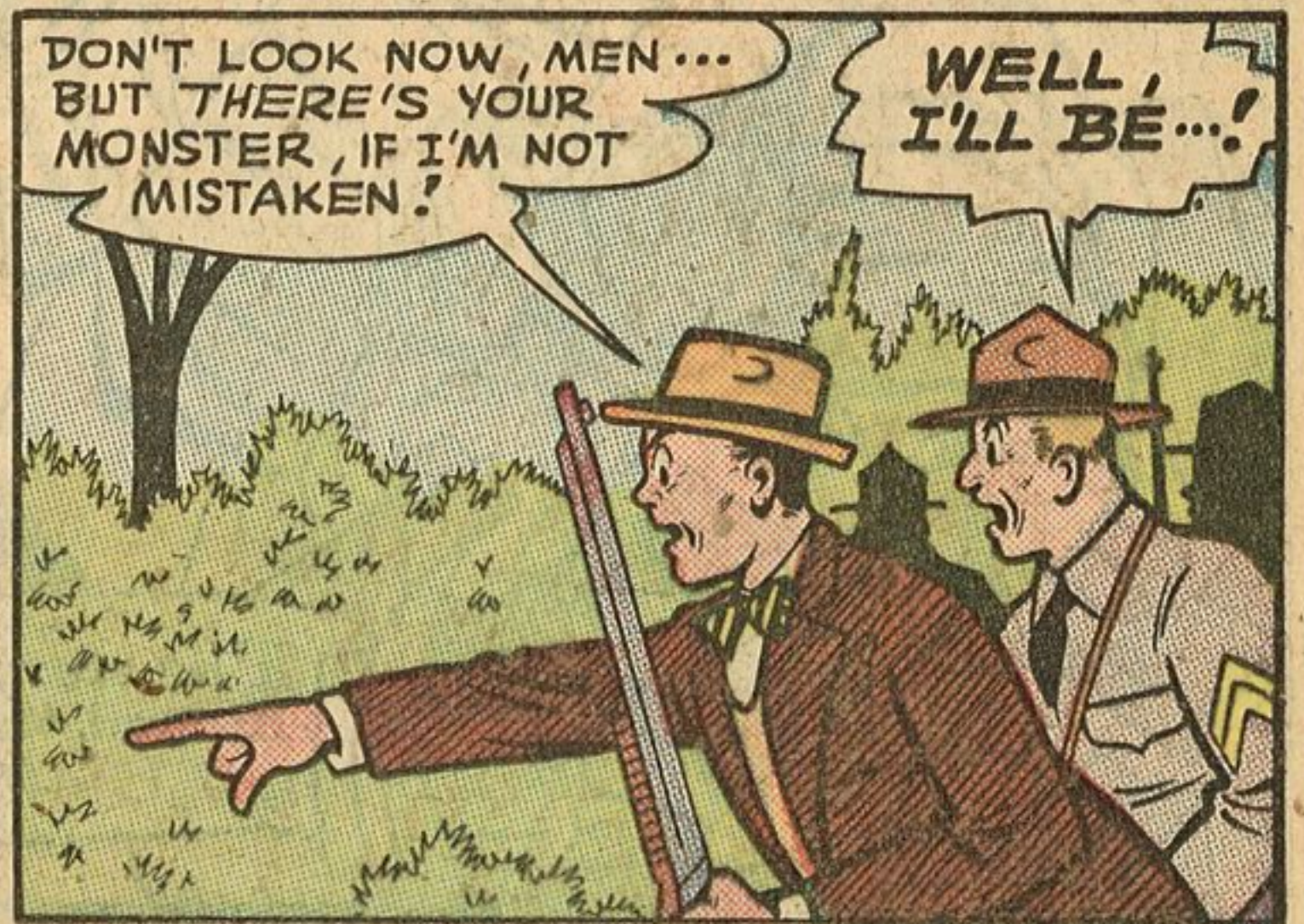
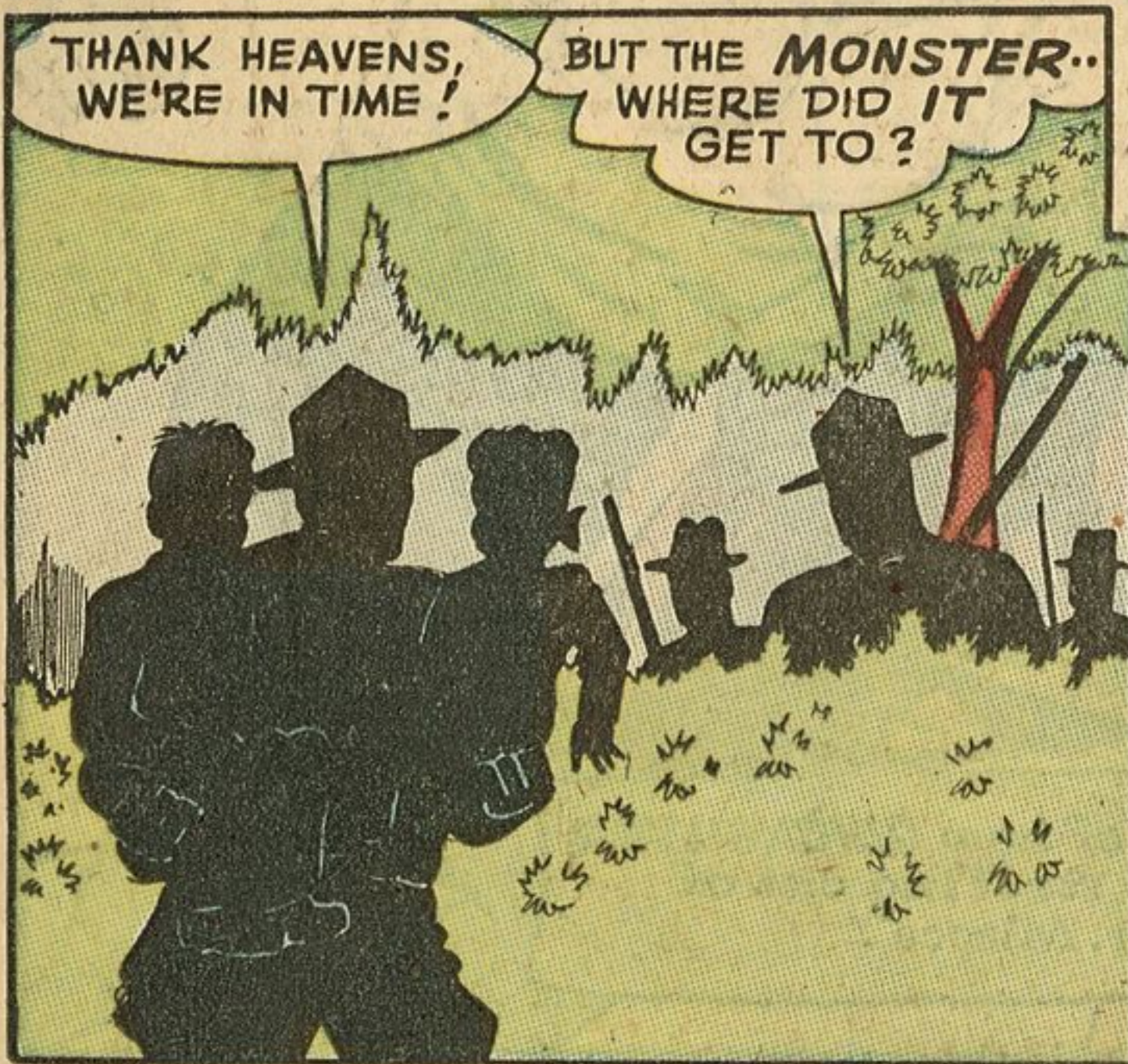














# QUICKSILVER





HE'S DEAD! THIS MUST BE AN INSIDE JOB... NOBODY COULD HAVE REACHED HIM FROM OUTSIDE!

THEN THE DAME DID IT... SHE WAS THE ONLY OTHER PERSON IN THE ROOM!

BUT I TELL YOU IT WAS MR. MIACCA! I DISTINCTLY SAW HIS FACE IN THE WINDOW!

YEAH? THEN HE WAS WALKING ON AIR FIVE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE GROUND! YOU KILLED HIM... AND YOU BROKE THAT WINDOW WHEN YOU THREW THE GUN INTO THE STREET!

The next morning...

SO ELLA MORRIS IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED LACY! THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH THAT THEORY IS THAT SHE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THE **OTHER** MIACCA KILLINGS! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!

4 TIMES

LACY KILLER CAUGHT! OWN SECRETARY HELD AS SLAYER OF MILLIONAIRE!

BUT, MR. SCROPE... IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AN OUTSIDE JOB! NOT EVEN A FLY COULD FIND A FOOTHOLD TO GET TO THIS WINDOW!

A FLY MIGHT NOT... BUT QUICKSILVER COULD! HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF QUESTIONING HIM?

LOOK! IF HE CAN GET UP THERE... HOW DO WE KNOW HE DIDN'T SNEAK UP HERE AND MURDER MY UNCLE, MR. LACY? I DEMAND THAT HE BE ARRESTED IMMEDIATELY!

WE'LL RUN HIM IN IF YOU INSIST, MR. SCROPE! BUT I THINK YOU'RE WRONG! QUICKSILVER HAS A LONG RECORD OF FIGHTING CRIME!

A few minutes later...

I'M SUPPOSED TO RUN YOU IN ON SUSPICION OF MURDER, QUICKSILVER, AND I'LL TAKE IT AS A PERSONAL FAVOR IF YOU'LL COME QUIETLY!

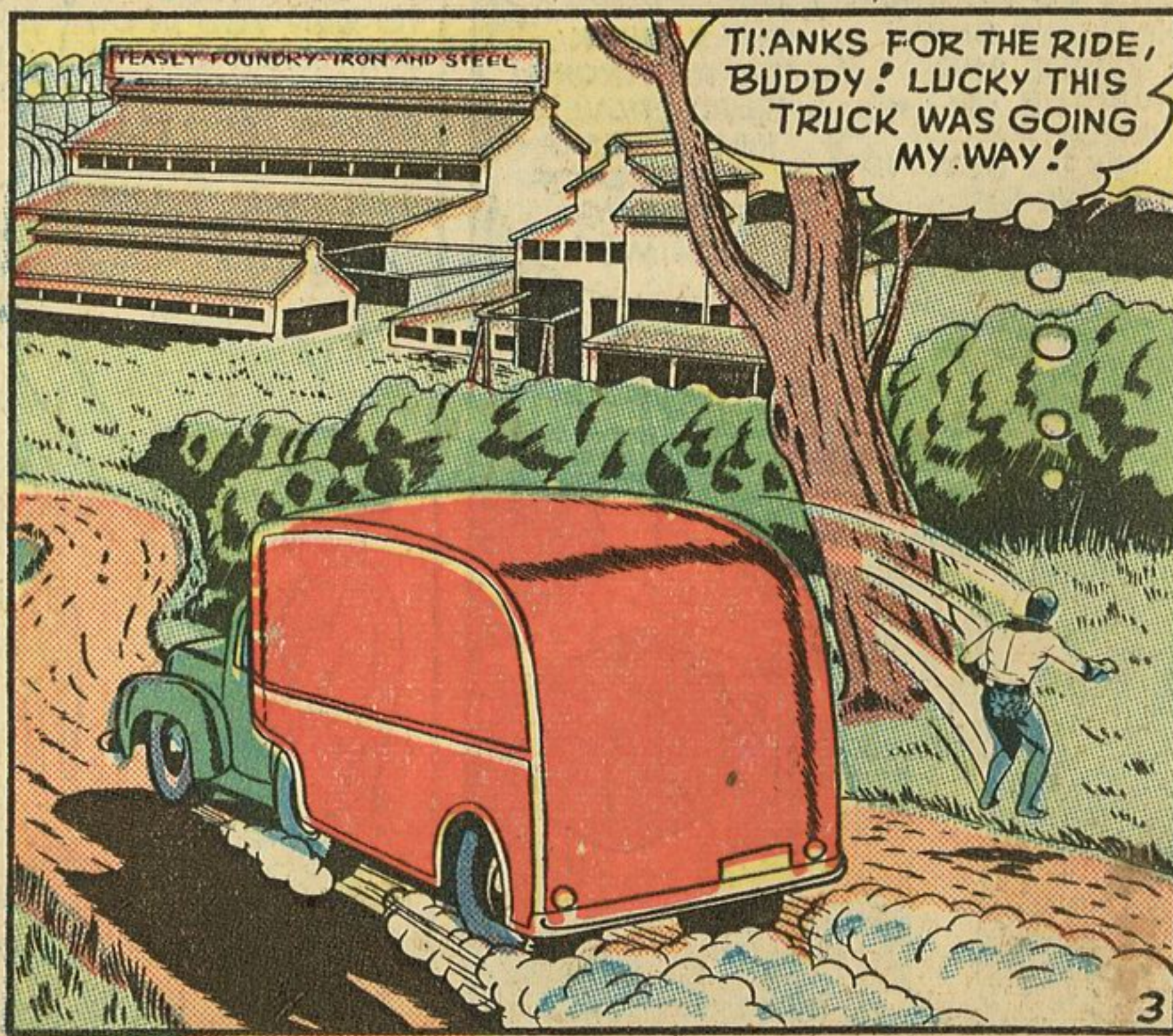
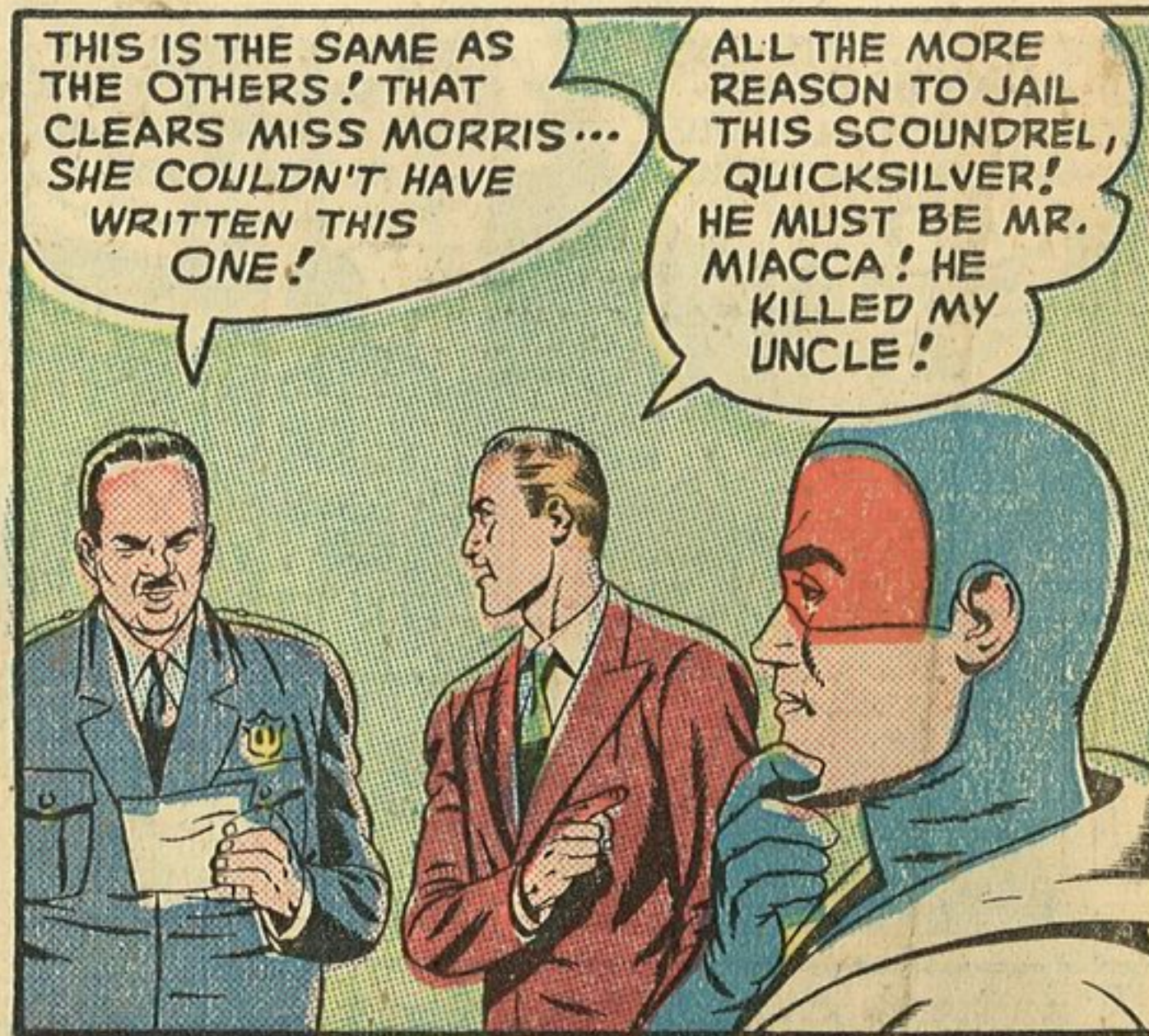
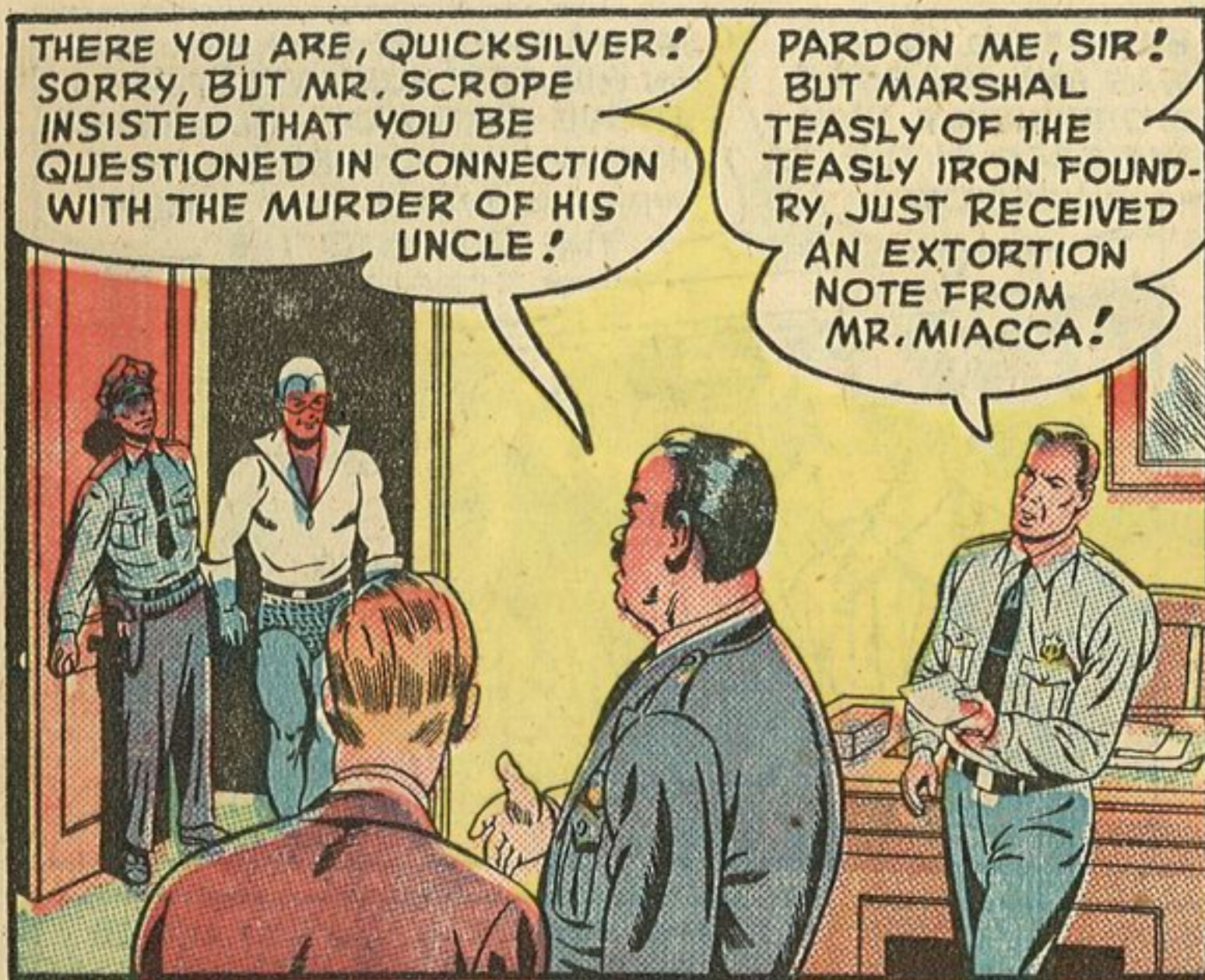
MURDER, EH? OKAY, MIKE, MY CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR!

WHOM AM I SUPPOSED TO HAVE MURDERED, MIKE? I DON'T RECALL HAVING KILLED ANYBODY OF LATE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT FOR A MINUTE, QUICKSILVER, BUT THE ORDERS CAME STRAIGHT FROM THE COMMISSIONER!

POLICE HEADQUARTERS







Meanwhile, inside the foundry....

I DON'T SEE HOW MR. MIACCA COULD EVER GET IN HERE, MR. TEASLY! ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE SEALED TIGHT... HE'D HAVE TO CLIMB UP ON THE ROOF TO GET IN!

THAT'S RIGHT, JENKINS! AND HE'LL HAVE TO CLIMB AN ELECTRIFIED BARBED WIRE FENCE AND PASS THROUGH MY CORDON OF ARMED GUARDS! WE'RE SAFE... AND THE SKYLIGHT GIVES US VENTILATION!

HO! HO! HO! LOOK AT ALL THE PRECAUTIONS THAT FOOL TEASLY IS TAKING... THINKS HE CAN GET THE BETTER OF MR. MIACCA! BUT IN A FEW MOMENTS IT WILL BE DARK... AND THEN...

HEE! HEE! HOW VERY THOUGHTFUL OF MR. TEASLY TO LEAVE THE SKYLIGHT OPEN! HE HAS REFUSED TO PAY THE MONEY I ASKED... SO HE FORFEITS HIS LIFE!

SEEMS KIND OF QUIET! MR. MIACCA CAN NEVER GET AT THE BOSS!

IT'S VERY TEDIOUS AND STUFFY IN HERE, JENKINS... BUT AT LEAST WE'RE SAFE!

MR. MIACCA! HOW COULD YOU...  
**ARRGH!**

SO YOU REFUSED TO GIVE ME THE MONEY, TEASLY! THIS WILL TEACH YOU FOOLS IT DOESN'T PAY TO THWART ME!

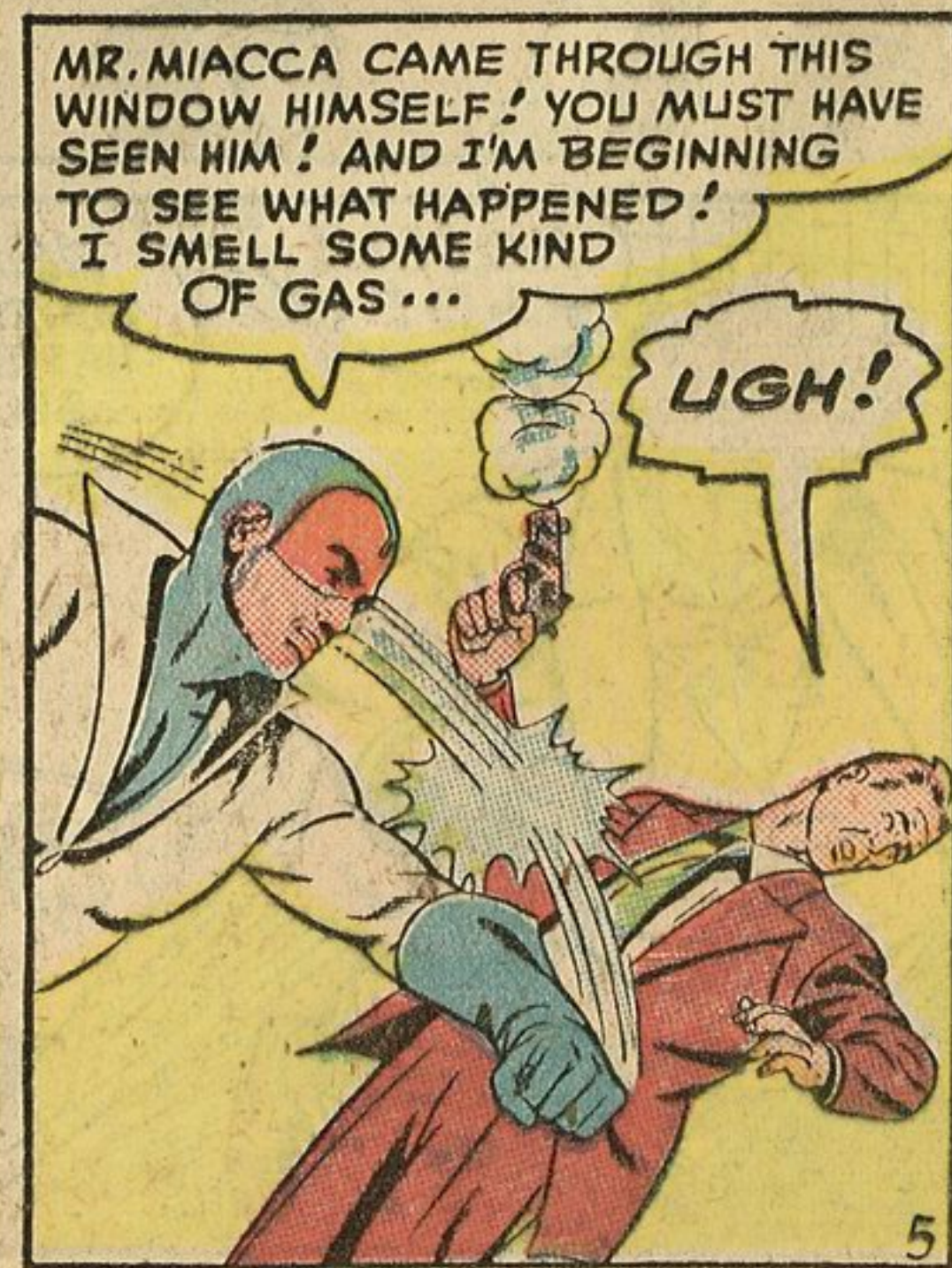
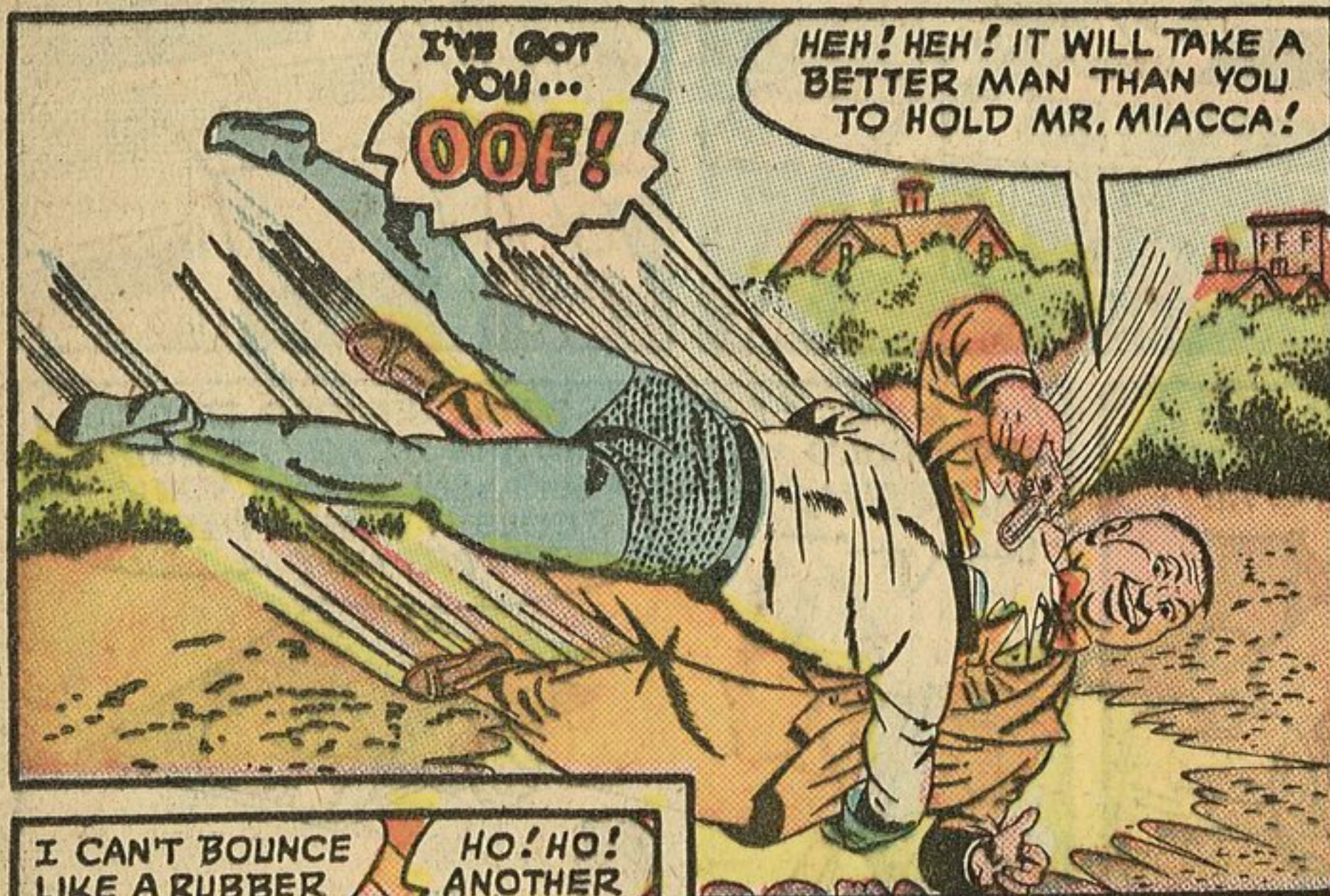
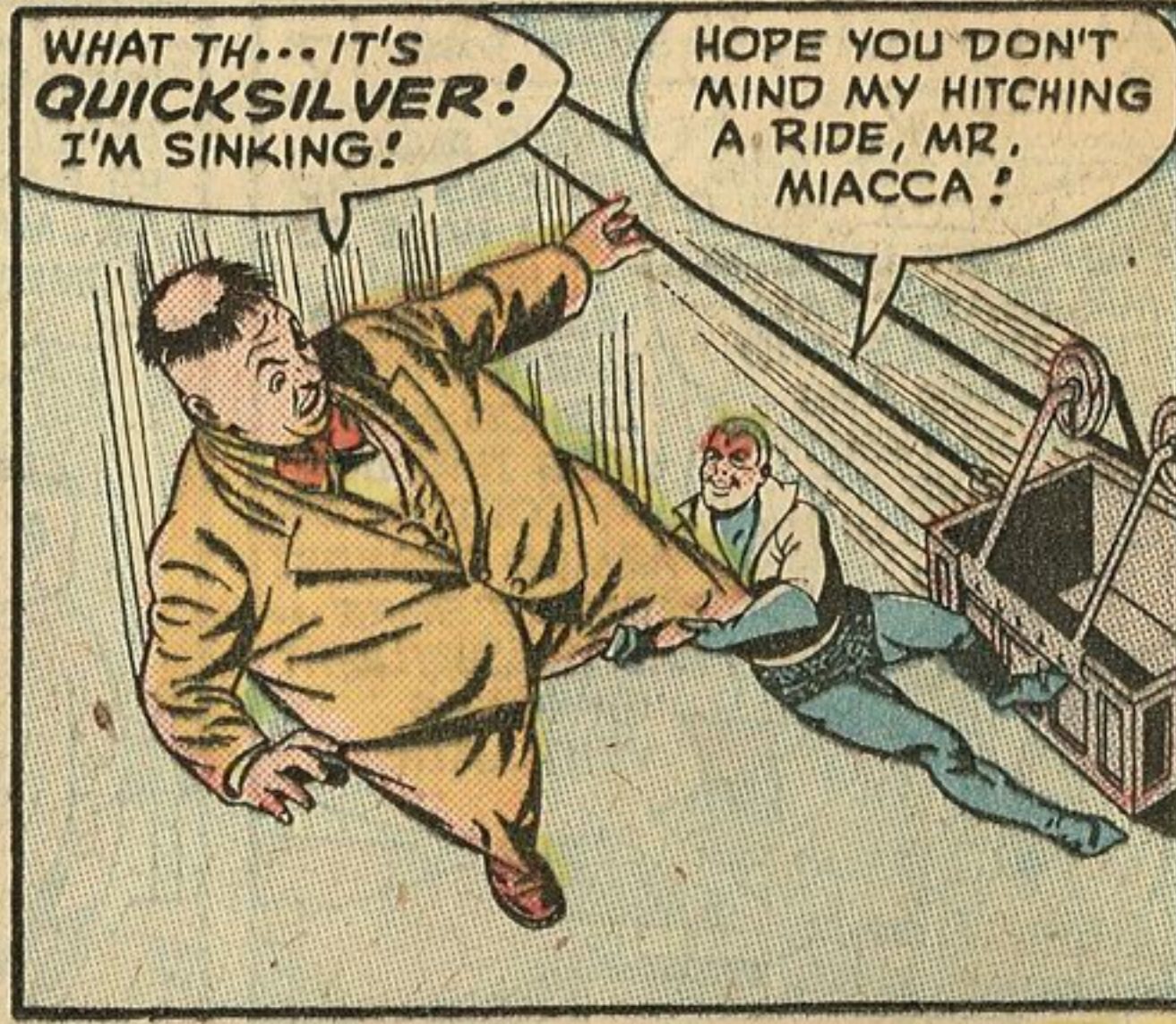
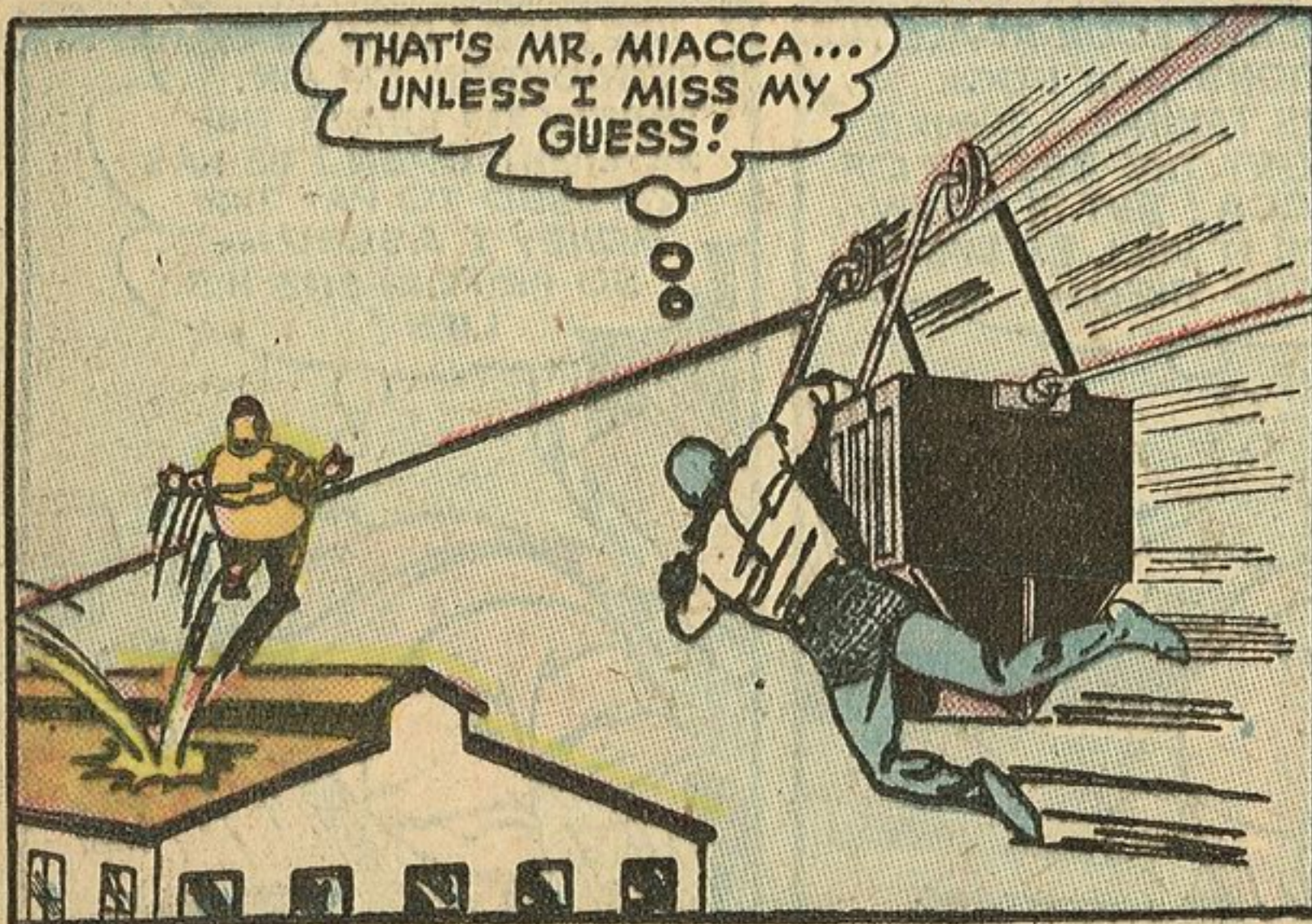
HO! HO! HO!

HELP!  
MR. TEASLY HAS BEEN SHOT!

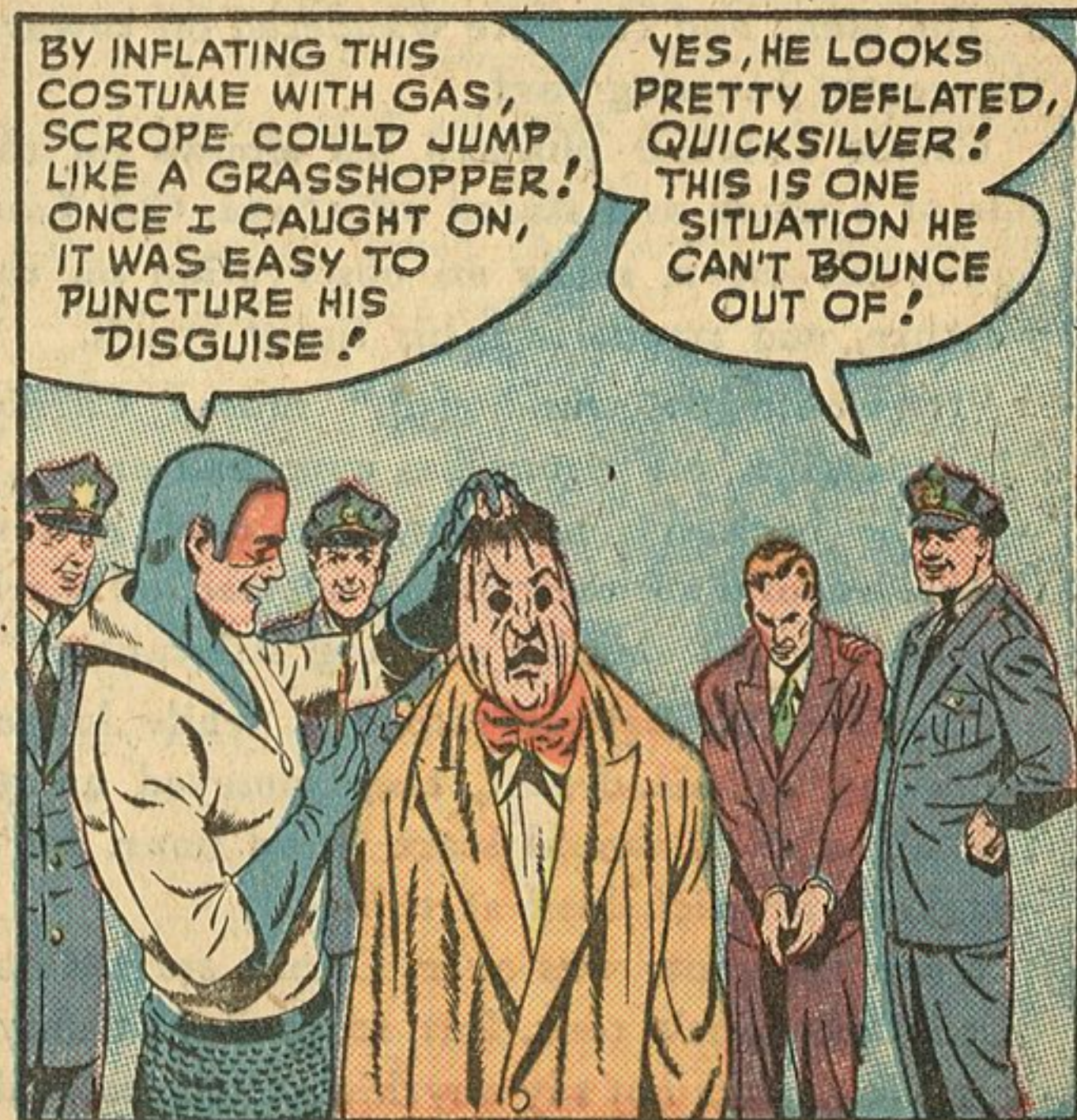
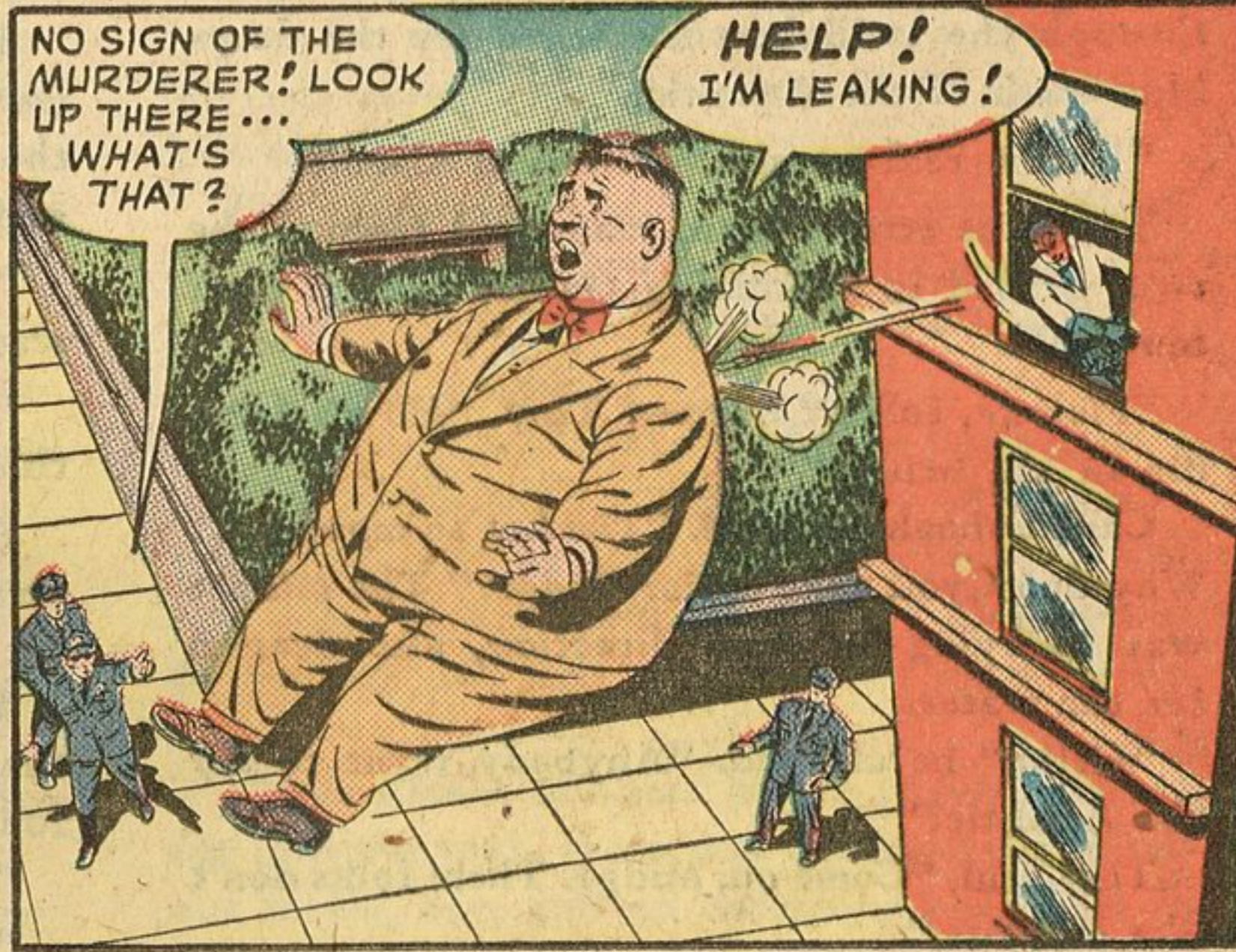
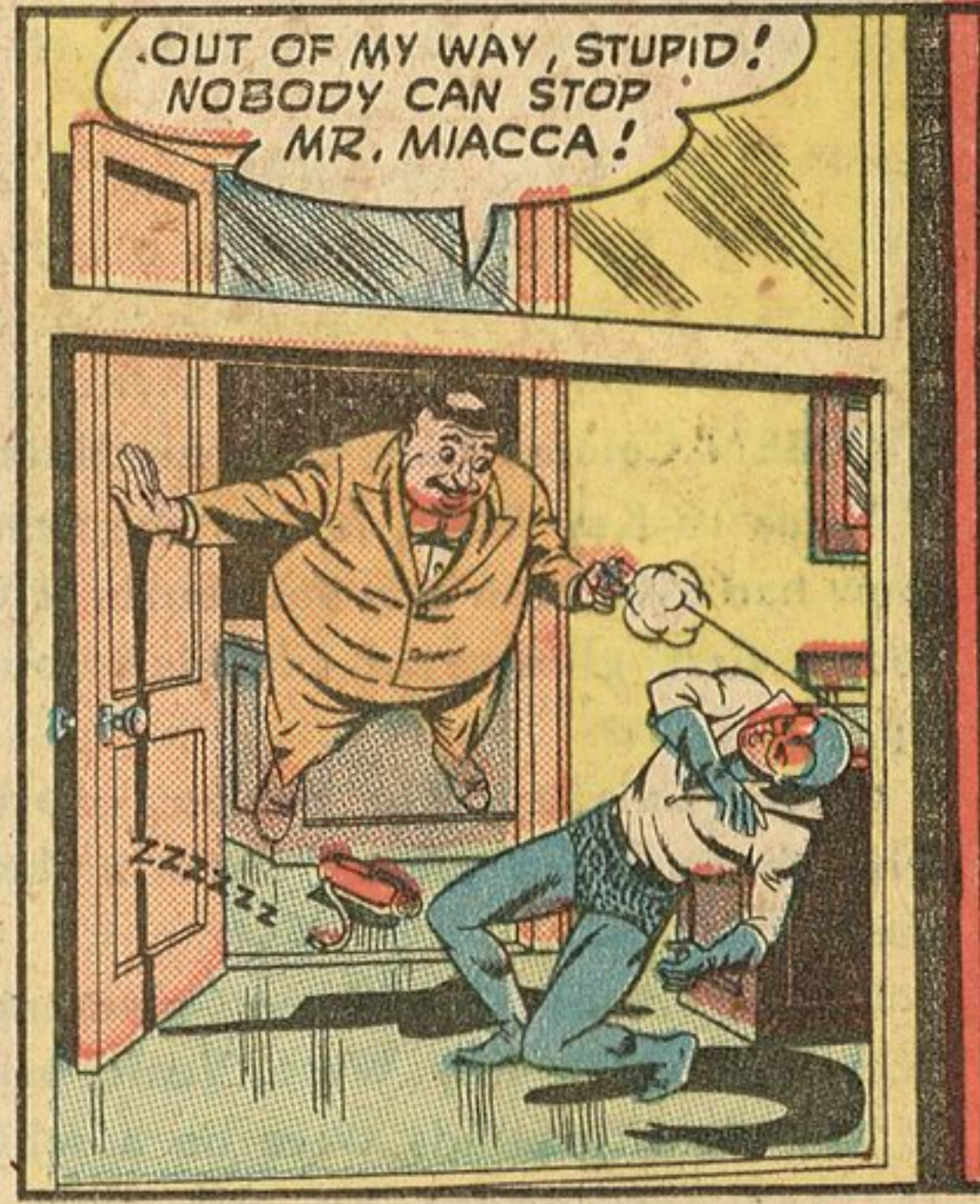
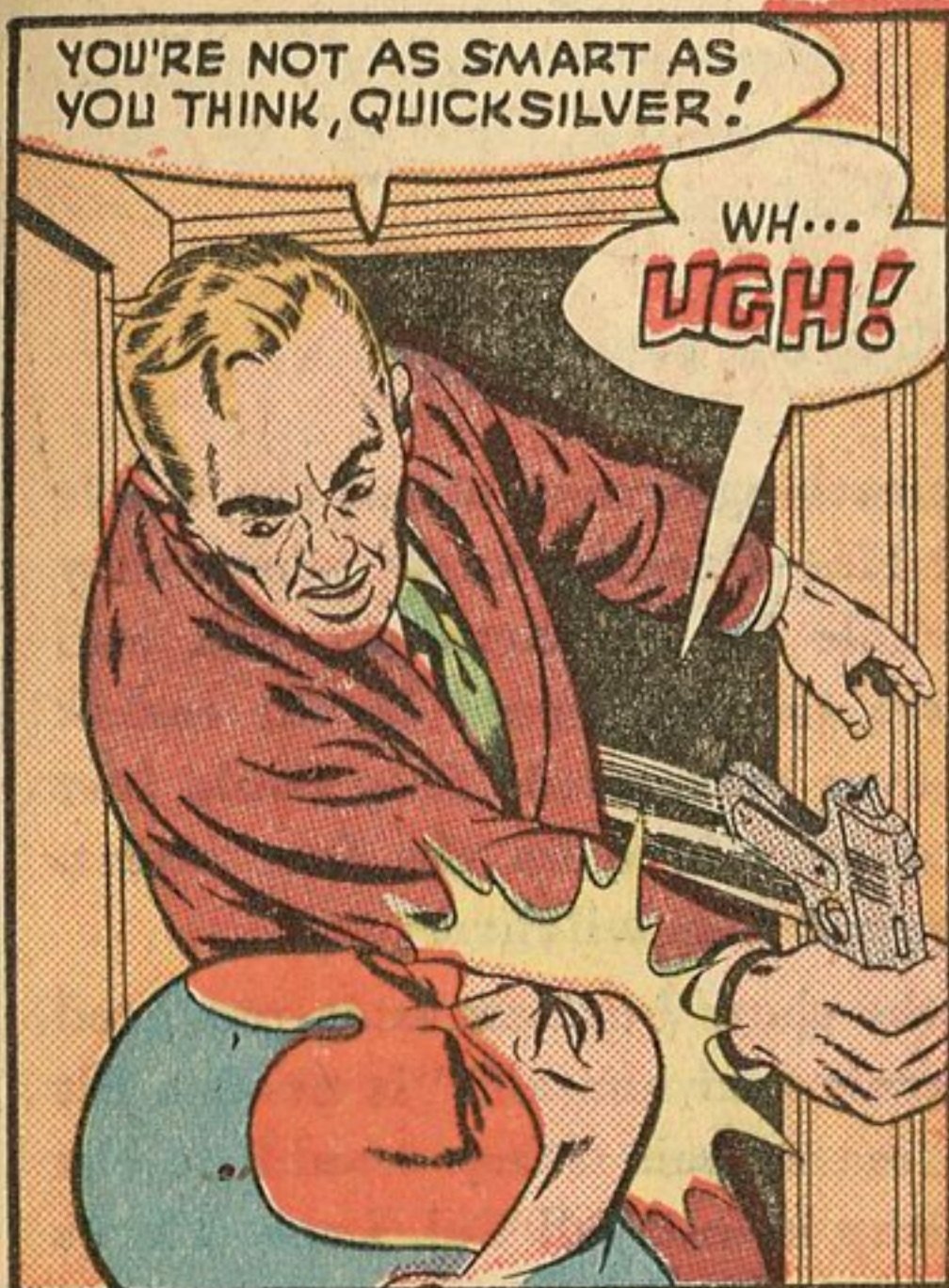
The sound of shooting reaches the watchful QUICKSILVER!

I CAN NEVER GET THROUGH THAT CORDON OF GUARDS WITHOUT GETTING SHOT, SO I'LL HAVE TO KEEP WATCH UP HERE UNTIL...  
**WHAT WAS THAT?**











# The Monster Marvel

WHEN Colonel Lane took his Mammoth Circus to Key West, it was the first time the show had ever been that far south. It was everybody's first glimpse of Florida's southernmost tip.

Carnie Calahan, The Barker, expressed himself characteristically: "She's a beaut, isn't she?"

"Who?" said Col. Lane, glancing around. "Oh, you mean Key West. Yeah, pretty."

The show grounds were on a white stretch of sand surrounded by tall, lacy palms. In through the twilight they could see the deep-blue wash of the Atlantic.

"Yessir, real tropics," observed Carnie.

Tiny, the strong man, wandered toward the two, garbed in swimming trunks several sizes too small.

"Howdy, folks," boomed Tiny. "How's for a dip in the briny?"

Carnie shook his head. "Too hot to move . . . Why don't you take Major Midge?" The midget was hurrying in their direction, also dressed for the water.

"Hello," he chirped. "Anybody want to try the Atlantic?"

Tiny said, "Come on, Midge. These folks don't like exercise."

The giant and the mite wandered off toward the gently booming surf.

Carnie Calahan plunked his elbows on the side of a truck and stared off at sea. Col. Lane puffed his cigar, made an observation on the weather, and strode into his ticket truck.

"It would be wonderful," mused Carnie. "Just terrific. No circus has ever had one . . . who the heck has actually seen one? A few remote reports of their being spotted off various coasts, but shucks, nothing substantial."

Carnie—The Barker—stood a while longer pondering on his dream, then moseyed away. The night show would start in an hour. He'd just have a quick look at things.

When the show was over, Carnie started toward Col. Lane's tent, but stopped just short of it. No. Better not say anything to the colonel;

he might see something wrong about the whole idea. Yet why? He—Carnie—knew where they could get a whole lot of parachute silk and floats: a neat sea serpent would be the easiest thing to make ever attempted. They could just let it be seen once, and noise the fact about. Word would spread like wildfire.

"Sure, and the show business isn't too good right now," Carnie told himself. "It needs a bit of needling. A sea serpent story would do the trick. . . . I'll step in and tell Col. Lane. That's best."

The Barker strode on and went through the flap of Lane's tent. The colonel was counting the night's receipts. He was shaking his head and grumbling some.

"Falling off, Carnie," he muttered. "This off-season business is bad—bad."

"Yeah," replied Carnie. "And I was just thinking—"

A shrill scream interrupted him. Three more screams. Then he and the colonel were out of the tent, racing for the beach.

They found the entire troupe on the sand with the exception of Major Midge and Spudo, the four-armed man.

"Where's Midge and Spudo?" Carnie asked.

"Swimmin' for shore like the devil was after 'em!" exclaimed Tiny, the strong man. "An' I don't blame 'em none. They's a sea serpent out there!"

Carnie gulped. "What?"

"That's right," Lena the fat lady said. "I saw it myself. Biggest thing I ever saw. Right off there 'bout two hundred yards." She pointed.

It was almost too much for The Barker. He had been cooking up a plot about a sea serpent all afternoon, and now here—

"When did you folks see this—uh—serpent?" he asked.

"Just a few minutes ago," Shali the snake charmer replied. "It was me that screamed. I thought the big monster was coming right ashore. . . . Gosh, you suppose it got Midge and Spudo?"

They heard a yelp from the edge of the surf,

and Major Midge came rushing toward them as fast as his short legs could carry him. Behind him ran Spudo, waving his four arms wildly.

"Sea serpent!" shrieked the little Midge. "It's a mile long. Right out there!"

"Fact," panted Spudo. "The darn thing came up almost under me. Maybe I didn't sprint for shore!"

"Get a couple of searchlights," Carnie ordered. When the roustabouts brought them, they set up the big lights and turned their beams out over the water. The water shone bright as day. There was no sea serpent there.

Carnie thought to himself, "Just my luck to have someone imagine they see such a thing . . . but hold on!" He ran and found the colonel.

"Listen, Colonel," he shouted, "this is luck. This sea serpent yarn could fill us up for the next five nights. We could hold a sort of wake on the beach preceding each show—just in case the monster surfaces again. What do you think?"

Lane nodded, biting hard on his cigar. "That's what I've been thinking, Carnie. You get some 24-sheets run off for tomorrow, telling about the sea serpent, and how each show crowd will be provided with ringside seats to watch for it."

Carnie scratched his head. "You think the kids actually saw anything?"

"Sure I do. Couldn't all of 'em be imagining things—at least, not the same things."

"Good." Carnie went to get the printing ready for tomorrow's distribution. The sheets would carry a good, thrilling story about the sea serpent. He would not actually state that such a beast was seen; only intimate that it was possible; that certain persons had seen one in the bay. That would bring 'em in.

"Sea serpent!" he chuckled as he set out for the printing shop.

It would have made little difference had Carnie not bothered with the posters. Because the next day the grapevine got working; and by evening the whole town knew about the "sea serpent." And the entire population was on hand to see the monster in case he surfaced—and, incidentally, to see Col. Lane's Mammoth Circus.

"Stroke of luck—or good business," observed Col. Lane, eyeing the fine crowd. It was the afternoon matinee, when a large crowd was

hardly expected; but there they were, lined up and waiting.

For a half hour, while the band played, the crowd sat on the bench in front of the show tents and waited patiently for the appearance of the sea monster. That he would show nobody really hoped; nor did they care so much. It was just the psychology of the unexpected that held them. Something for nothing. Of course, they had paid for their tickets to the show, but this was something free, the way they looked at it.

The evening show had to be held up a full hour while the crowd laughed and whistled and listened to the band—and waited for the sea serpent.

It didn't show that day or night. No one was too disappointed. Perhaps tomorrow. Who knew? So the next day the crowd was even heavier. Many faces were the same ones who had already been there.

The matinee passed swiftly. It was decided to hold the night show a half hour earlier just to accommodate the enormous crowd that gathered on the beach.

This time it was a crowd. People from several nearby towns had got wind of the serpent, and made their way to the tent show. This was the last night of the show. Tomorrow they would be pulling out for inland towns midway up state.

About fifteen minutes before it was time to file into the tent, there was a whooshing splash out in the bay, and an enormous body rose to the surface. The sun had gone down; it was dusk, and things were only partially visible. But everyone could see that great black body out there lying on the water.

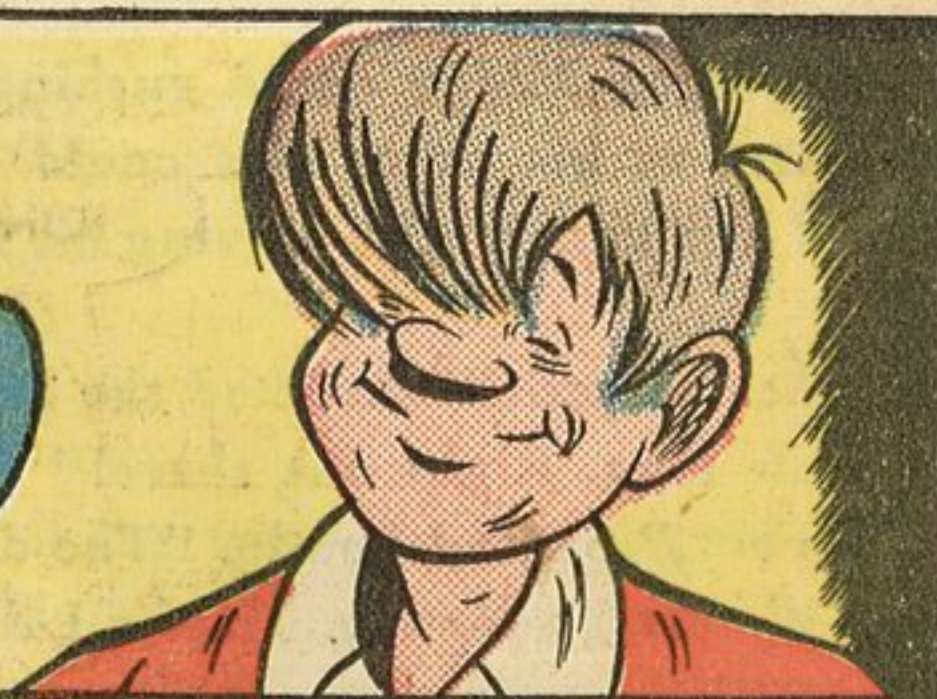
"Sea serpent!" cried the crowd. "He's here. Get some light! Let's see him!"

The monster in the bay wallowed and puffed and made strange noises—all of them huge ones, and went down for a moment, only to return with a loud hissing and sighing. The crowd went mad. But by the time the lights were brought, the serpent had gone.

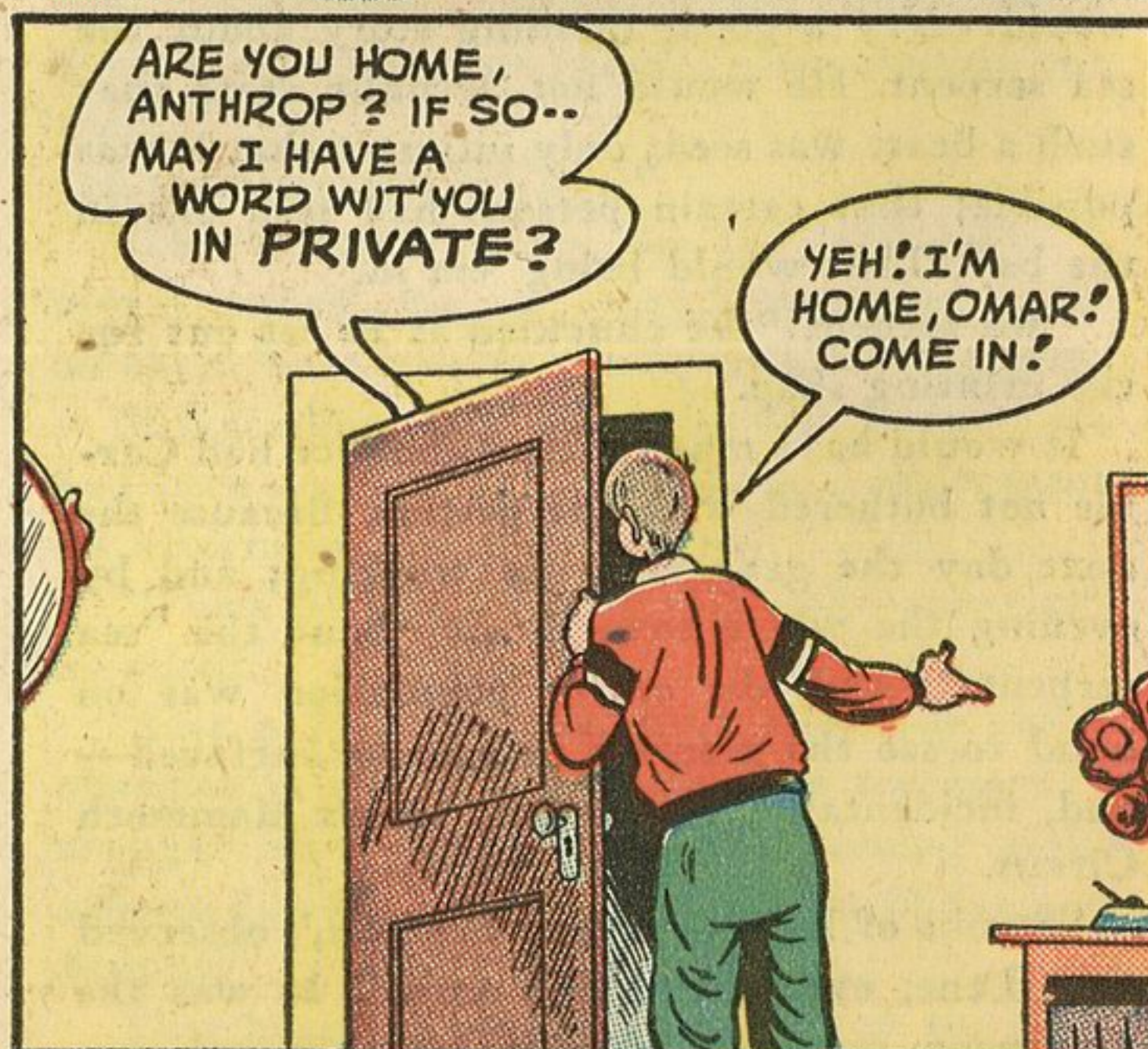
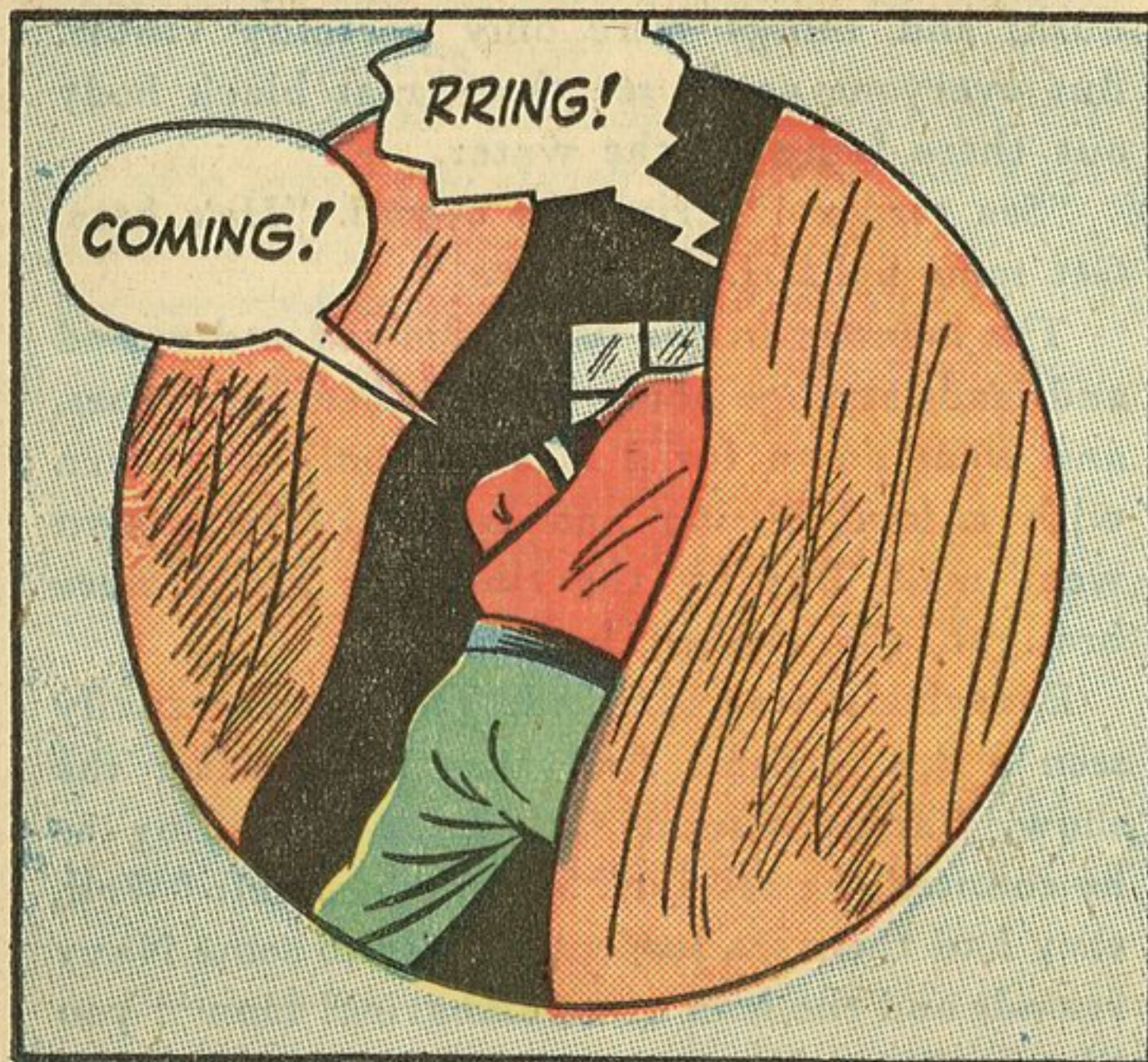
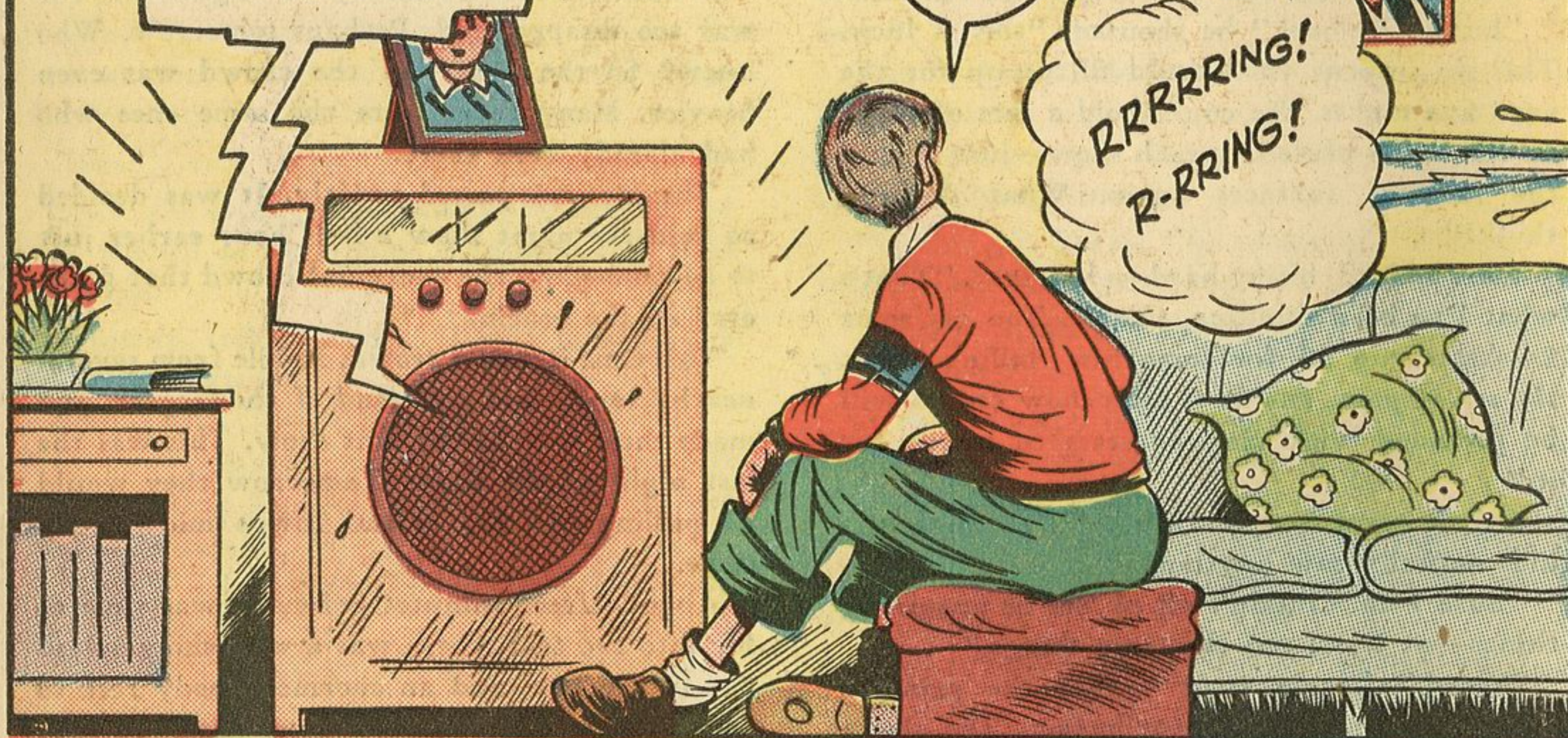
Everybody was satisfied. They had actually seen a sea serpent. And that night after the show, Carnie caught Col. Lane chuckling as he counted the receipts. Said the colonel: "Well, they had their sea serpent thanks to some Navy friends and the loan of a submarine! How'd you like it, Carnie?"



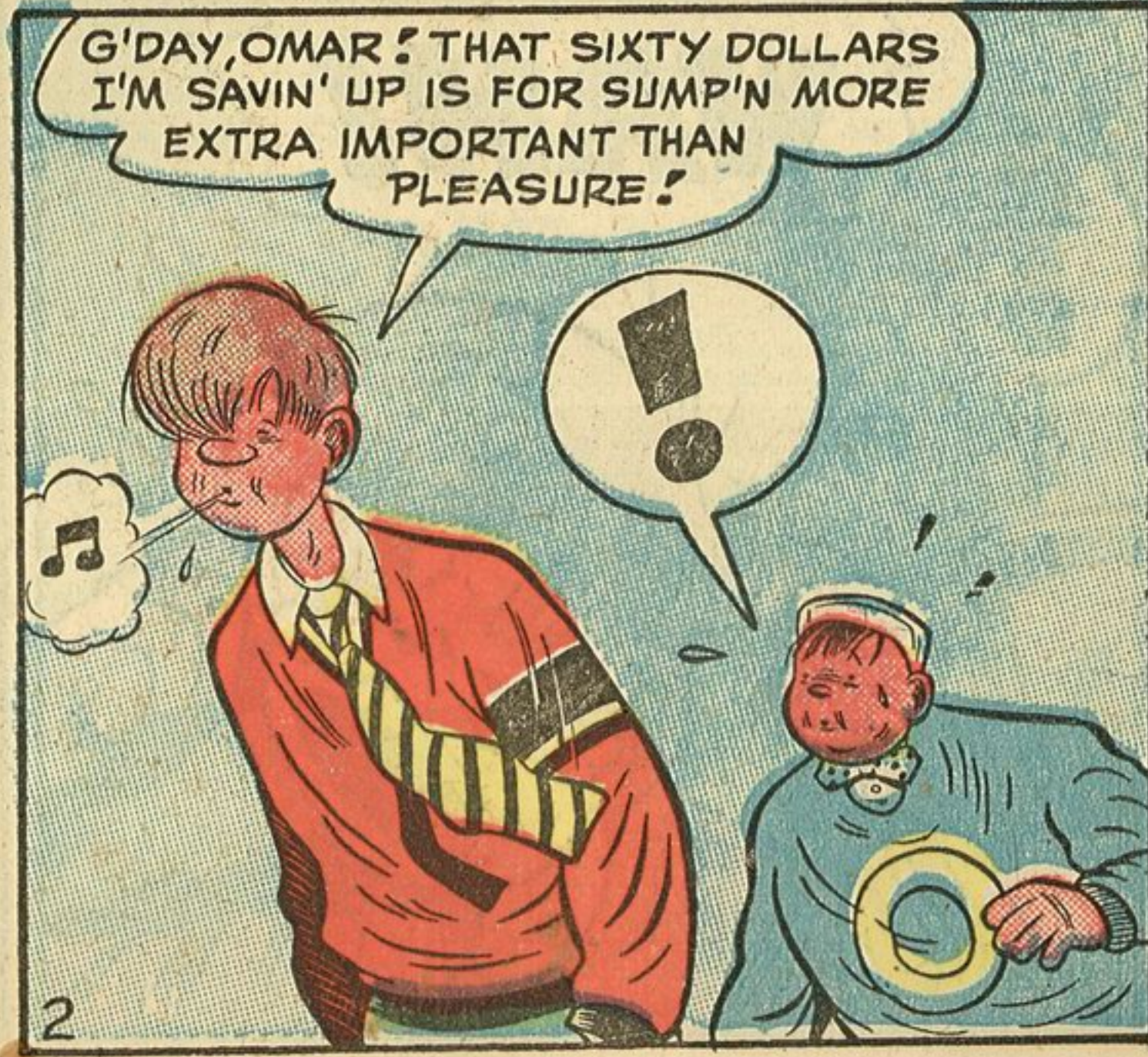
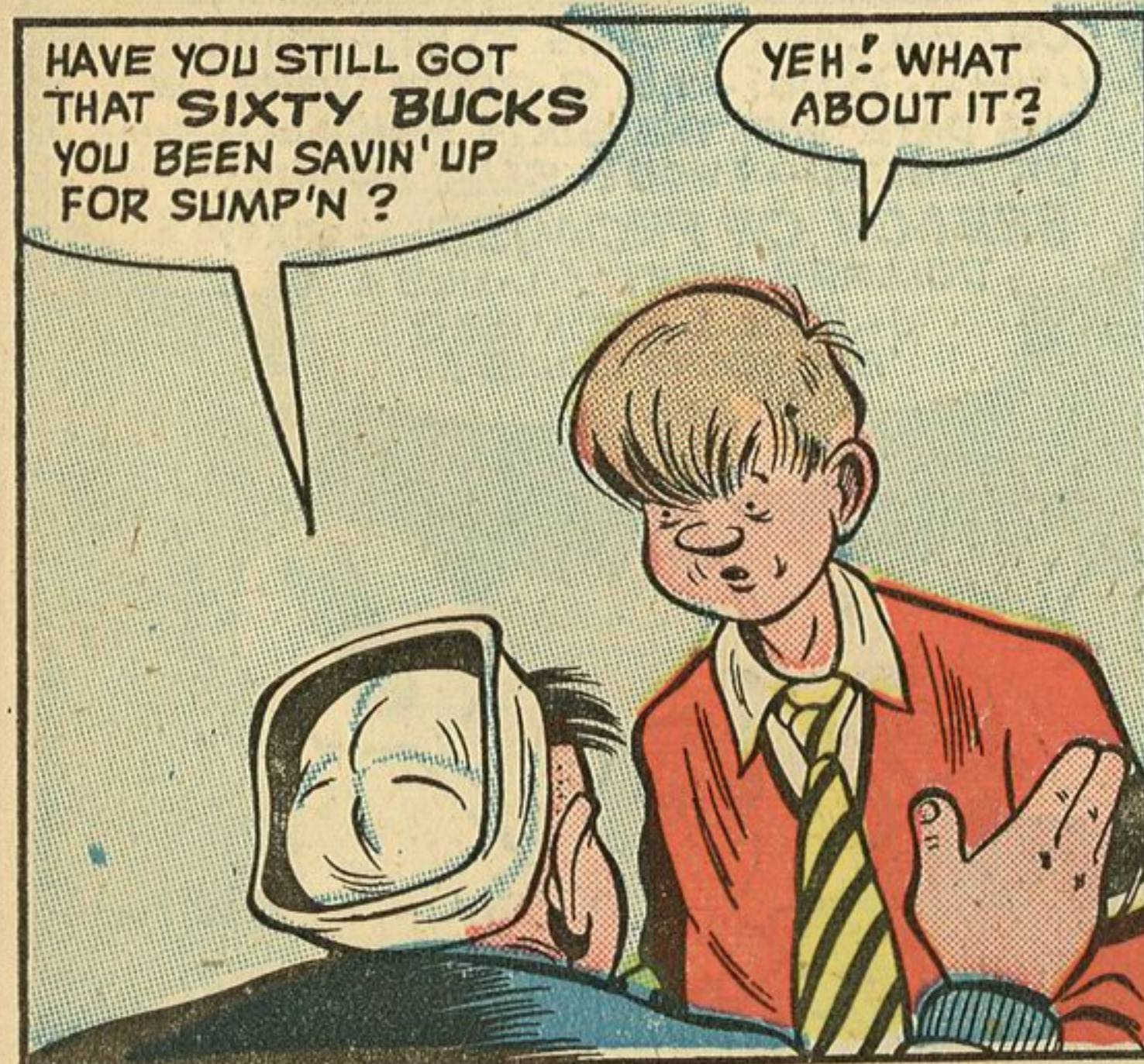
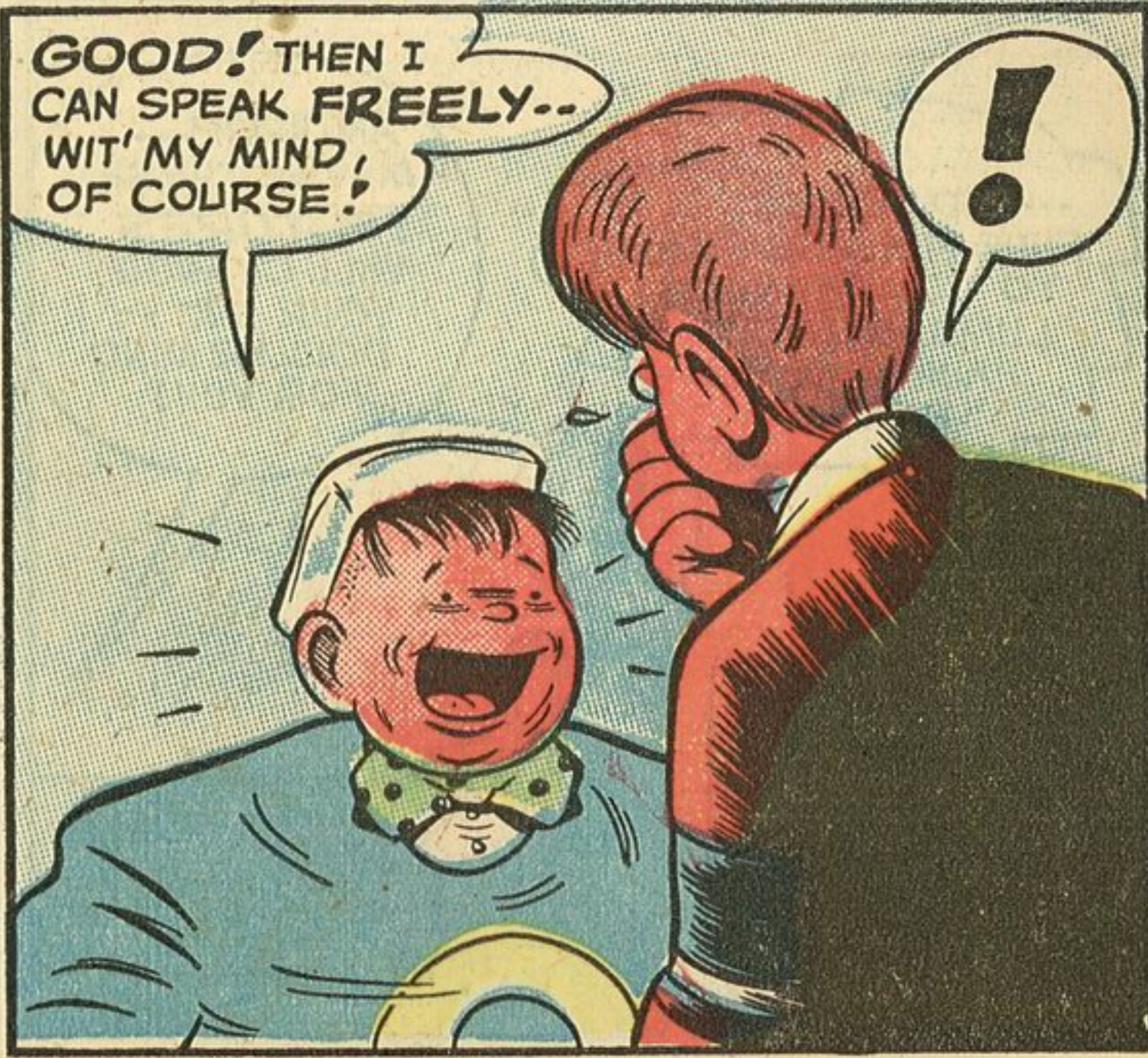
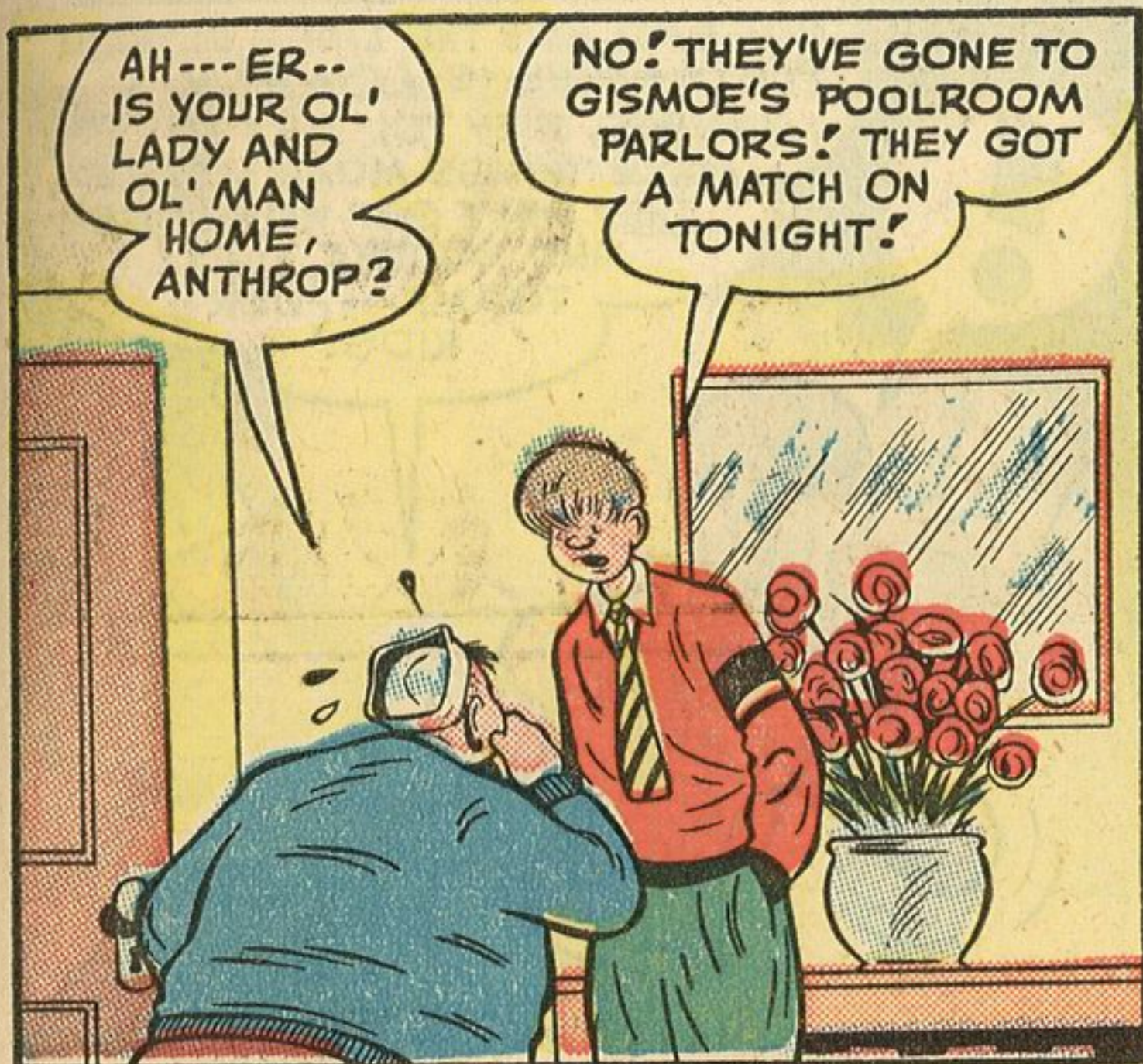
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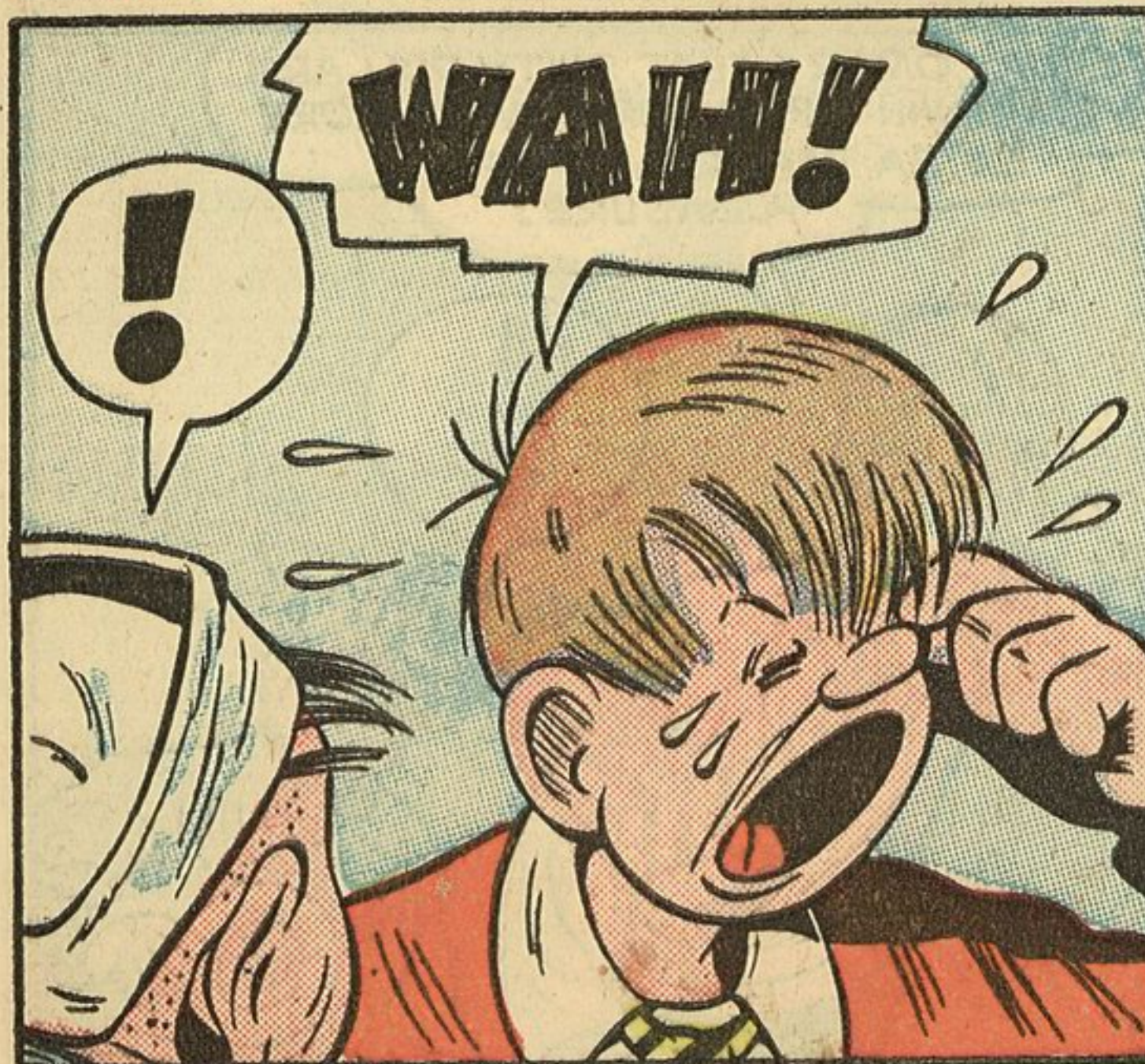
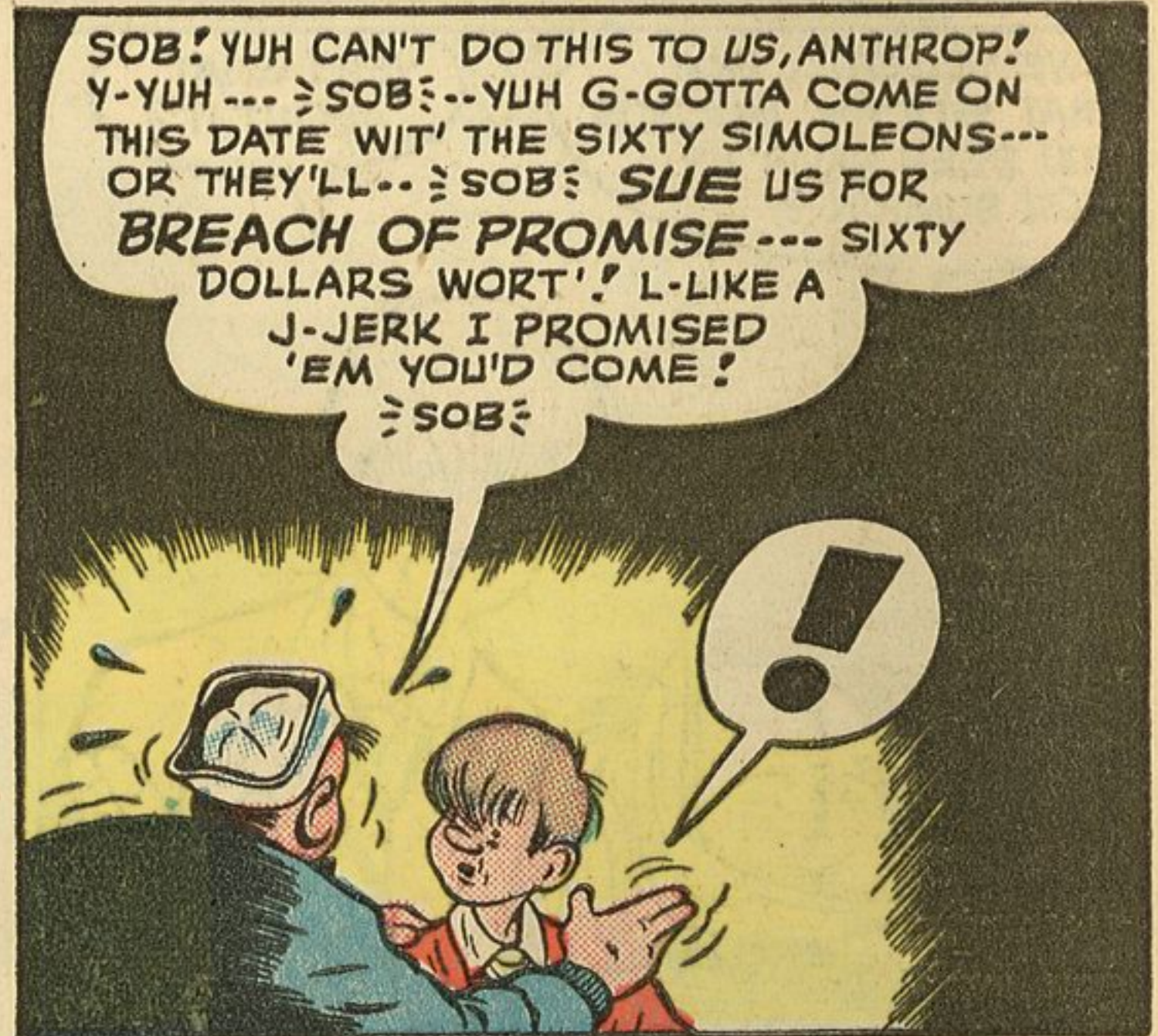
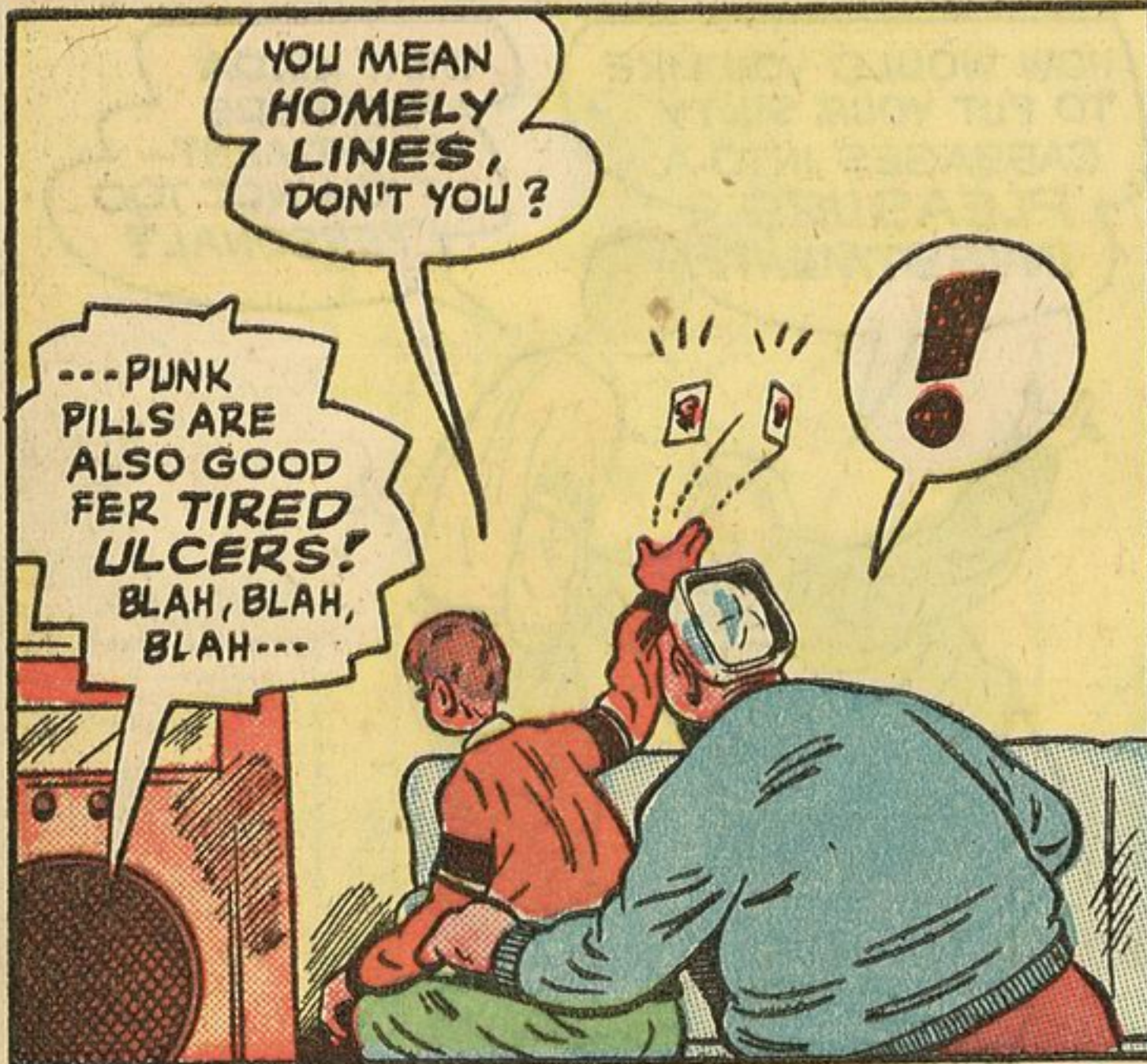
BEFORE WE CONTINUE OUR NEXT THRILLING EPISODE OF LIL' RED RIDIN' HOOD, KIDDIES, LEAVE ME TAKE ONE SHORT HOUR OF YOUR VALUABLE TIME TO TELL YOU ABOUT DOCTOR PUNK'S PUNK PILLS... FOR THAT RUN-DOWN, TIRED-OUT FEELING... TRY PUNK'S PILLS -- RICH IN BLAH-- BLAH, BLAH---



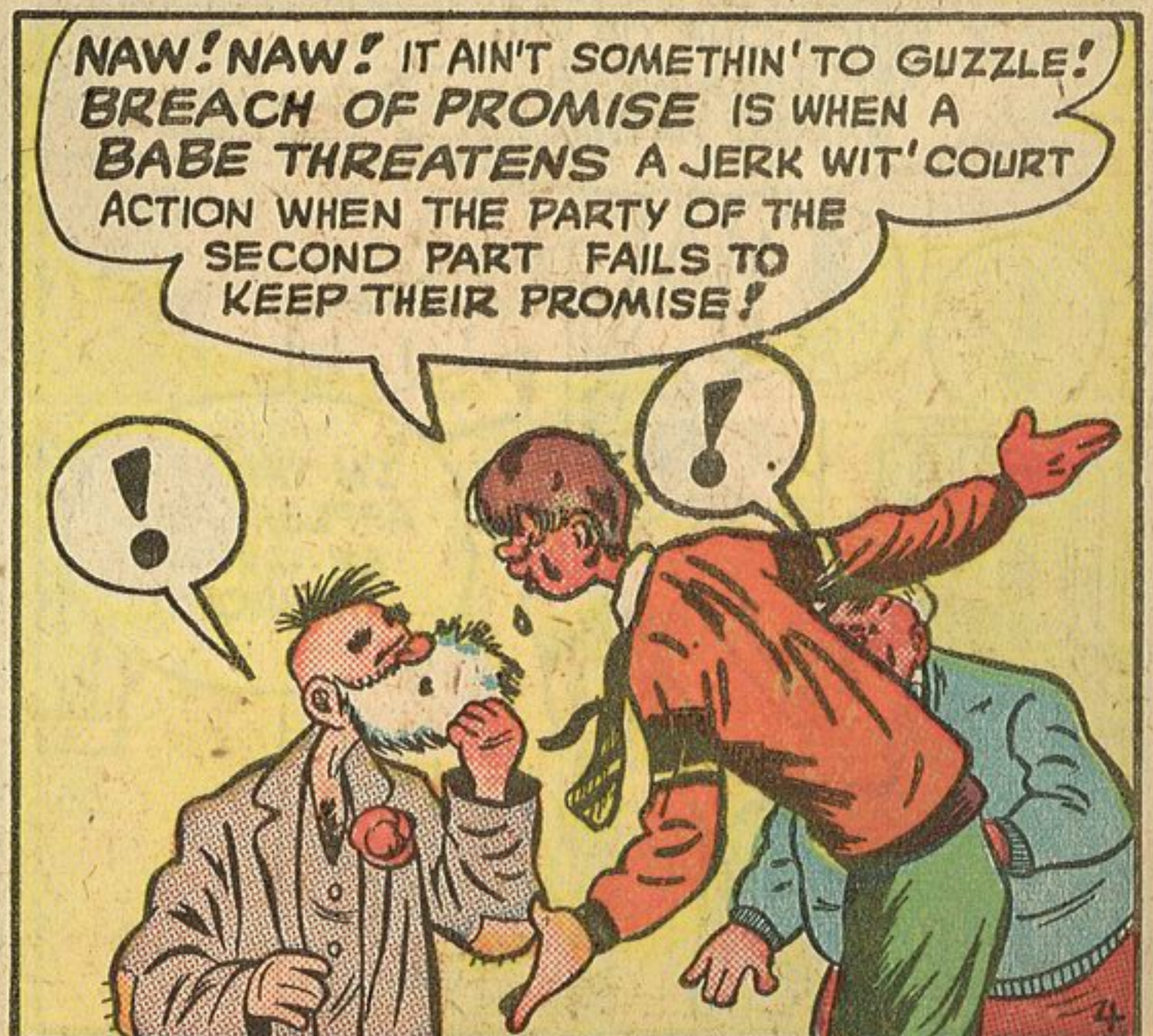
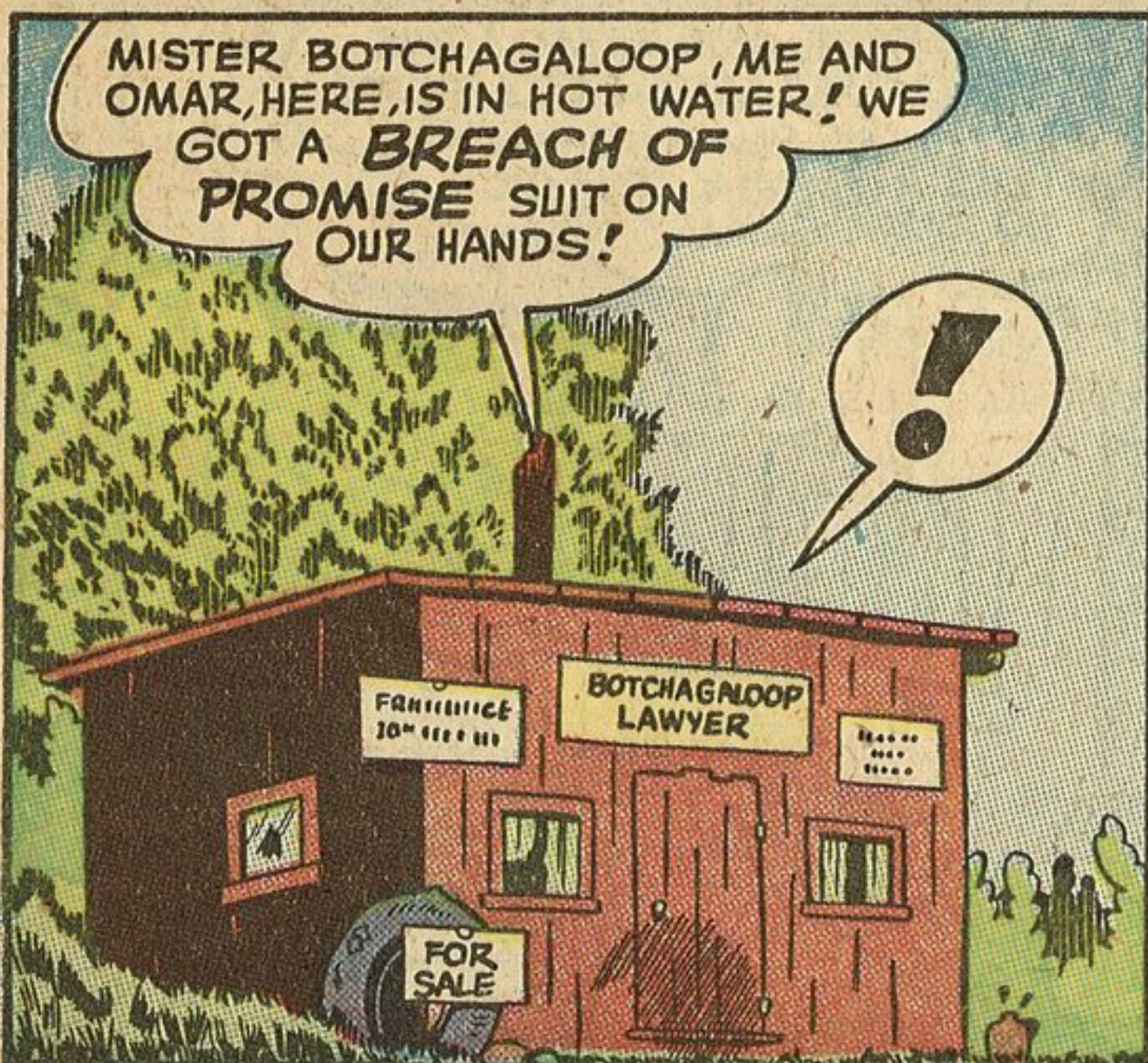
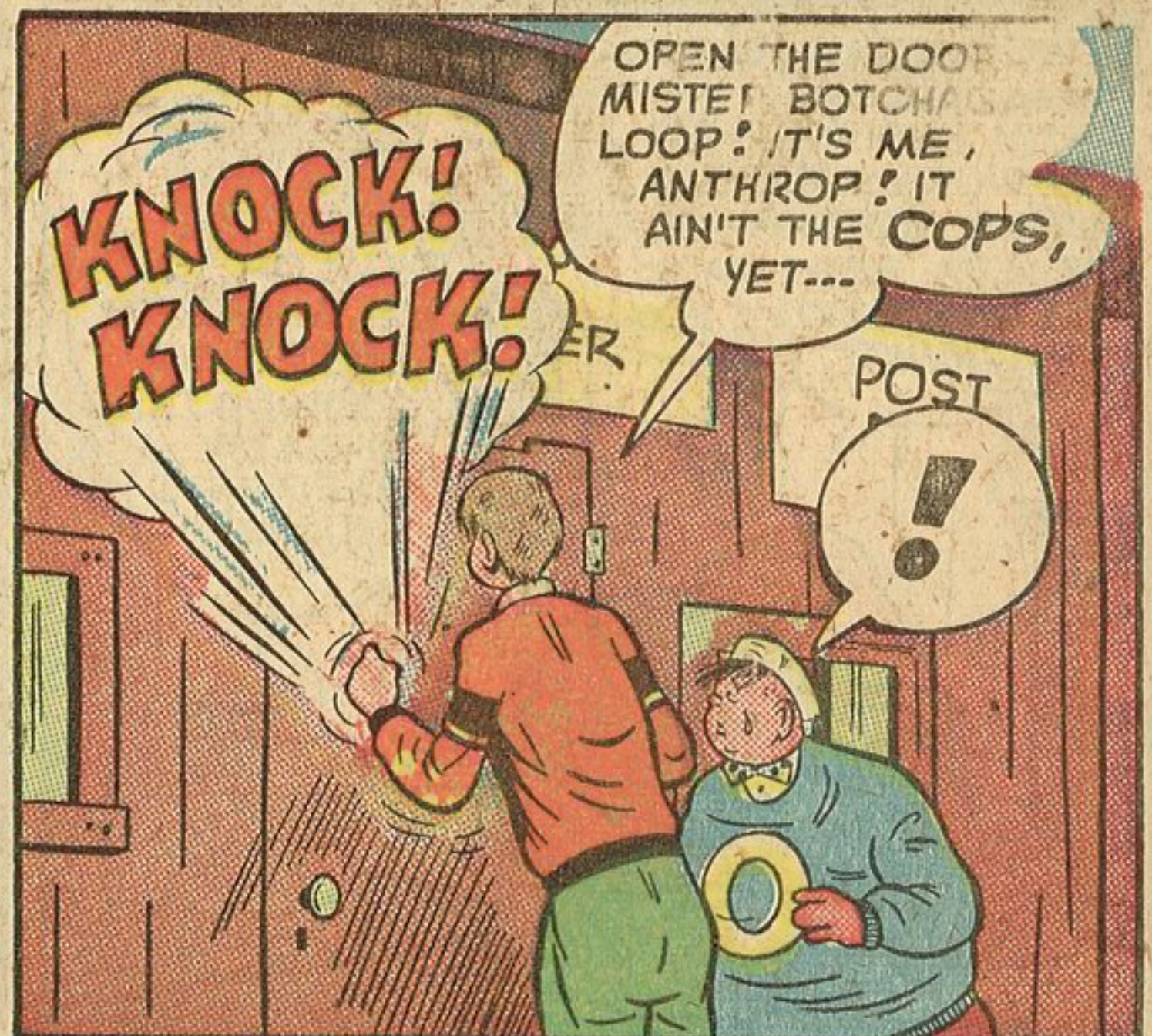
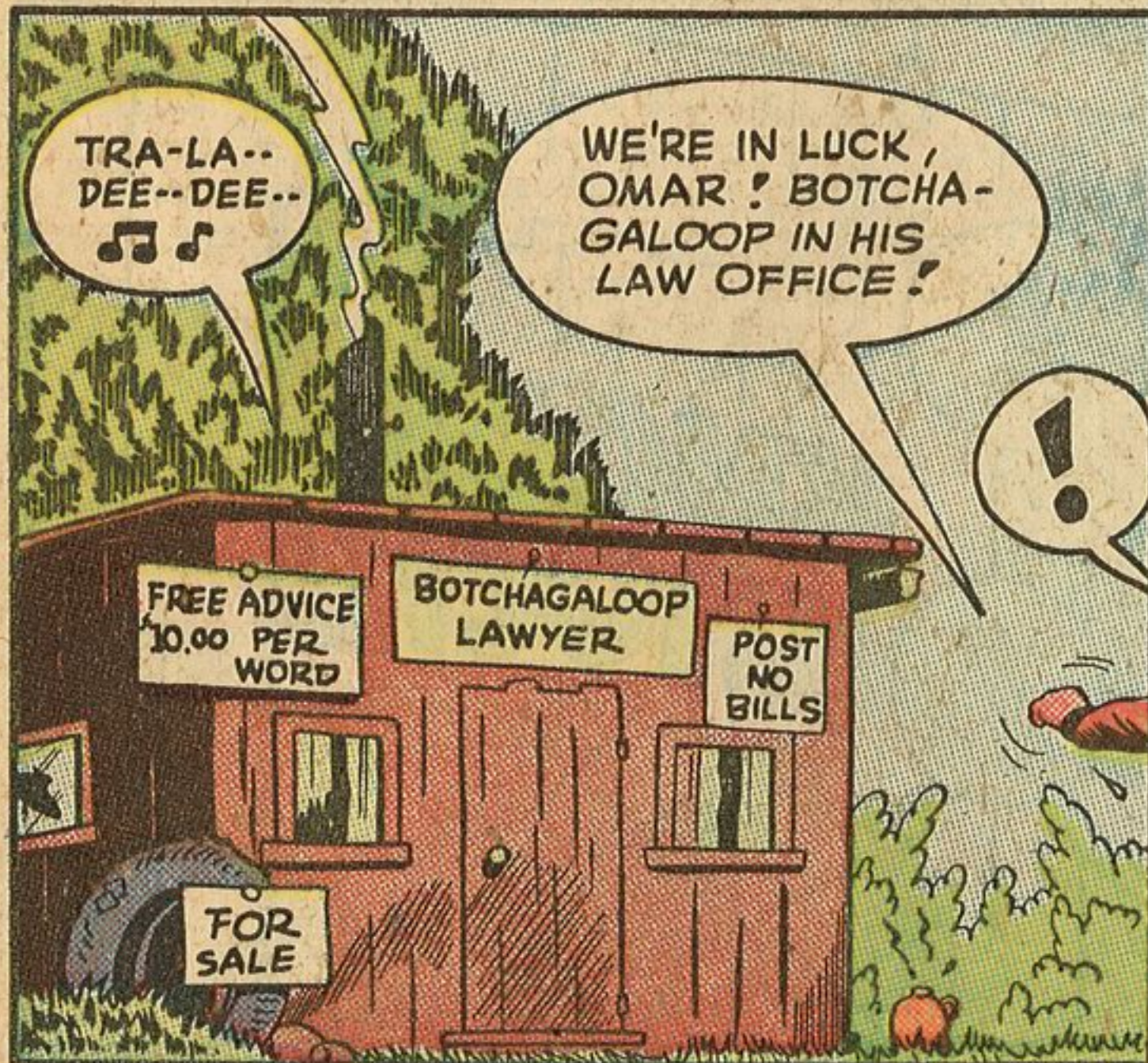
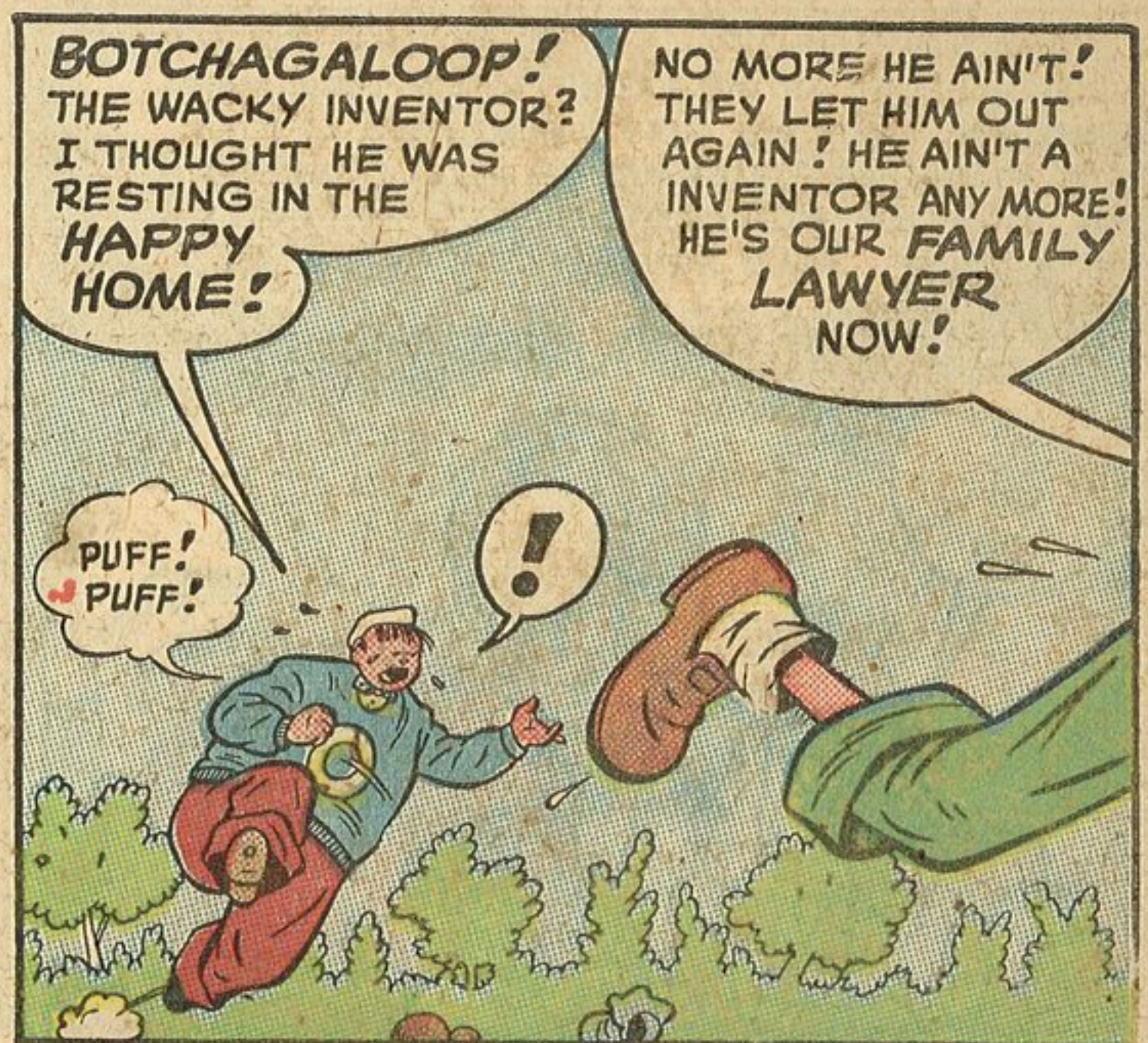






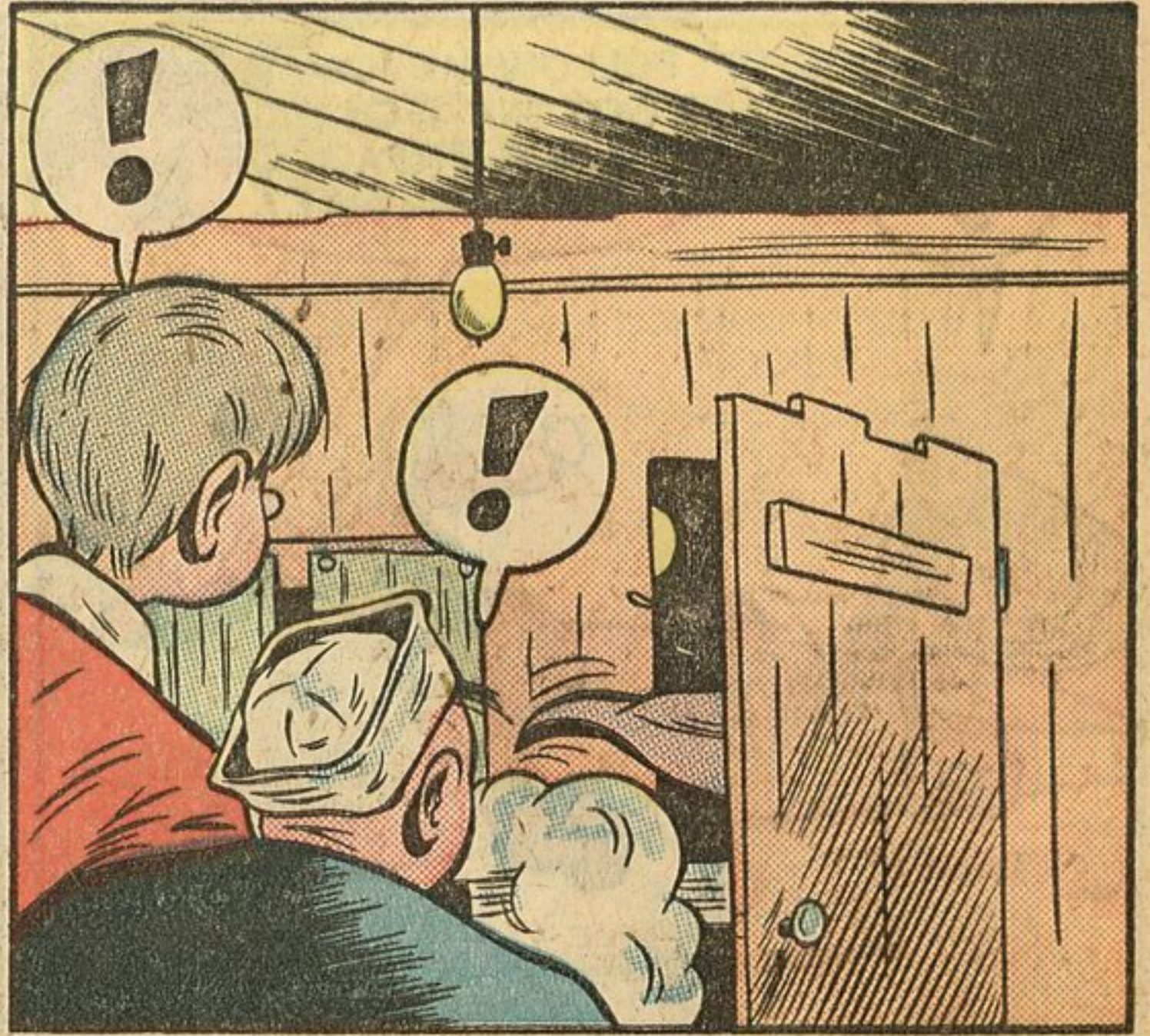








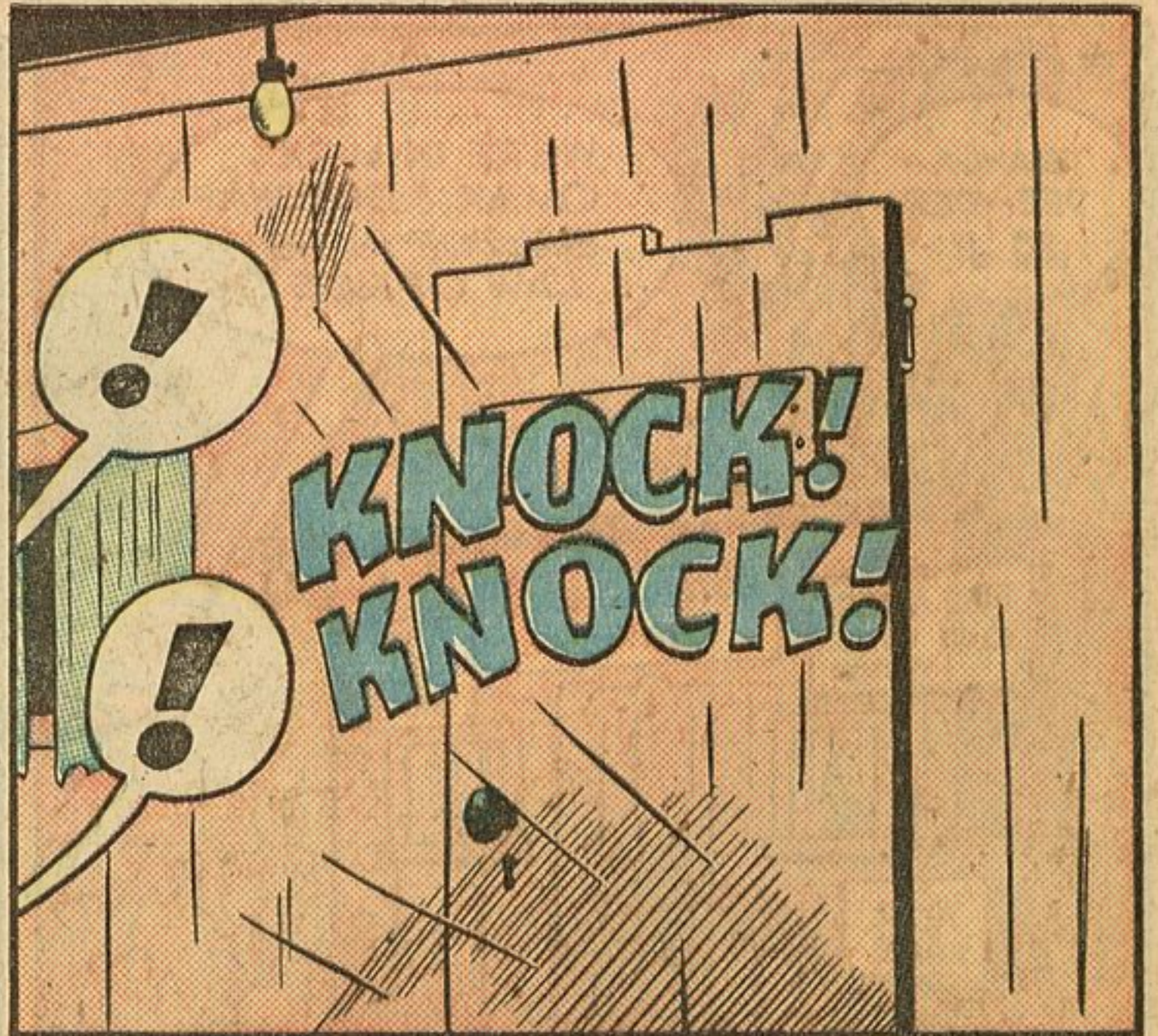
THEM SNAPSHOTS--- IS WHAT THE **COOKIES** LOOK LIKE! IF WE DON'T KEEP OUR DATE WIT' ME SIXTY DOLLARS---THEY PROMISE TO DRAG US INTO COURT! MISTER BOTCHAGALOO, YUH GOTTA SAVE ME SIXTY CABBAGES!



Two weeks later---

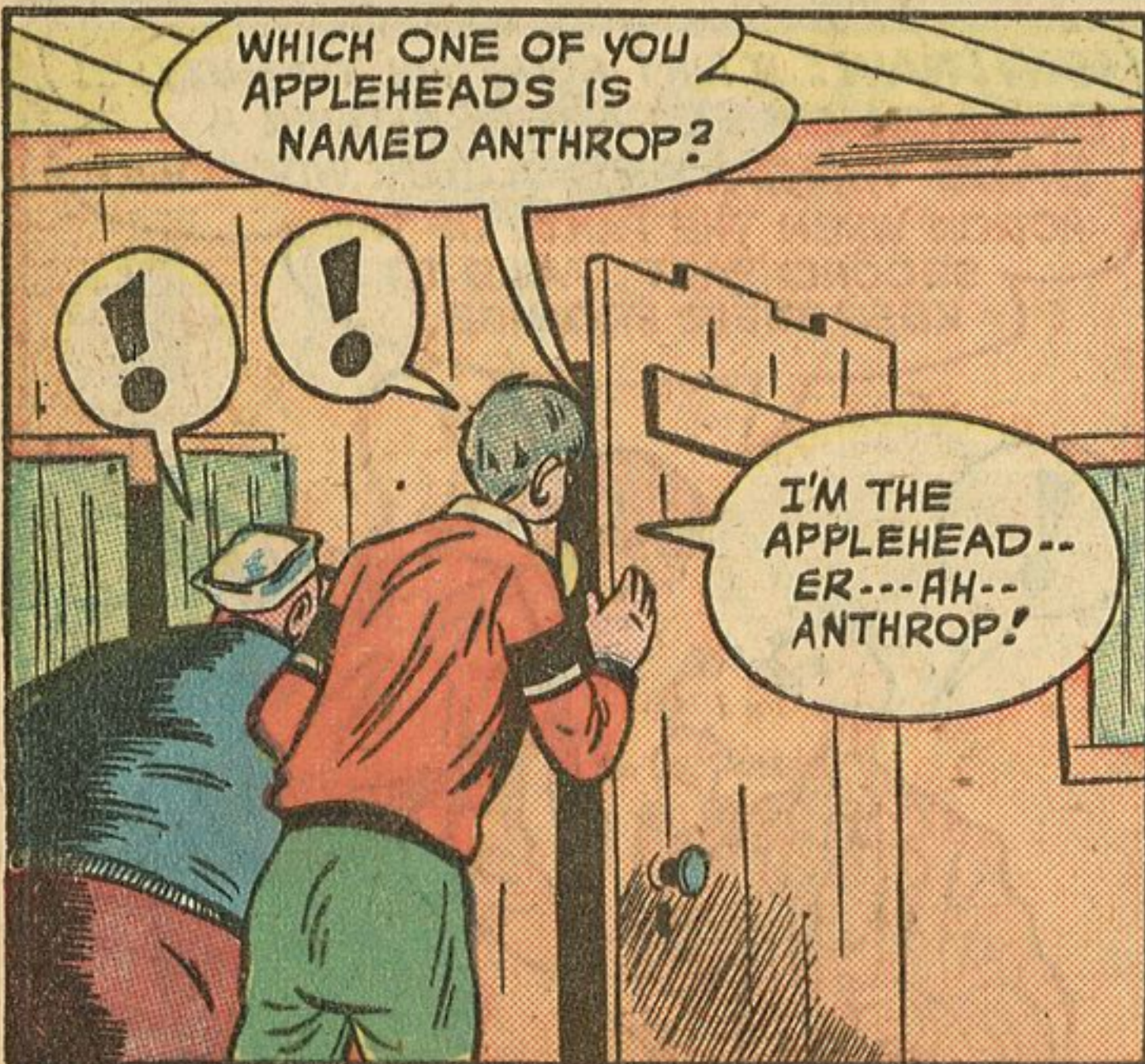
I--I'M BEGINNING TO GET WORRIED, OMAR! MISTER BOTCHAGALOO SHOULDA BEEN BACK BY NOW --- DON'T YOU THINK?

MAYBE WE SHOULDA TOL' HIM WHERE TO **MEET** THE **COOKIES**! HE SHOULDA AXED US, I THINK!

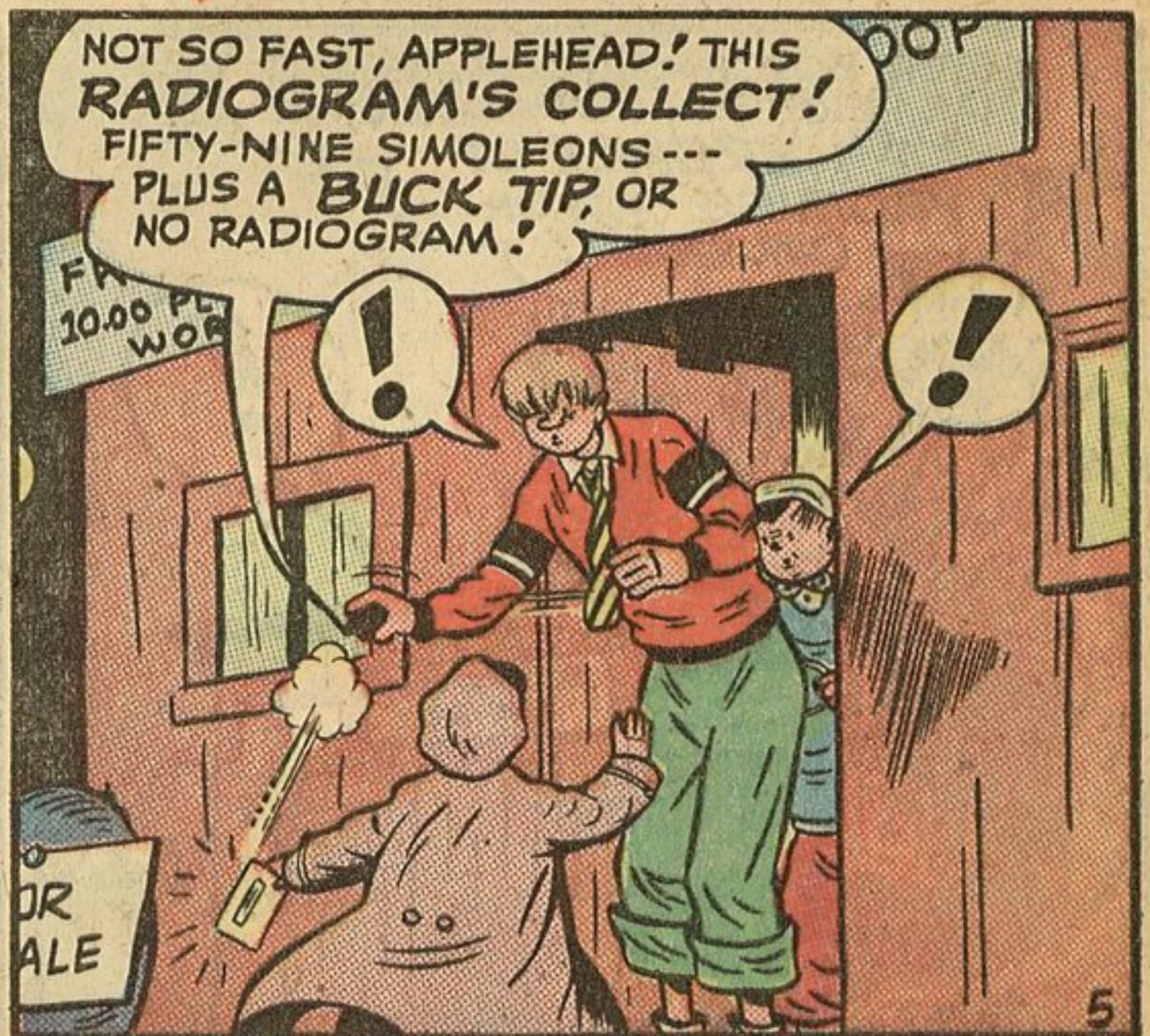


WHICH ONE OF YOU APPLEHEADS IS NAMED ANTHROP?

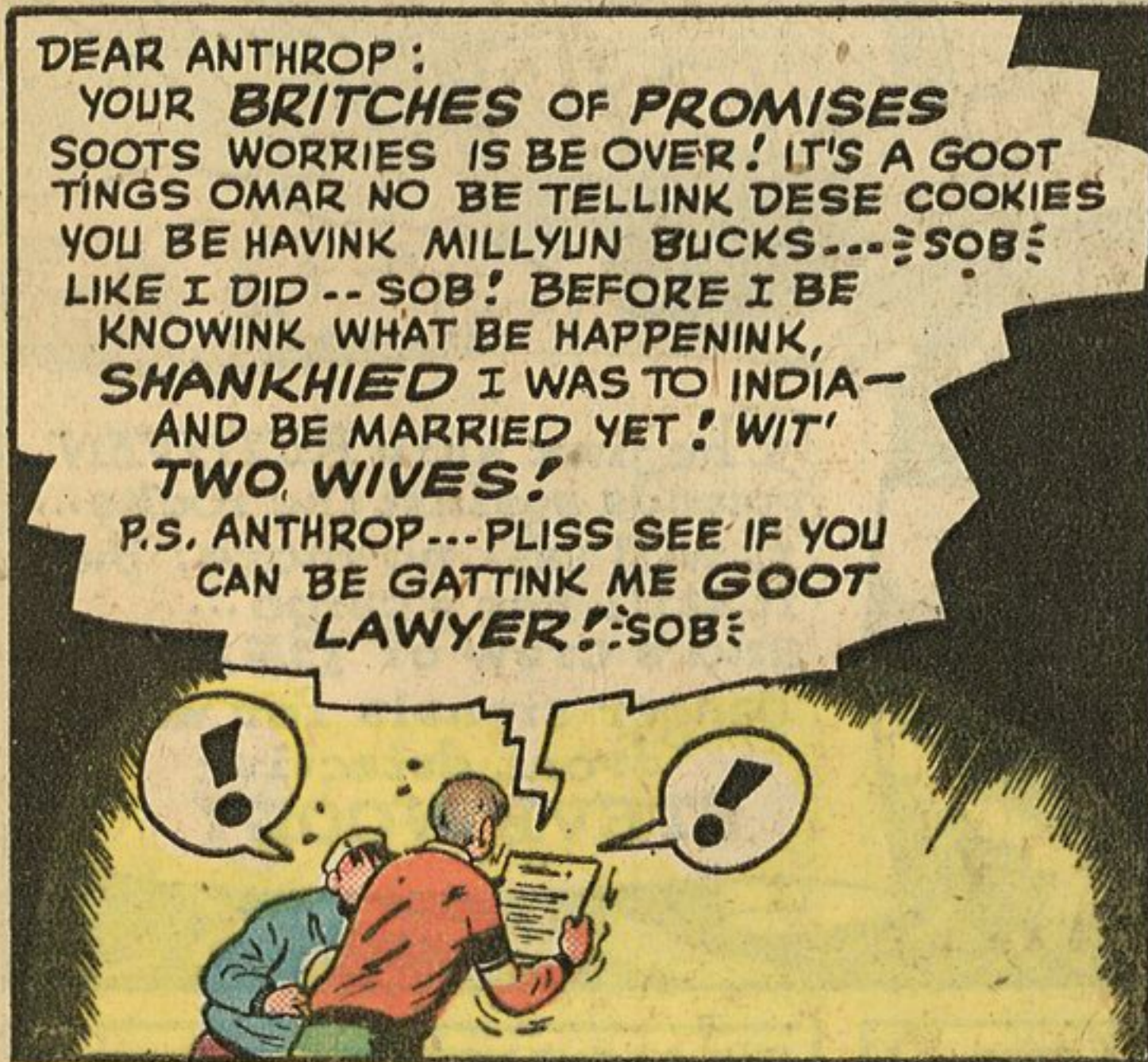
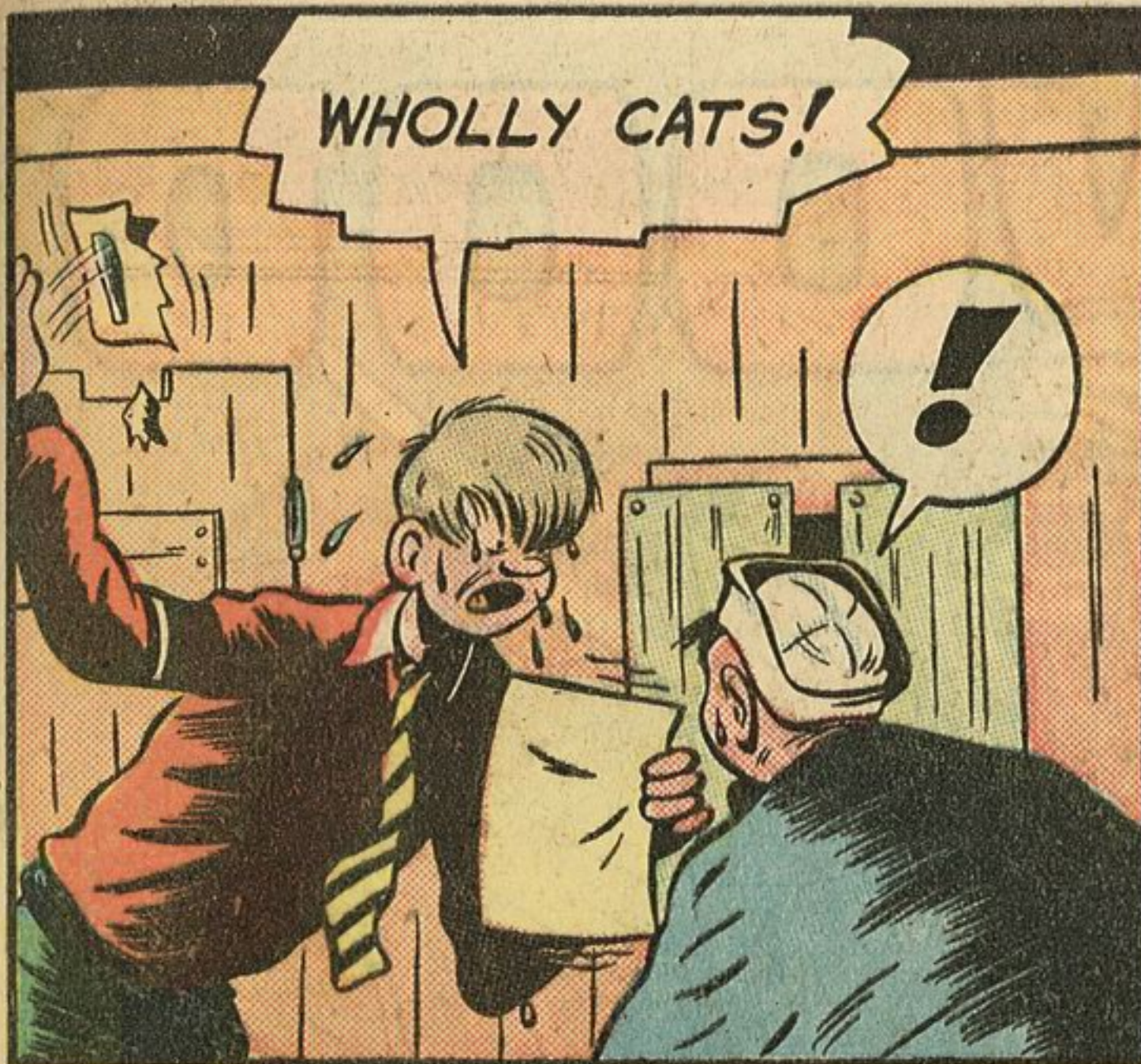
I'M THE APPLEHEAD-- ER---AH-- ANTHROP!



NOT SO FAST, APPLEHEAD! THIS **RADIOGRAM'S COLLECT!** FIFTY-NINE SIMOLEONS --- PLUS A **BUCK TIP**, OR NO RADIOGRAM!









# STEVE WOOD



The jinx ship **RUTHVEN** pounds against the rocks... it will sail no more! But it still has a cargo... and a crew of **DEATH!**... danger signals for water-front detective **STEVE WOOD!**

Steve Wood has the best of secretaries, but sometimes she gets tired of being one....

ALL THROUGH WORK, STEVE, AND IT'S ONLY NOON! YOU PROMISED TO TAKE ME CLAM-DIGGING, AND THEN I'D MAKE SOME OF MY CHOWDER DE LUXE...

NOT JUST YET, SALLY! HERE COMES A CLIENT!

MR. STEVE WOOD, THE DETECTIVE? MY NAME IS LOE LATRICE... AND I WISH TO ENGAGE YOUR SERVICES!

STEP INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE, MISS LATRICE!

IT'S ABOUT THE SHIP **RUTHVEN**, WHICH STRANDED ON THE HARBOR ROCKS LAST NIGHT! THE OWNER, CAPTAIN RONN ROHVER, MADE ME A **THIRD** OWNER OF THE CARGO IT BROUGHT!

ROHVER? I HEARD HE AND ALL HIS CREW WERE DROWNED IN THE STORM THAT WRECKED HIS SHIP! MAY I ASK HOW AND WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS INTEREST?



SIX MONTHS AGO RONN WAS IN A CAR CRASH... HIS OWN CARELESS DRIVING CAUSED IT! WITH HIM IN THE CAR WERE MYSELF AND HINKEY TARN, THE BOXER! RONN WASN'T HURT, BUT MY FACE WAS SCARRED AND HINKY WAS HURT BADLY...

I REMEMBER THE NEWS-PAPER ACCOUNTS! YOU HAD TO RETIRE FROM THE STAGE—HINKEY TARN WAS THROUGH WITH THE RING! AND RONN ROHVER CUT YOU BOTH IN ON HIS ENTERPRISE TO PAY OFF, EH? BUT WHERE DO I COME IN?

I WANT TO GO OUT TO THAT SHIP AND SEE WHAT THE CARGO IS! AND I DON'T WANT TO GO ALONE! I'LL PAY YOU WELL TO ESCORT ME!

SOLD! SALLY, I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL BE BACK! YOU'RE IN CHARGE HERE!

OH, THAT MADDENING GUMSHOE! WHEN THERE'S MYSTERY IN THE AIR, HE NEGLECTS EVERYTHING ELSE, INCLUDING ME! IF I HAD ANY SELF-RESPECT, I'D QUIT THIS JOB... BECOME A MODEL, OR...

PARDON ME, BABE! I'M LOOKING FOR STEVE WOOD!

MR. WOOD IS OUT... BUT I'M HIS ASSISTANT! I'LL HELP YOU, IF POSSIBLE!

STEVE DID TELL ME I WAS IN CHARGE!

I'M HINKEY TARN! I'VE GOT AN INTEREST IN THAT RUTHVEN TUB, THAT HUNG ITSELF IN THE HARBOR—AND I WANT HELP IN LOOKING AT IT!

Y'SEE, I AIN'T REALLY A INTELLECKSHUL TYPE... GOT KNOCKED KINDA SLUG-NUTTY IN THAT CAR ACCIDENT RONN ROHVER PULLED OFF! WHAT I WANT IS A SMART PARTNER TO HELP ME FIGURE OUT WHAT MY CUT IS!

RIGHT WITH YOU, MR. TARN! RENT US A ROW-BOAT AND LET'S GO SHIP-VISITING!

But at the seaside....

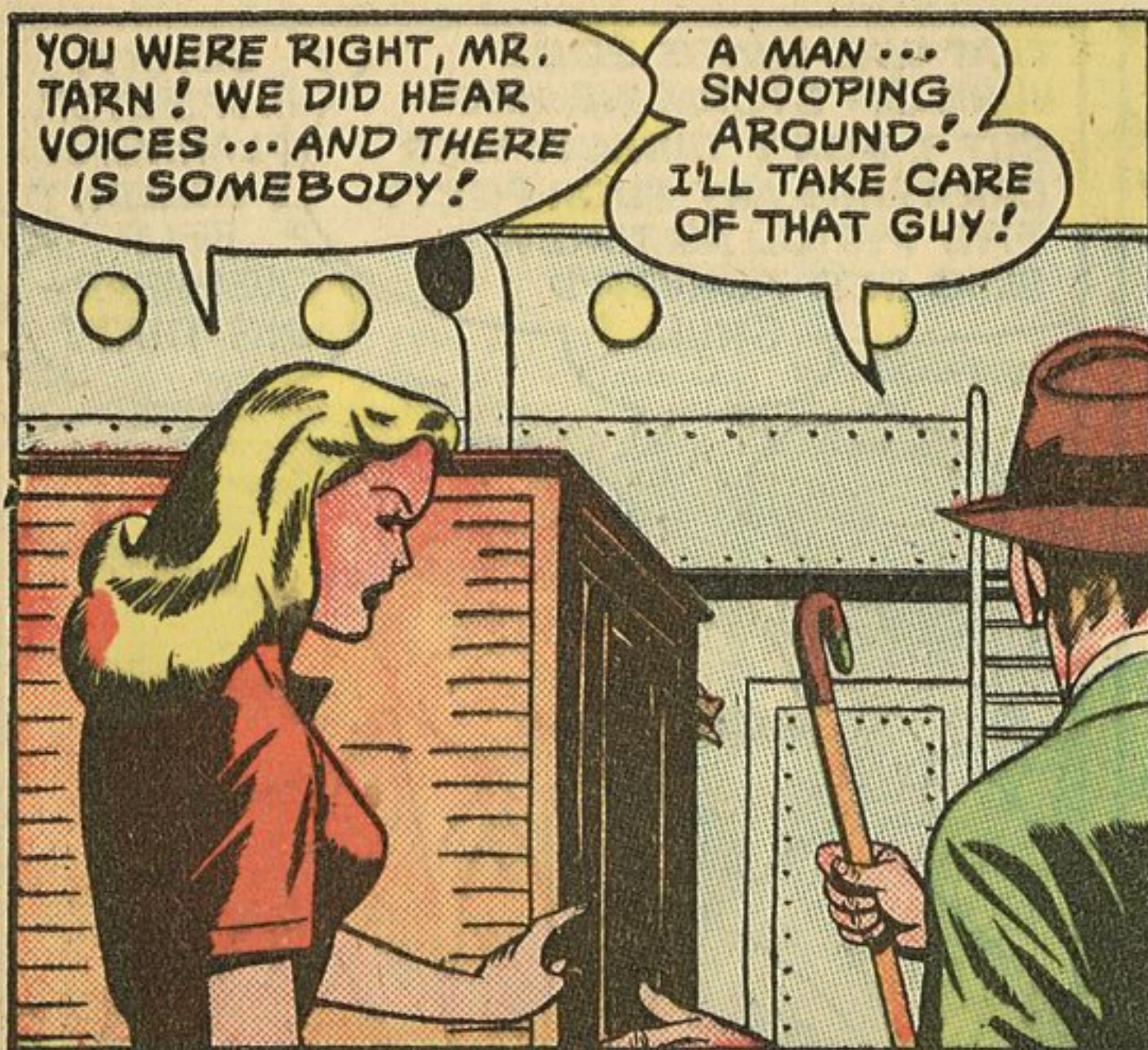
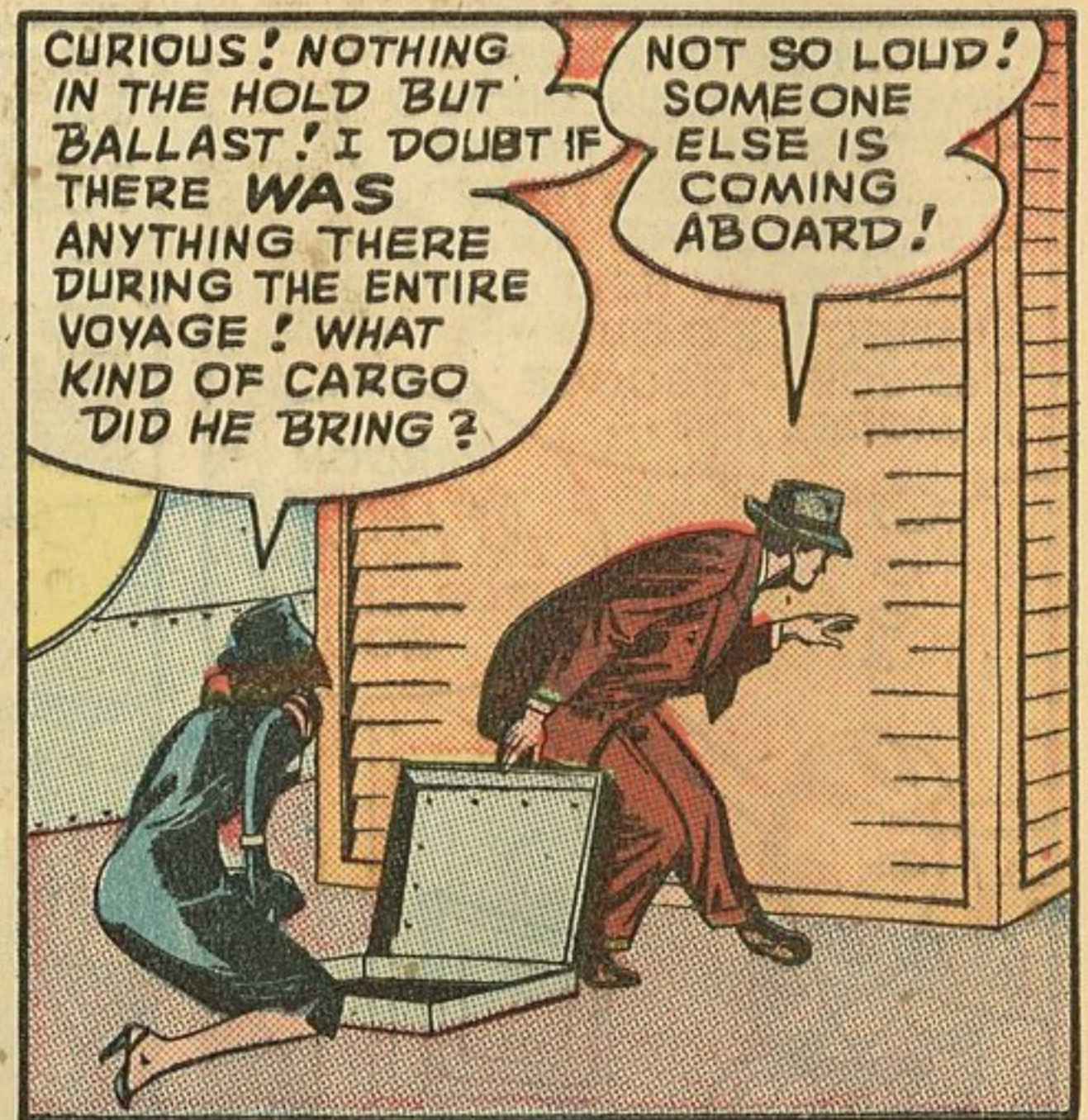
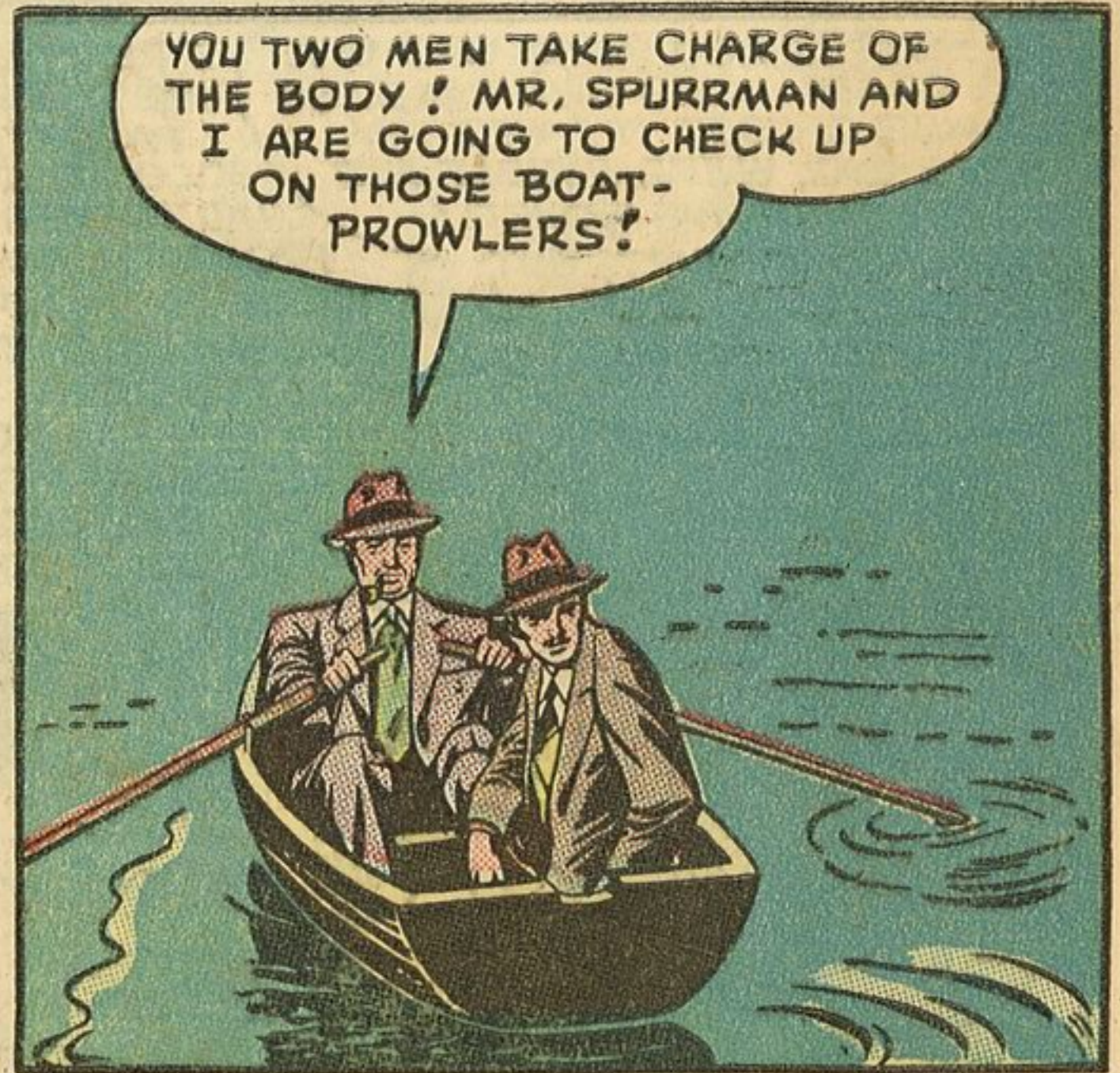
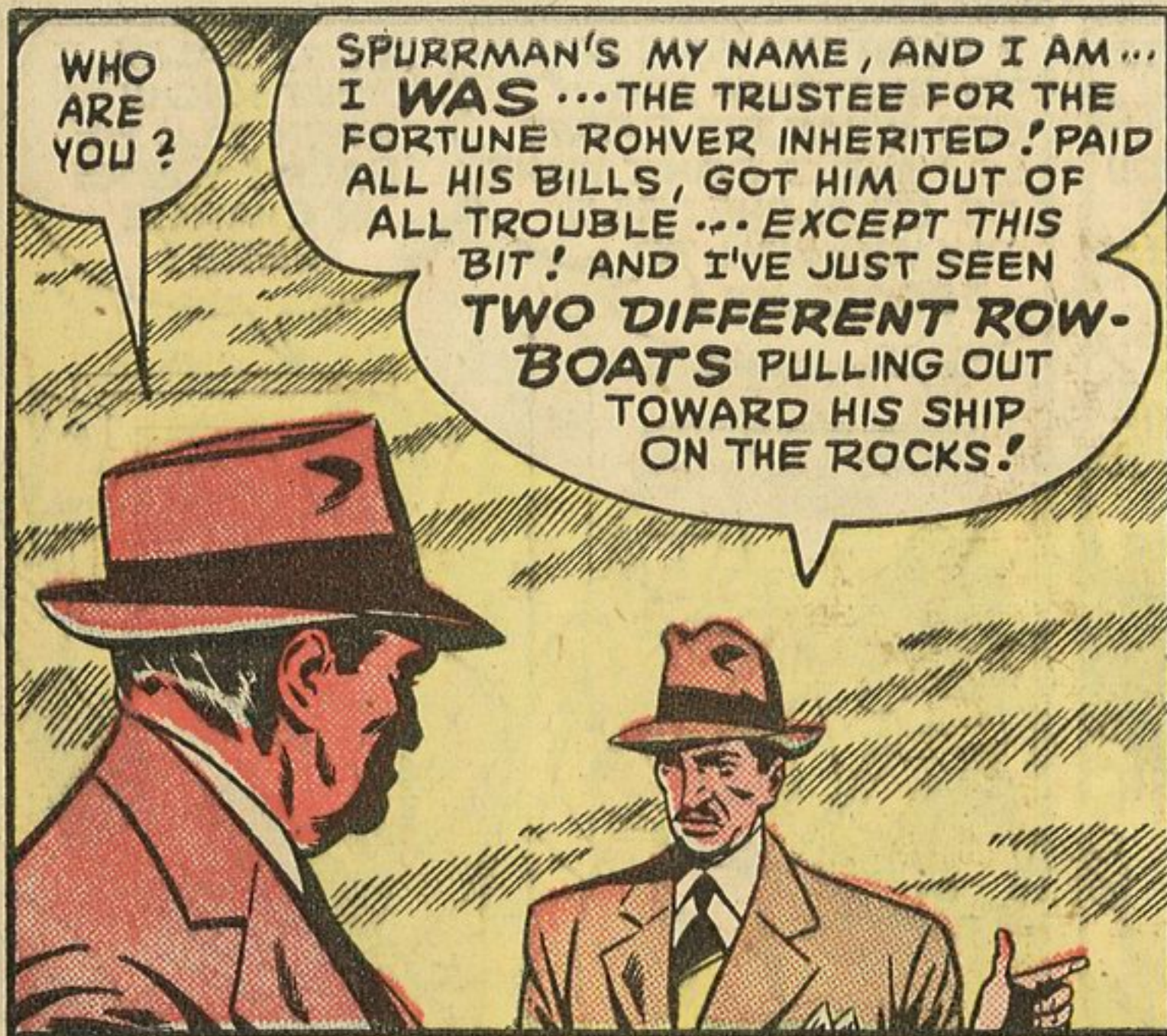
THE LAST OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY TO WASH ASHORE, INSPECTOR FLANAGAN! IT'S CAPTAIN RONN ROHVER.... DEFINITELY DEAD!

NOT ONLY THAT! HE'S BEEN **MURDERED!**

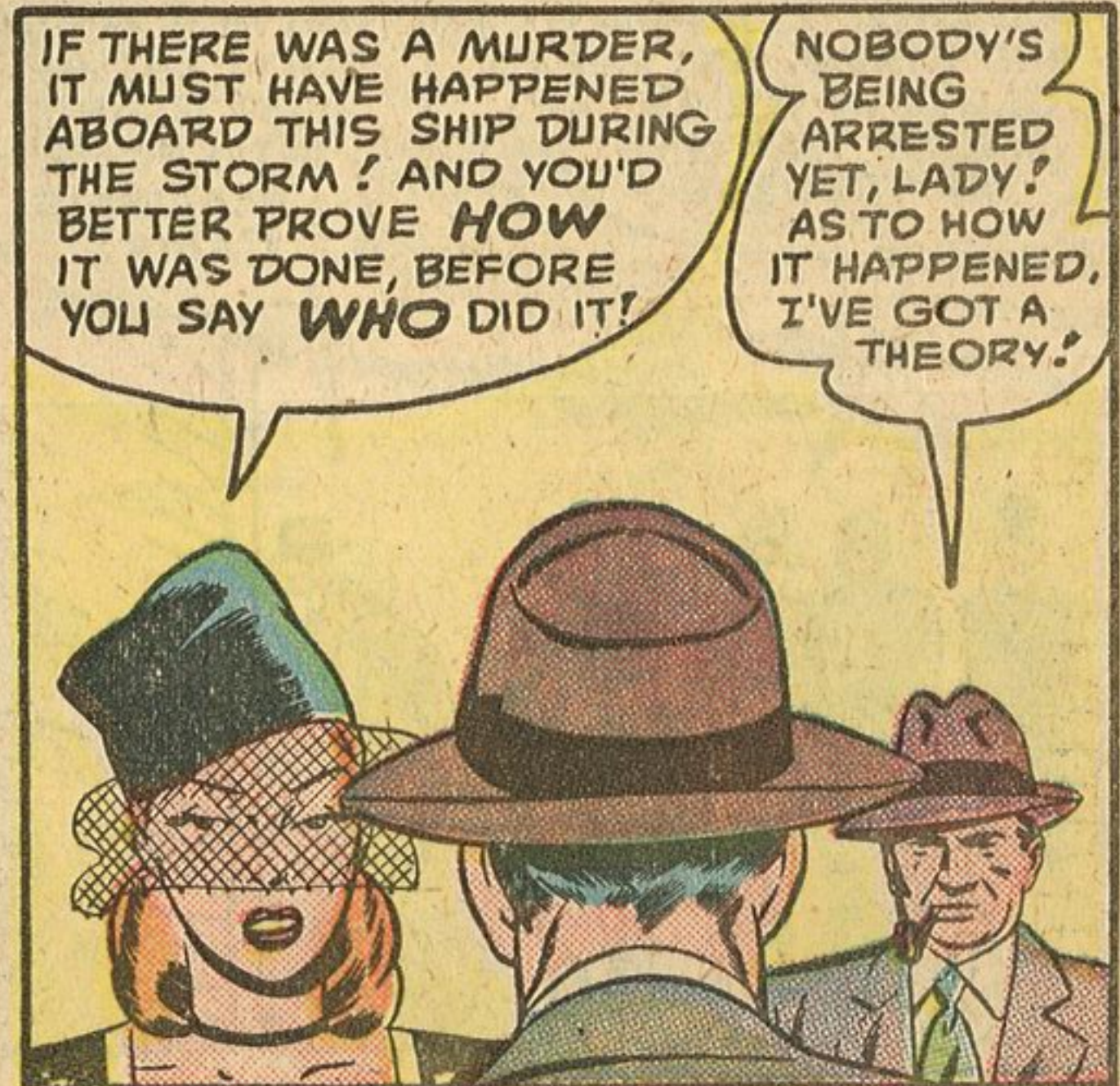
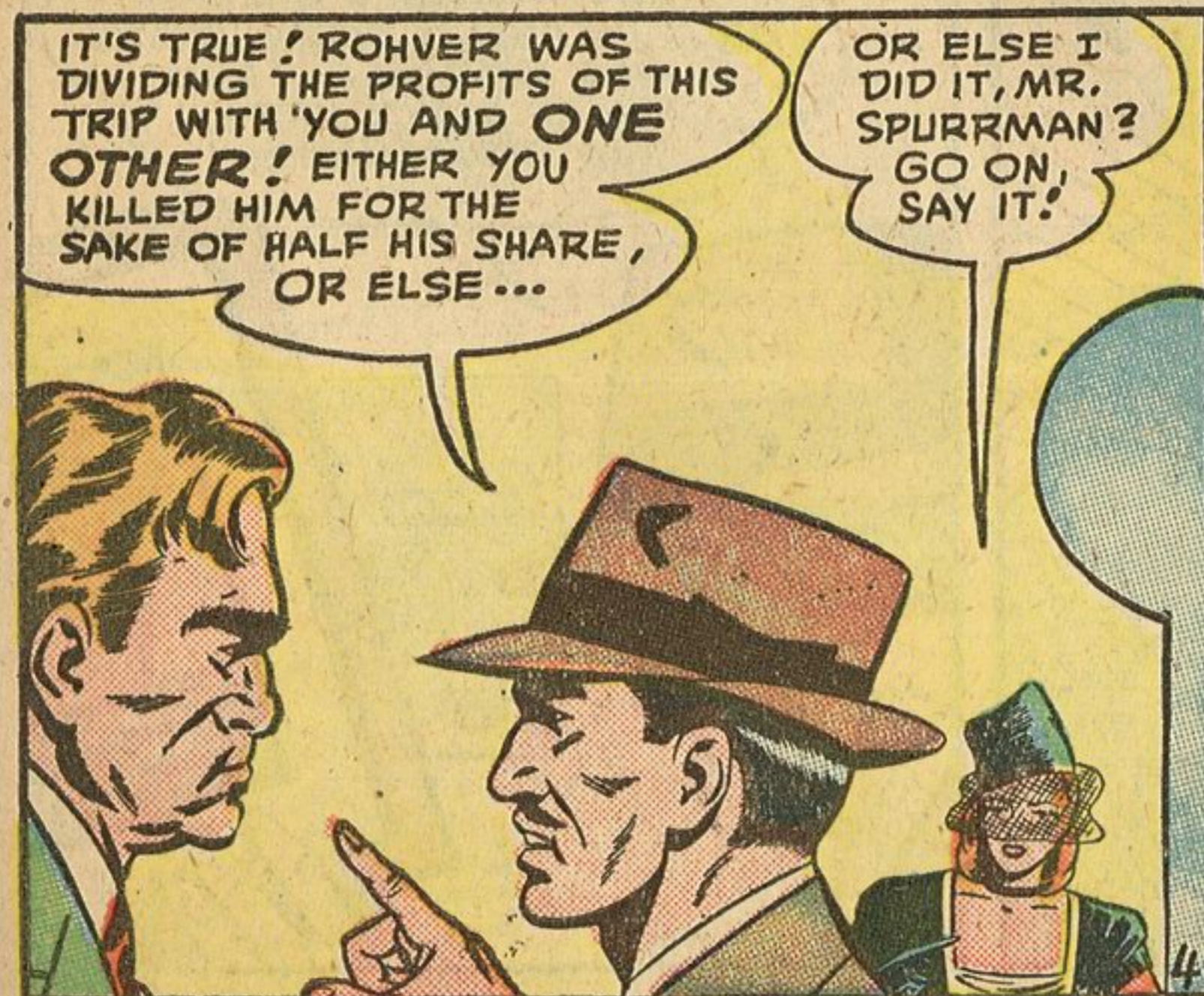
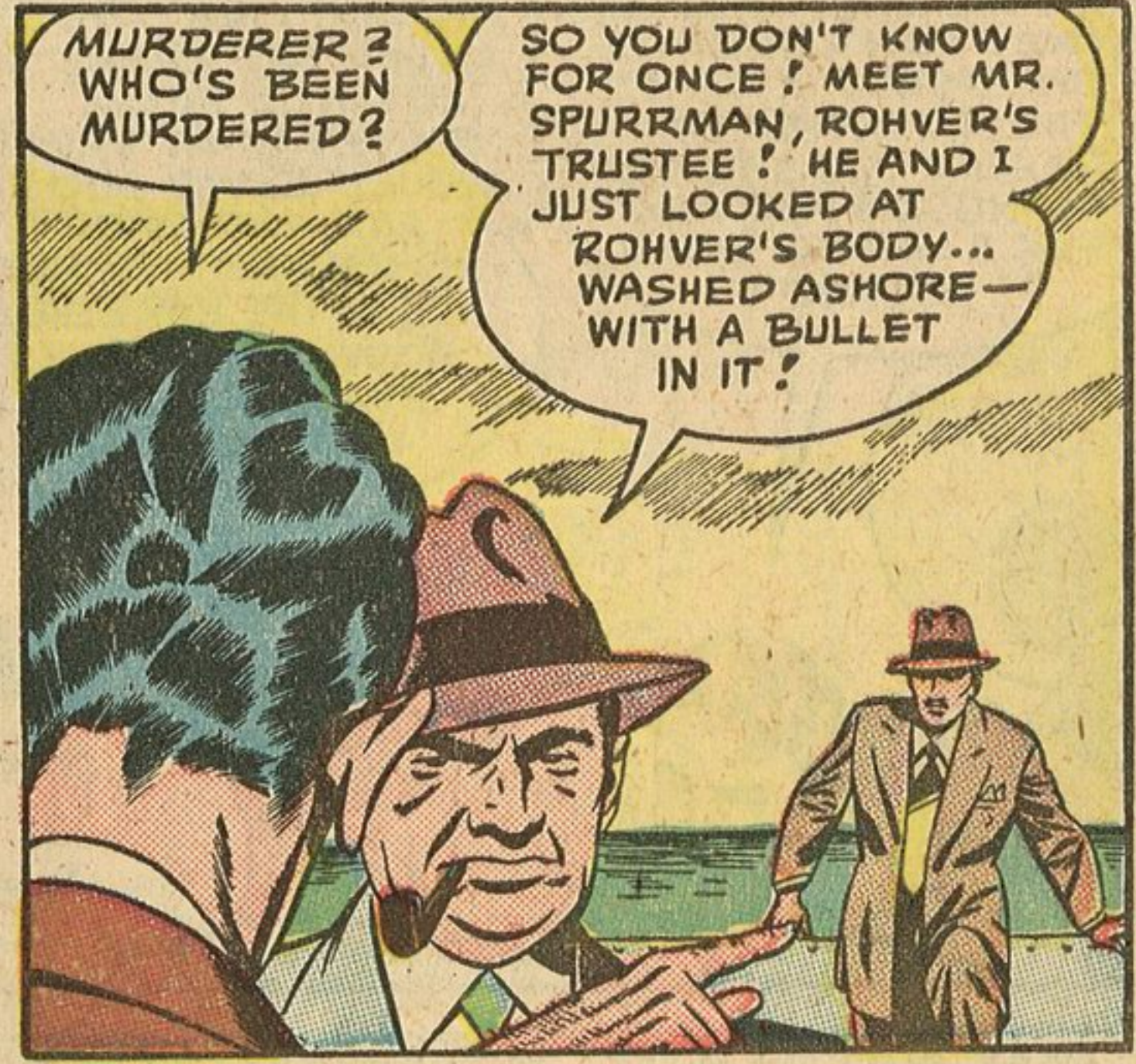
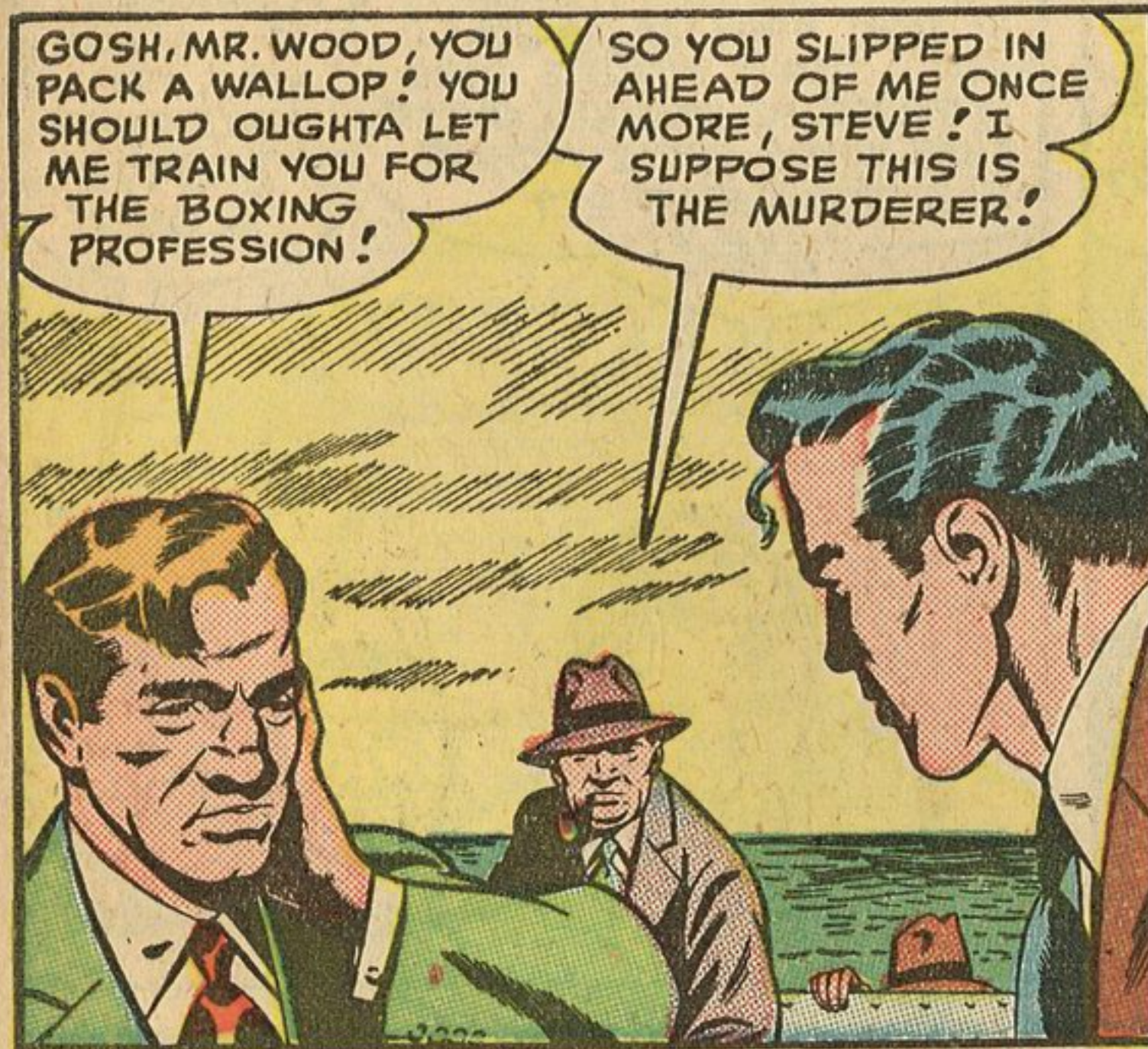
THAT WAS QUITE SOME HUNK OF STORM WE HAD... BUT I DON'T THINK IT WAS CARRYING ANY SUCH FORTY-FIVE PISTOL AS THREW A SLUG INTO ROHVER'S SKULL!

SORRY, INSPECTOR FLANAGAN... I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING THAT!

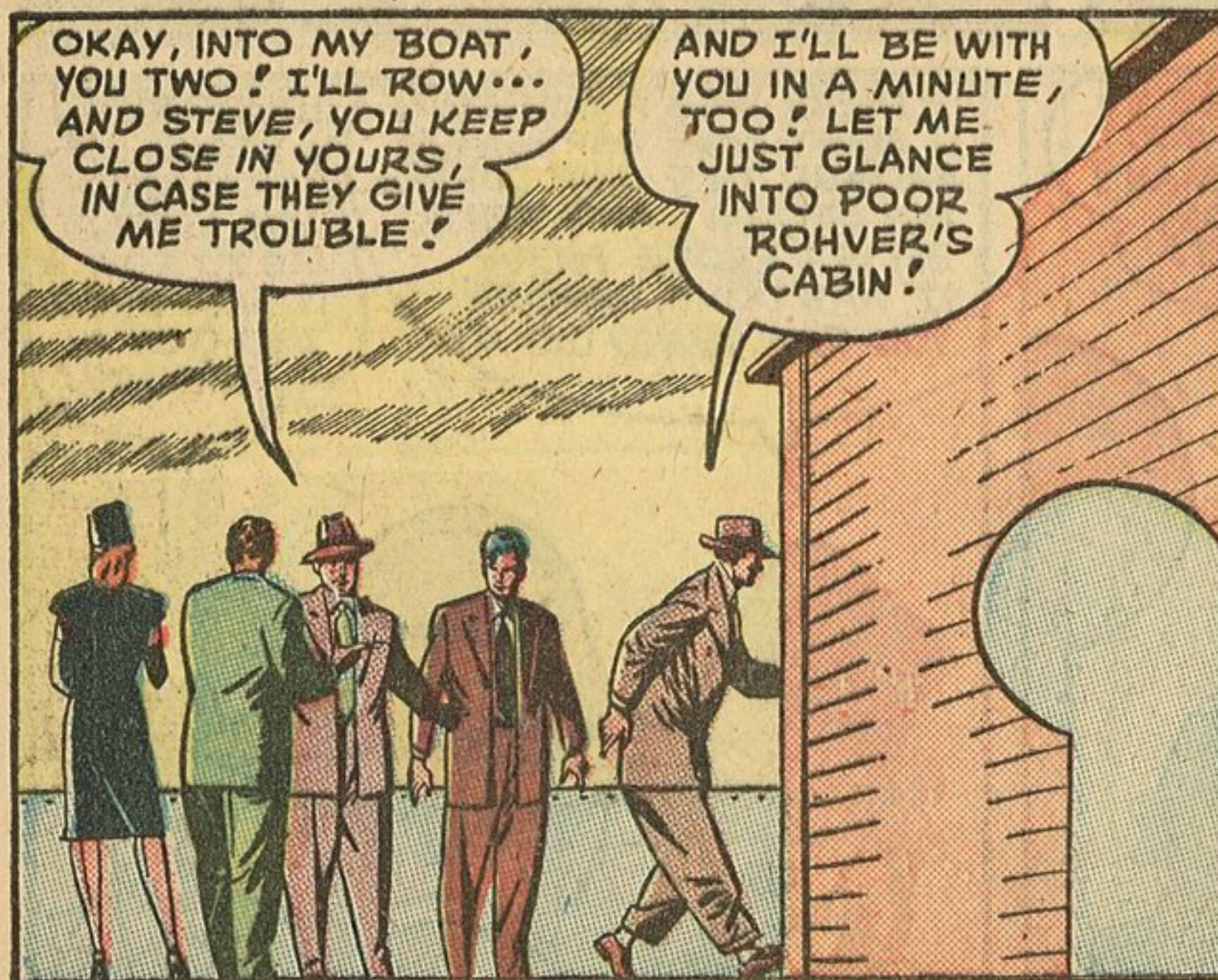
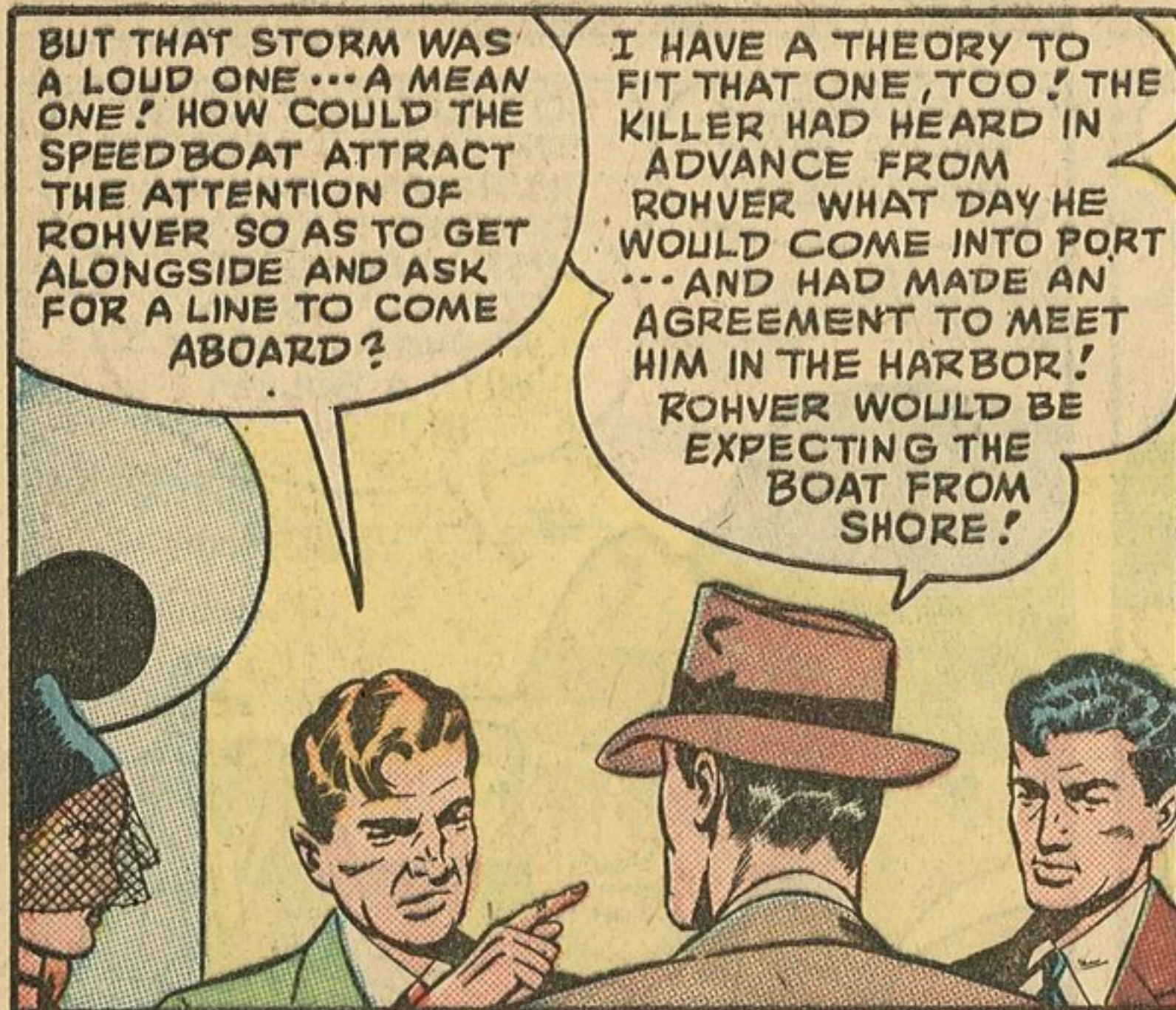
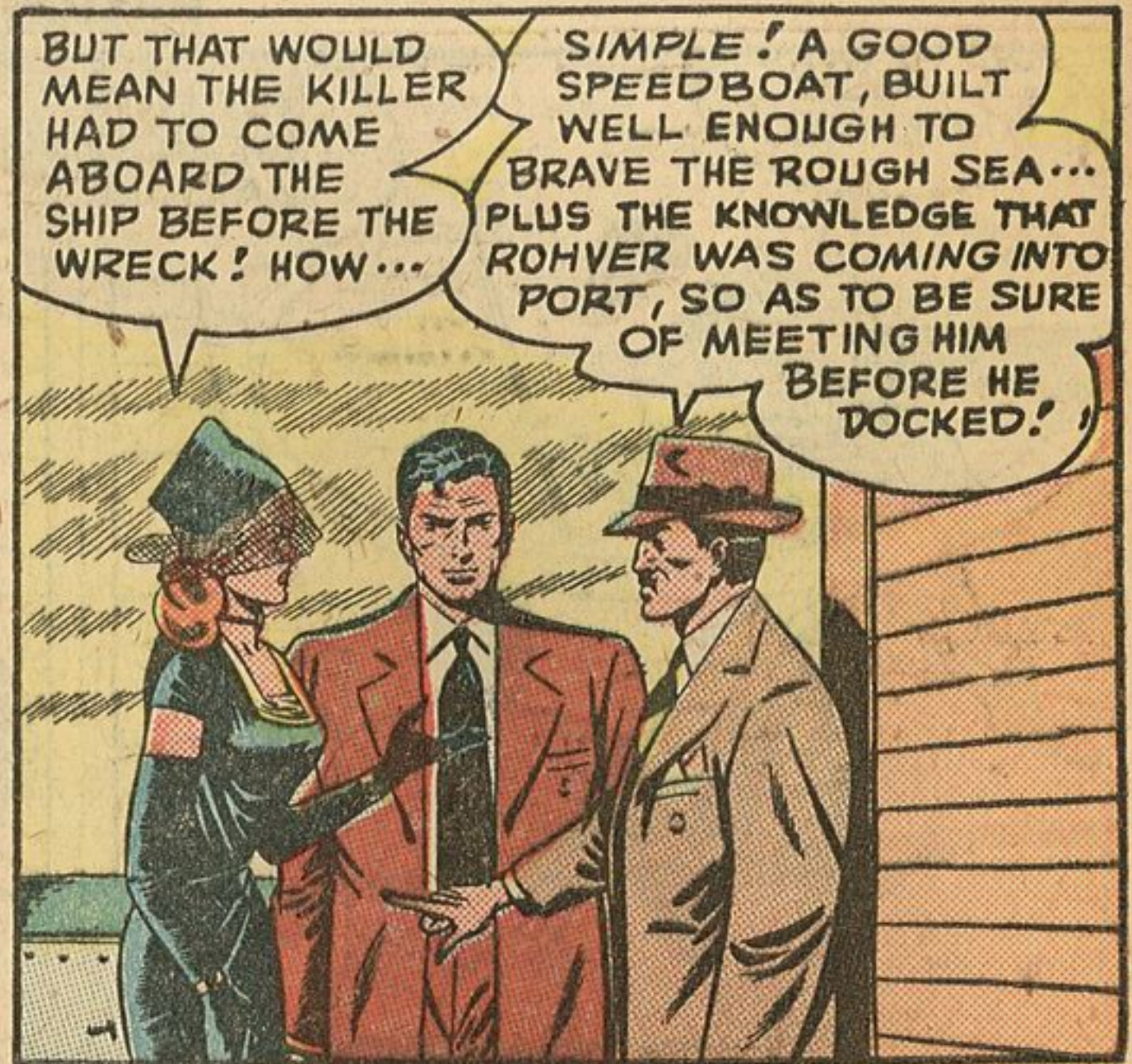




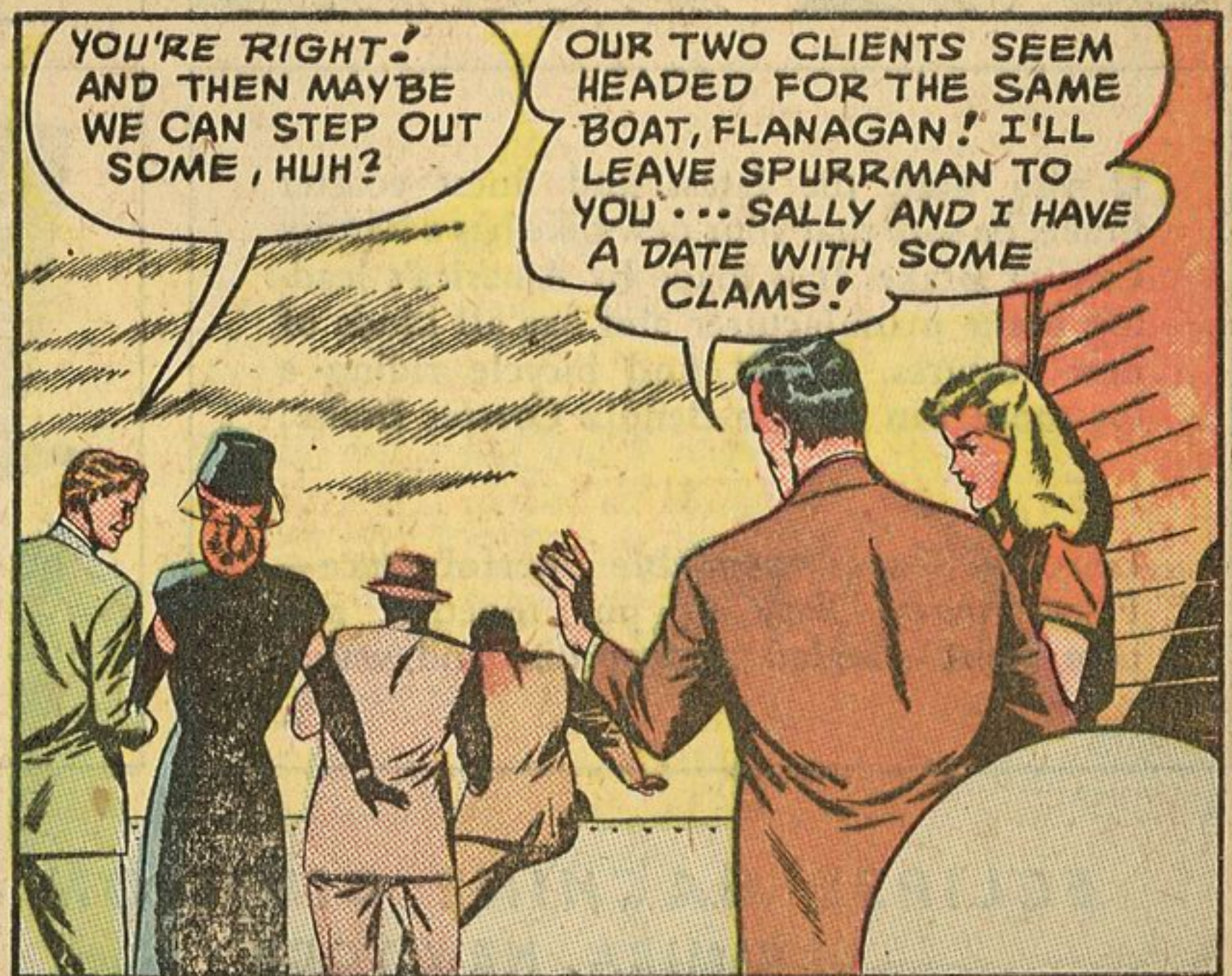
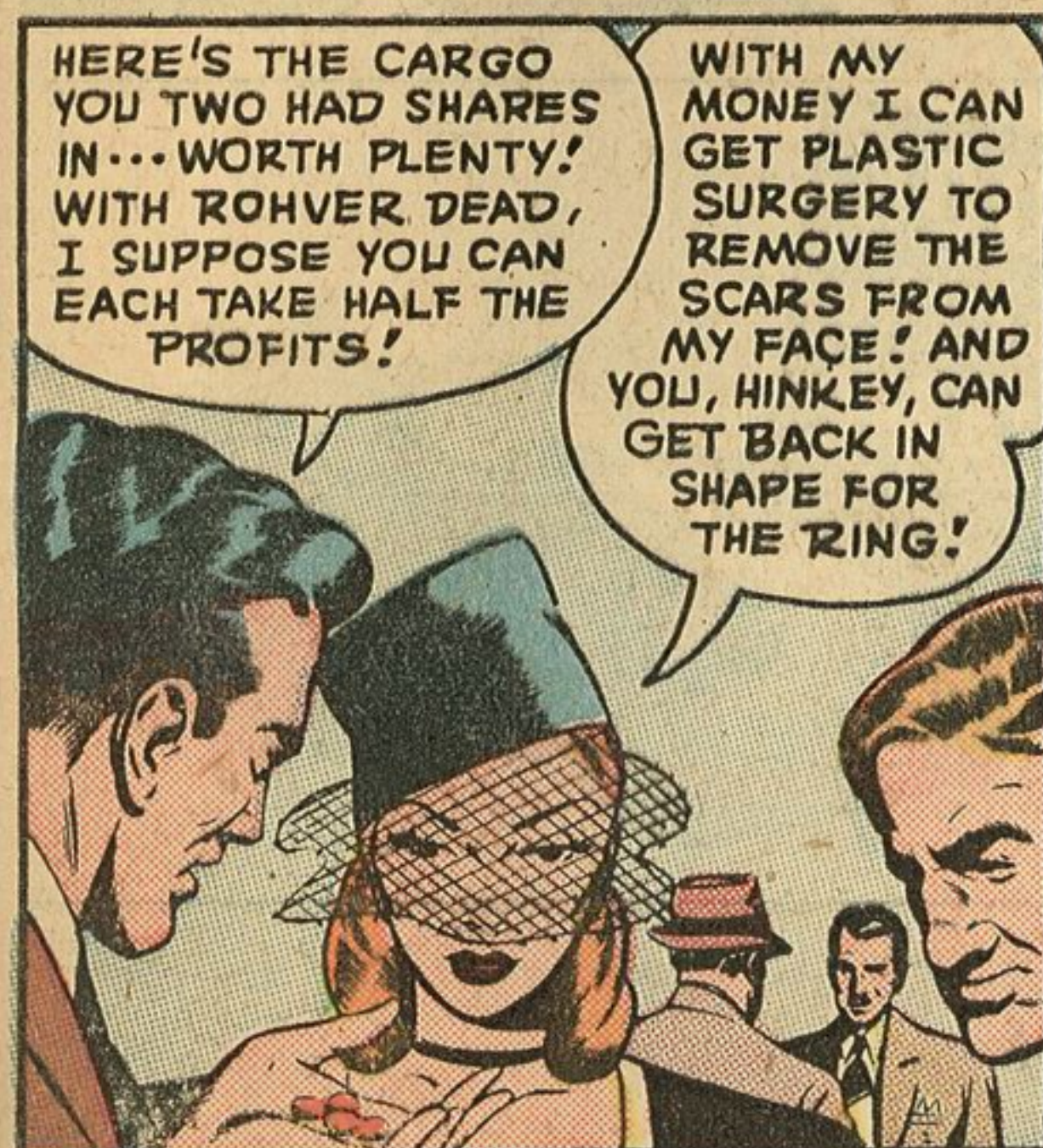














# WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON  
HIS NEW BIKE!

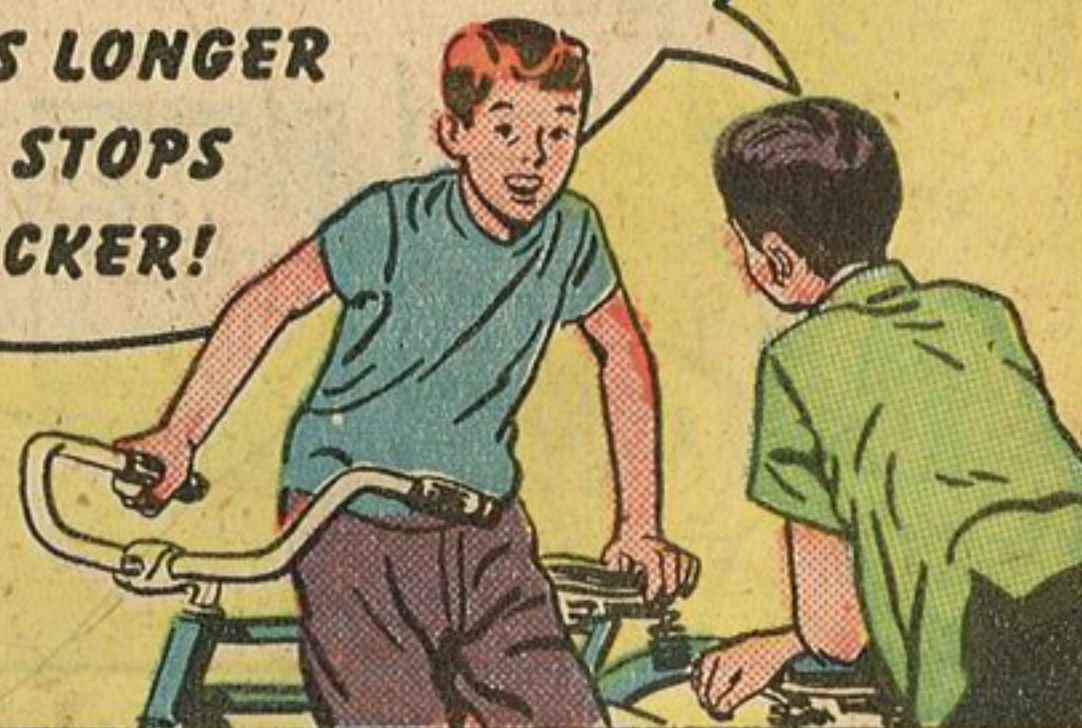


SURE,  
IT'S GOT A NEW  
**Bendix**  
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES  
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND  
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S  
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,  
COASTS LONGER  
AND STOPS  
QUICKER!

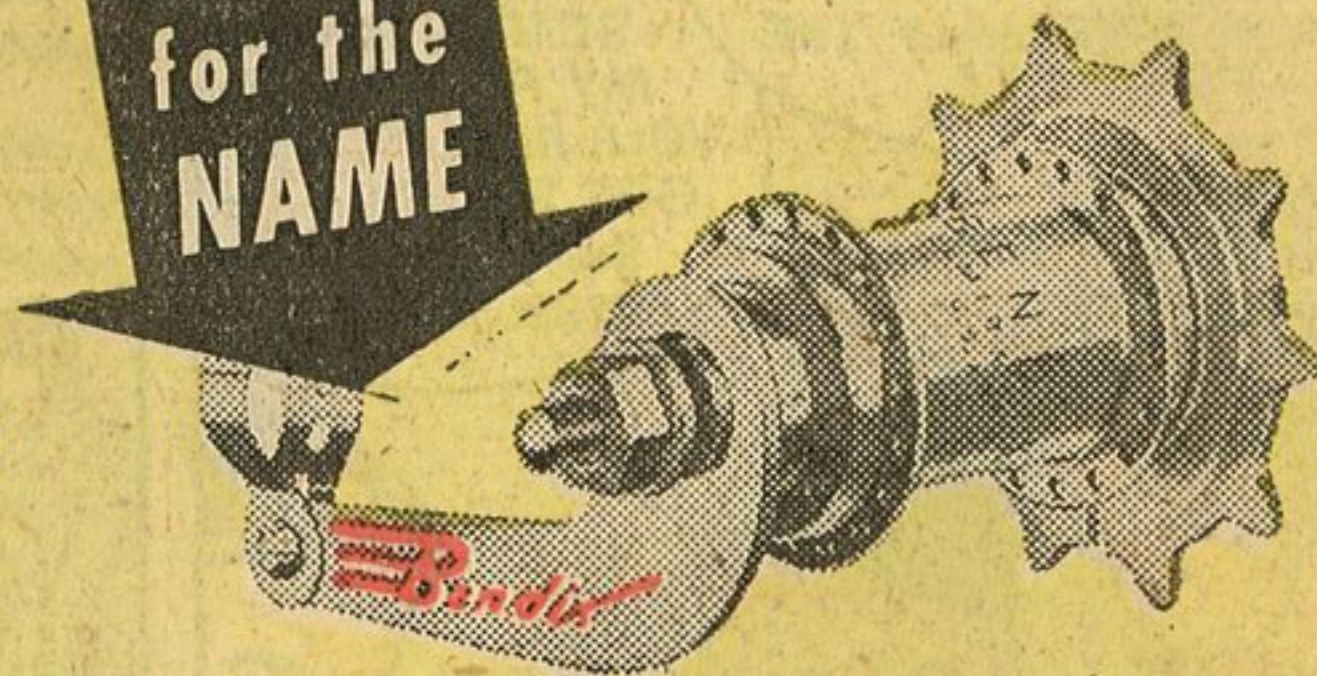


If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

### JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life — Dependable performance —  
Fewer parts — Easy to put together and  
take apart — Sealed against dirt and water.

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for the  
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of  
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

**Bendix**  
AVIATION CORPORATION



# HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY



AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?



'CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES

IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS



AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER \$300



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM DON'T GET WISE



AT JONES SODA PARLOR



GOLLY... LOOK HOW BOBBY'S MAKING A HIT WITH HIS PIANO PLAYING... AND HE COULDN'T PLAY A TUNE LAST WEEK

HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST... BOBBY



IT'S A CINH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY



IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE



AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO

IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?



WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY \$2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE, 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!



**NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY**

This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs so arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

## FREE NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or it costs you nothing. The 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only \$2 complete-not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only \$2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose \$2). Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your \$2 will be refunded.

## SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music  
Studio 4006 Struthers 3, Ohio

☐ Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing \$2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE-METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.

☐ Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s to Canada.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....



# "U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



**FOILING The  
LUNATIC'S  
REVENGE**



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!

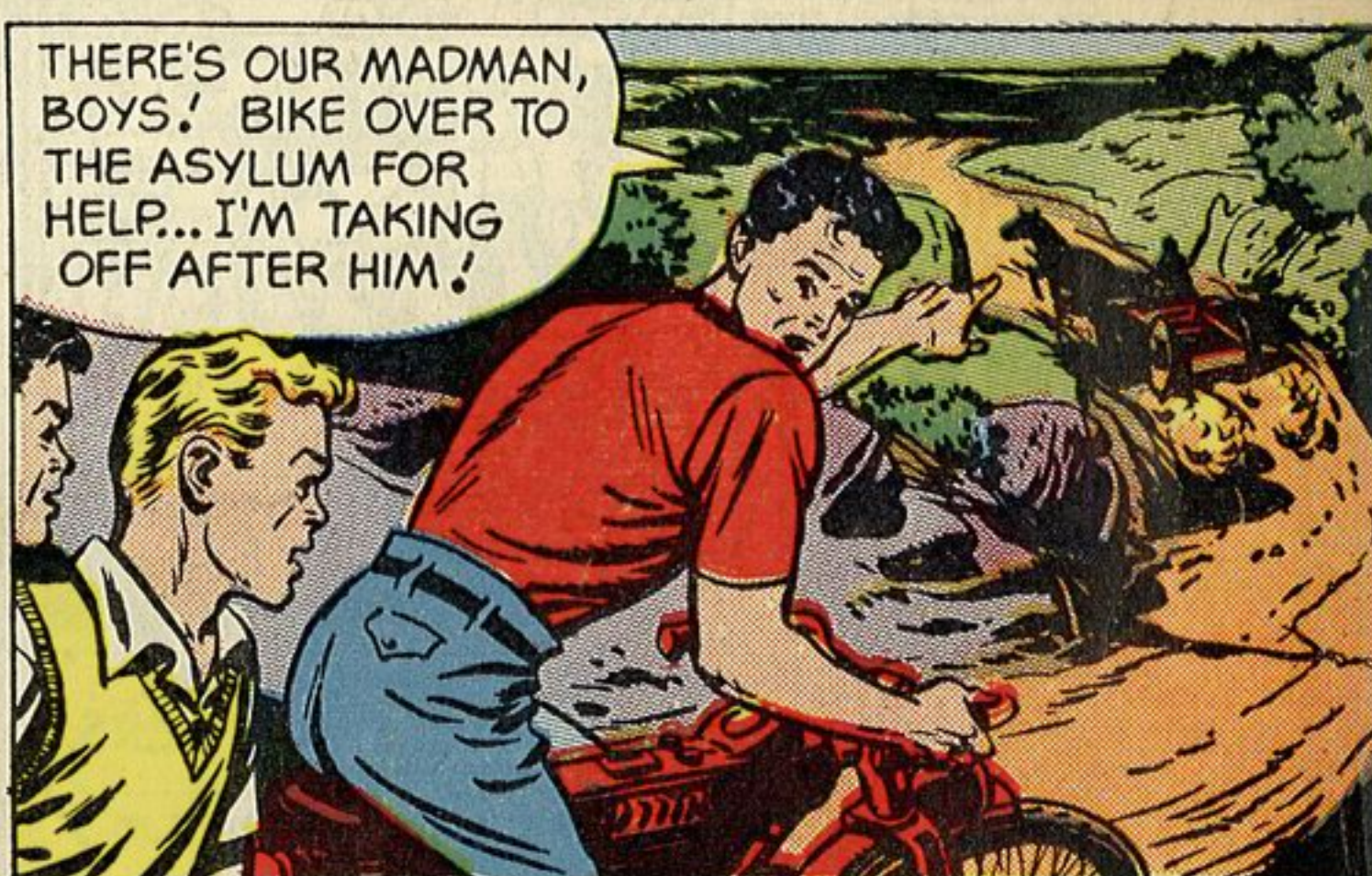


THE INSANE MAN 'LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...

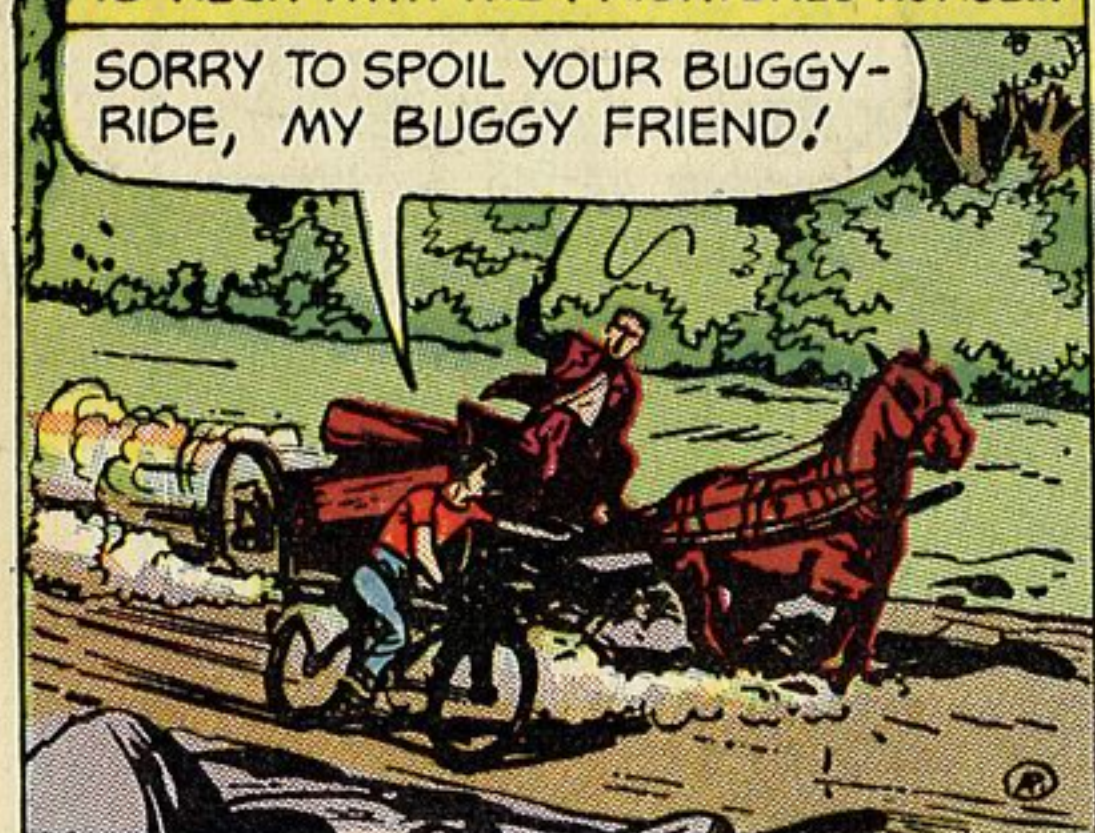


THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES -- WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

**U.S.  
BIKE TIRES**

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science